OLD SIBLEY BRIGADE

By

THEO. NOEL

1865

Treasure Room

George Washington Flowers
Memorial Collection

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ESTABLISHED BY THE
FAMILY OF
COLONEL FLOWERS

Treasure Room

CT. 2647
RBR

Texas Library copy. Rec'd. Dec. 1.

Exceedingly Rare Volume.

Literary style of writing of this story.

Only one other copy known

to me — and that is owned

by the University of Texas.

W. R. Howell's autograph appears on the title

page of this volume was

[illegible] for its publication

[illegible] of the matter

as described by the author

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

I helped his daughter Mrs Preston sell the original Powell Diary to University of Texas in 1931 for $75 — the manuscript) I received no commission for this — refusing same - but Mrs. Preston gave me these enclosed Manuscripts as she wanted them where they would be of use.

Mr. Alex Sinnott

Temple, Texas. June 1931

Exceedingly Rare

Only one other copy known to me — that is in the University of Texas Library. W. R. Hamell — gave 100.00 in Gold — at end of Confederate war to work to have this printed — Hamell was then only 21 years old — Fine.

Value 50.00

— one small printed clipping attached here referring to W. R. Hamell is all that is left of the original "Preface" leaf — I made the Mss copy herein from the U. of Tex. Library Copy

Alex. Sizer

NAMES, DATES, PLACES, &c., OF BATTLES IN WHICH THE BRIGADE HAS PARTICIPATED.

BATTLES.	LETTER OF BAT.	STATE.	DATE.	COMD'R CHIEF.	BRIG. COMD'R.	COMD'G FOURTH T. C.	COMD'G FIFTH T. C.	COMD'G SEVENTH T. C.	COMD'G WALLER'S BAT.	C. S. FORCES	KILLED	WOUN'D	COMD'R U. S. ARMY.	U. S. FORCES	KILLED	WOUN'D	MISSING	REMARKS.
Val Verde	A	N. Mexico	Feb. 21, 1863	H. H. Sibley	Green	Scurry	McNeill	Sutton	.....	2650	39	169	Canby	7680	129	619	36	
Glorietta	B	"	March 28, 1863	Scurry	Scurry	Ragnet	Shropshire	Hoffman	.....	1050	35	86	Slough	3080	125	261	42	
Galveston	C	Texas	January 1, 1863	Magruder	Riely	Hardeman	McNeill	Heffman	.....	5860	38	131	Renshaw	688	29	83	682	See History, Part II
Fisland	D	Louisiana	April 13, 14 '63	Taylor	Riely	Hampton	Green	Bagby	Waller	4827	96	349	Banks	38,000	263	424	36	"
Franklin	E	"	April 14, 1863	Riely	Hampton	Leasure	.....	.....	.....	840	13	40	Grover	9800	148	434	36	Riely killed.
Vermilion Bayou	F	"	April 17, 1863	Taylor	Green	Hampton	Pridgeon	Herbert	Boone	830	1	23	Emory	8800	93	173	.....	
Brashear City	G	"	June 23, 1863	Taylor	Green	Crosson	Shannon	Herbert	Boone	1560	7	28	.....	1890	17	76	1795	Gobbled the "concern."
Fort Butler	H	"	June 28, 1863	Green	Green	Hardman	Shannon	Herbert	.....	1500	56	191	Not known	.....	15	39	None	One of the "things."
Latourche	I	"	July 13, 1863	Green	Green	Hampton	McPhail	Herbert	Boone	1400	7	29	Whitzel	6500	283	631	250	One of the "victories."
Fordoche	K	"	Sept. 29. 1863	Green	Bagby	Hampton	Killough	Kirksey	Boone	2400	26	82	Dana	1200	47	95	496	"Brilliant affair."
Barbeaux	L	"	Nov. 3, 1863	Green	Bagby	Hardeman	McNeill	Herbert	McDade	3000	29	116	Burbridge	5000	60	480	600	" "
Mansfield*	M	"	April 8, 1864	" & Taylor	Bagby	Hampton	McNeill	Herbert	Waller	9000	226	248	Banks	12,000	310	680	2869	The "Bull Run" of La
Pleasant Hill	N	"	April 9, 1864	"	divided	Hampton	McNeil	Herbert	McDade	1400	378	841	Banks	34,000	780	1820	280	See History, Part III.
Monett's Ferry	O	"	April 23, 1864	Bee	Bagby	Hardman	McPhail	Hoffman	.....	5300	10	27	Banks	32,000	30	179	.....	"
Mansura	P	"	May 16, 1864	Wharton	Waller	Crossin	McPhail	Hoffman	McDade	8500	8	15	McClernand	31,000	95	215	7	"
Yellow Bayou	Q	"	May 18, 1864.	Wharton	Hardeman	Hampton	McPhail	Heffman	McDade	8400	130	417	A. J. Smith	15,000	123	382	15	"

*The reader is referred to the various official reports of the above engagements given in the accompanying volume. At Mansfield, Col. W. P. Hardeman is justly entitled to the credit of commanding the Brigade, for the following reasons At 9½ o'clock, A. M., Col. Bagby, who was in the rear of the Brigade commanding, received orders to move the Brigade further to the left, and take up his position on the Gravel Hill road, which order he himself obeyed. Before reaching the place designated by Gen. Green's order, orders were received to countermarch, which order was executed by Col. Hardeman. The battle was over before commanders were again changed.

This table gives only the battles. A table containing the skirmishes will be found in the appendix. At Pleasant Hill the Brigade was divided. Hardeman, with his Regiment and Col. Terrell's, operated on the extreme right The other Regiments of the Brigade were to the left.

The index letter of a battle will be found to the names of all who were killed or wounded in that engagement.

Table Showing Progress of Numbers on Direct Rolls from Date of Organization to Present Date.

H R Howell. Anderson, Ia

A CAMPAIGN

FROM

SANTA FE

TO

THE MISSISSIPPI;

BEING A HISTORY

OF THE

OLD SIBLEY BRIGADE

FROM ITS

FIRST ORGANIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME;

ITS CAMPAIGNS IN NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, TEXAS, LOUISIANA AND ARKANSAS, IN THE YEARS OF 1861-2-3-4.

By THEO. NOEL, 4th Texas Cavalry.

SHREVEPORT, LA.:
SHREVEPORT NEWS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT—JOHN DICKINSON, PROPRIETOR.
1865.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

LAMENTED AND IMMORTAL

TOM GREEN

AND THOSE OF THE

"OLD BRIGADE"

WHO WITH HIM NOW "SLEEP THE SLEEP THAT KNOWS NO WAKING"

IS THIS

LITTLE VOLUME

AS A

Tribute of Respect

MOST AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

moulded.

Having no other aim in view than that of truthfulness, this work is presented to you, not for your criticism, but, if possible, to lay before the reading world and our friends in the "Lone Star State" an account of what we, as your sons, have done since we espoused for the achieve-

Apology, Preface and Introduction

Quite unexpected to me, I found the time necessary to write under the above head.

This work, kind reader, which is now presented to you, was born in the tented field, amid the din and confusion of a soldiers camp. By piece-meals - a paragraph here, a sentence as time somewhere else - often stopping in the very center upon to perform the duties incumbent upon me as a private soldier in the ranks, has my work been completed. Having no other aim in view than that of truthfulness, this work is presented to you not for your criticism, but if possible to lay before the reading world and our friends in the "Lone Star State" an account of what we, as your sons, have done since we espoused for the achievement of our common liberties. If those who are disposed to play the part of critic towards this my first attempt to write, will but place themselves in my situation, and do better; then to them will I accord the privilege of adjudging my work its merits and demerits.

It is my earnest wish that those belonging to the "Old Brigade" who in reading my work, find errors and omissions, that they communicate with me on the subject, in order that a second and revised edition may if possible, be made more perfect. Any one having in his possession any paper or documents of interest relating to the History of the Brigade, in the Campaign of 1861, 2, 3, 4 in the Trans-Mississippi Department, will not only be conferring a favor on me, but also upon thousands who may read or write in days to come; by placing the same at my disposal. While the author holds himself personally responsible accountable for any and all errors which may appear to some to be crude, cutting or jagging remarks, he shall be ready to make amends for

421072

all wrongs inflicted or injustice done, any one - if such be
- the case. It has been his constant aim to speak
nothing but the truth, and hold fast to that which is good,
without fear, affection or favor, or the hope of Reward
He has sought to speak of all men and all things con
nected with the History of the Brigade, in a free and
and conscientious manner. There are many who no
have been omitted who should justly have been
spoken of; but for the want of reliable information
the author has been forced to make mention of them in
stances such for instance, as Major Boone, who was
at the Fordoche - the pride of the Command and true pat
fication of chivalry; of the Lamented Col. Hebert, and of th
gallant Major Ragnet; of the brave and intrepid Chaun
Sheppard; of the Clingsbows Buckholds; the dauntless Vin
Howell, and the heroic Maj: Shropshire. The auth
has not been able to give biographical sketches, in con
sequence of his inability to get the reliable data absolutely
necessary to have enabled him to give a correct biography of
For the same reason I have been compelled to speak of
lamented and immortal General Green only through his
oration delivered by Governor Murrah, at Austin; on the 5th
May. To the free-will gentleman I have been placed
under obligations for their assistance: Messrs Ros
Wheeler - and Turner, of Waller's Battalion; to Lieuts, Bowden,
Lacy and Taylor, of the Third, and to Adjutant J. Collins and
R. P. Hunter, of the First Regiment; while to that intelligent
enterprising - and all valorous soldier W. Randolph
Howell, of the Second Regiment, I am placed under m
obligation that I can well discharge, unless it be
Commending him to the fair dames of our beloved do
Star State, as being a young unmarried man of th
greatest moral worth. To my Publisher and to M
S.T. Joyner, late of Waller's Battalion, my acknowled
ments of indebtedness are but due for their valuable assist

In camp, On the March, December, 1864.

Tr. R. Cr. 2642
973.746
H769C

SIBLEY'S BRIGADE.

PART I.

Organization—Campaign in New Mexico and Arizona—The Marches—Battles of Valverde, Glorietta, Alberquerque, Perulto, and last, the unprecedented evacuation—Sibley—The March to San Antonio—Furloughed—At Home—The Author "Sloshes Around."

Kind Reader, the work has commenced; I have undertaken to compile for your especial benefit a history of our Brigade and its doings. The world has been furnished with "The Campaign from Texas to Maryland," by the Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Fourth Texas Infantry, and "The Camp, the Bivouac, and the Battle-field," by Dr. Gammage, of the Fourth Arkansas; "The first, second, third, and perhaps the fourth, years of the war," by Pollard; and why not now with that of the Old Sibley—Green—Hardeman Brigade. May I hope that this—my first offering—may in part be favored and appreciated by the friends of that Old Brigade throughout the "Lone Star State." The "preface," if I but have the time to write one, will explain to you the many embarrassing and disadvantageous circumstances under which this volume was compiled, prepared and brought before the public.

The why and wherefores of our being called from our peaceful homes and happy firesides, is already known sufficiently well enough to you, to obviate the necessity on my part of repeating it here. Some time in June, 1861, H. H. Sibley, who was an officer in the United States regular service, serving in the Territory of New Mexico (Ft. Craig I am told) resigned his commission in that service and went to Montgomery, Alabama, which was then the Capitol of the Confederacy. After representing to the chiefs of our government the true condition of affairs in New Mexico and Arizona, he was commissioned as Brigadier-General and ordered to raise a Brigade of Cavalry in the State of Texas, with but as little delay as possible, and proceed to that Territory, and as commander in chief of that district, to lead to conquest, victory and glory those under him. He arrived in Texas in the month of May following, and established his head-quarters in San Antonio. Through the medium of our patriotic press, the public was quickly acquainted

421073

with his designs and intentions, as well as his authority and his wants. The work of re-organizing and making up companies for this expedition went "bravely on," throughout our whole State. Gen. Sibley had appointed his field officers, amongst the first, of whom was, H. C. McNeil, who was also an officer in the old service, to a Lieutenent Colonelcy, who preceded him a few weeks to San Antonio as a mustering officer. He was not long idle, as on the 27th day of August, William P. Hardeman with his company from Caldwell and Guadalupe counties came forward to be mustered into the service, which was done on that day in their camps on the Leone, and according to their own election, for "during the war." It being the first company received or presented, it took its rank and letter as company "A" 1st Regiment Sibley's Brigade. On the following day A. J. Scarborough with his "Davis Rifles" was also duly sworn into the "defence of their country," and also attached to the 1st Regiment as company "B." About this time James Riely, of Nacogdoches was commissioned as Colonel. William R. Scurry of DeWitt, and H. Raguet, of Nacogdoches, were appointed as Lieutenant Colonel and Major. By the 20th of September the full compliment of companies had been mustered into the service, and the 1st Regiment was organized, without however, the privilege being left to the men to elect their field officers—a right guaranteed to them by the wise laws of our new Confederacy. Gen. Sibley had his own say so by some unknown reason, and the organization of field officers stood as above: 2d Lt. Elsbery R. Lane, of company "B" was appointed Adjutant and W. B. McMahon of the same company, Sergeant Major; H. E. Leobnetze, of company "C" was duly installed as Assistant Quartermaster, and Wm. Southworth, J. W. Matchett and Taylor, chiefs, 1st and 2d Assistant Surgeons, all of which elections were, no doubt, made by the Colonel with an eye singly fixed for the good of the service, notwithstanding Southworth, who had gained a great notoriety amongst the boys as being *worth nothing*, left us at Fort Bliss on our return from New Mexico, and that without a sigh or regret, on the part of any of those whose lot it had been to apply to him for medicines or treatment. Shortly after the completed organization of the Regiment, which was effected at the camp first established by Capt. Hardeman on the Leone, the Regiment was moved from there to camp "Sibley" on the Salado, five miles from San Antonio on the Austin road. Here we will leave the 1st Regiment—drilling if you please—while we take a peep at what the hero of heroes, Tom Green, is doing towards the organization of the 2d Regiment at camp "Manassas" on the Salado two miles above the 1st Regiment's camps. Not having a muster roll of the Regiment before me, I am unable to say when the first company under Capt. Shropshire, of Colorado, was mustered into the service; it was done, however, in a very short time, as was the case with the 1st Regiment. All the companies were mustered in by Col. McNeill, who it will be seen was assigned to duty with this Regiment as Lieut. Colonel. S. A. Lockridge, of Gonzales, Major. Col. Green made a judicious and good

selection of staff officers, as follows: J. D. Sayrs, Adj't.; C. B. Shepard, Sg't. Major, both of whom will hereafter be spoken of. M. B. Wyatt, A. Q. M.; J. H. Beck, A. C. S.; F. Bracht, Surgeon, with J. M. Bronaugh and J. R. McPhail, as Ass't. Surgeons. Drilling as Infantry in the morning and as Cavalry in the evening was the order of the day.

On the 4th of October Capt. Jordan's (now Thurmond's) company, was mustered in as company "A" of the 3d Regiment under Col. William Steele, who was also a captain in the United States cavalry service, and was serving with Gen. Sibley in New Mexico at the commencement of the war. A. P. Bagby, of Gonzales, another West Point graduate, was made Major, not however, before J. S. Sutton an old Texan officer and a man universally esteemed by all, was appointed Lt. Colonel. On the 8th of October Capt. Hoffman's company from New Braunsfels, was received and mustered into the service. On the 24th, Burrow's company was sworn in, as was also Co. "D," under Capt. W. H. Cleaver; the work went briskly on, and on the 26th, company "K." under T. O. Moody, was mustered in according to the latest method, and on the same terms as was Capt. Hardeman's company "A" First Regiment, all for "during the war." Now that the Brigade is organized, reader, were I sure that you are at present, or ever was a soldier, much time, ink and paper might here be saved, by my referring you back to the days in which you were first in a soldier's camp. Ours were not particularly different from that of any others, yet we had many novelties to encounter, as well as many novices to meet them with. We had drills, drills on the most improved methods. Scott and Hardee was consulted on all occasions, as well as was the country's good, in disciplining the "Saplings" who by reasons of their zeal were easily "bended." Each Regiment (and it I mistake not, each company) were furnished and armed with a bugle, and from the fact that we had many *blowers*, a bugler was easily found, who according to the orders and mandates issued from Headquarters, was *blowed* on all occasions when something new or "fresh" was on hand, besides having full rations and a plenty to eat, we nevertheless had some grumbling on the quality of the beef as well as the quantity of Coffee, all of which we got most gloriously over in the course of time, as I shall endeavor to show in pages yet to be written. That idea which was at that date popular amongst those of us who never had sought to pay homage to Mars, that guards were only kept up to protect an army or camp from the enemy, and never only in an enemy's country, soon gave way to "stubborn facts" and "genuine realities," for let it be known that "we had a guard to stand at night" as well as in the day, not however, "to keep the Indians off," but to break the "greenhorns" in and to teach them "how it goes in war." The strictest guard that we ever had around our camp was while we were camped on the Salado, a thousand miles or more from a foe. We had a camp guard, a picket guard, and every thing was so guarded that one had to be on *guard* when he spoke, lest he might offend the "rank" which as we have long since learned, means only those who wear the "stars and bars."

We had "roll calls" by morning and by night, as also "tattoo" and reveille" according to the forms prescribed on page 2299 of the revised edition of the military statutes, all of which, when thoroughly understood by us, had, if anything, a tendency to make camps attractive to the boys, who never so much as thought of a "furlough," and scarcely ever of home, and then only of its being a place for the women and children and other *non combatants*, such as those who may now be seen in the various departments where danger is afar off.

Now for a few words on the subject of *arms* and we are off for the land of promise, where the foeman's steel is to be met. The public must know what the Yankees, were made to know at Val Verd, *i.e.* that we were armed, nature furnished us with two "to come in on," and we each furnished ourselves with one, some two, by reason of having a double-barrel shot gun. When we left San Antonio we were armed with squirrel-guns, bear guns, sportman's-guns, shot-guns, both single and double barrels, in fact, guns of all sorts, even down to guns in the shape of cannons called "Mountain Howitzers," four of which were attached to the First Regiment under the command of Lieut. J. Riely, manned by a detachment of men from the different companies in the Regiment. A battery of four similar pieces was attached to the Second Regiment under command of Lieut. Wood and Fulcrod, manned in the same manner that Rielys' Battery of the First Regiment was. Under the rule taught me in my early infantry "one thing at a time," while on the Artillery subject I will finish it. At Val Verd these two batteries were consolidated and did noble duty. Those who had volunteered to man them proved themselves to be men possessed of as much bravery, gallantry and courage, as zeal. It was for gallantry displayed at this place that Serg't J. E. Hart was made Adjutant of the Fourth Texas Cavalry (First Regiment), while Privates Clark, Moody and Donahoe still hold their old positions in the army. On leaving the Territory these guns were consigned to the mother earth for safe keeping as well as to be kept from falling into the hands of the enemy. John Riely of whom I shall speak hereafter, was afterwards promoted to a Captaincy and assigned to duty as A. C. S. of the First Regiment.

Now that the Artillery is silenced, I will return to San Antonio where the Brigade was lately left drilling, dress-parading, &c., as though the whole welfare of the country depended upon that job being perfected.

On the ever memorable 7th day November, 1861, in obedience to orders, the advance division of the Brigade took up the line of march for New Mexico. That morning will ever be remembered by every member of the First Regiment. At the usual hour in the morning, "boots and saddles" was sounded by our bugler. Our baggage had been weighed the day before (fifteen pounds to the man) and our wagons loaded; fifteen minutes more and the "assembly" sounded forth clear and shrill upon the morning air, while our camps presented a scene of bustle and confusion. In less time than it takes to tell it, the Regiment—then full—were in their saddles, and by such manœuv-

ring and evolutions as is only known to those whose fortunes are the "fortunes of war," the First Regiment was formed, by the command of Col. Reily, into a solid square." At the command "Attention, Battalion," from the man who had the authority to call it, silence reigned supreme. Would that I were able to give you, kind reader, even the substance of the remarks made by him. They were made to the point, and affecting, insomuch that I well remember seeing men that morning shed tears, who often since have braved danger on many bloody fields of carnage. He told us that we were on the eve of leaving a land that many of us might never again see,—which was so—that on that day we bid adieu to all friends, home, and happy firesides, to try our fortunes in the field in the defence of our country's honor; that we were soldiers together, and that a people, who in after years would prove grateful to us for our acts, expected much from us. Much was to be done; much would be done, and that he felt confident of the result. Much that was said has long since been forgotten. After closing his remarks, he drew off his hat and requested all to do likewise, when, in a solemn, pious and fervent tone, he offered up to the High God, in the behalf of the cause, of those under him, of those around him, and for himself, one of the most fervent and eloquent prayers that it has ever been my lot to hear. Every one was moved to tears and solemn thoughts. In a few moments the command came, "by fours from the right, march." Reader, we were on the way to that cold and barren land. Grand, indeed, was the sight presented to the view of the looker-on, as we were stretched out on the line of march on that cold, frosty morning of November. For the first few miles everything was silent. Those who were of a serious and sober thought were allowing their thoughts to carry them back home, and to dwell with loved ones there; whilst those of us who had but the world before them, were being delighted by the grand martial display our lines made as we rose and descended the hills on the road leading to San Antonio. In those days the First Regiment had no brass band to enliven the soldier's thoughts and soul, and as we drew near the city, the hearts of the cavaliers grew musical, and with one general acclamation a call was made upon White, Halle & Brother for "vocal strains of harmonious tunes." The called for music came, and such music as it was will ne'er be heard again, as was heard by the rocks and hills in the environs of San Antonio that morning. "The Texas Ranger" never sounded half so beautiful or appropriate as it did at that time. In the due course of time we were again formed in solid column in the main plaza of San Antonio. [The author has a picture of this parade which, were it possible to procure the services of an engraver, he would present to the reader.] A flag was presented to the Regiment by somebody—name long since forgotten—in the name and in behalf of the ladies of Nacogdoches. Riely again spoke at some length, in an eloquent manner and style, which was duly appreciated by the boys, judging from the manner in which Companies —, —, — cheered the eloquent effusions, which

noise barred the possibility of the "rear rank"—to which I belong—hearing any further than, "Fellow Soldiers!" Everything went off in fine style. Gen. Sibley here came forward, and in a few "unguarded remarks," convinced all that he was no orator; yet in his speech, which was short, he displayed a great deal of originality, and much determination. It was suggested by one of our boys, that if his steed could only be induced to "*quit dat* prancing," that the General would have had a better opportunity to display his oratorial powers. Besides telling us that we were "green, green saplings; bending to discipline! Make the best soldiers in the world! and that he was proud of us, etc.," he told us that we would precede him but a few days, and that he did not "fear the result" of the campaign with such men to follow him as were those whom he had the honor to address—the honor to command. Bowing us an adieu, three rousing cheers were given for Gen. Sibley, and we were again "on the go." On the night of the 7th we camped on the Leone, where we layed over one day, during which time all necessary arrangements were made for the long march ahead of us. Water was too scarce at places for the whole Regiment to travel together, and accordingly the *thing* had to be divided, which was done, per order No. blank, as follows: The First Squadron—"A" and "F"—under Capts. Hardeman and Crosson; Second and Third Squadrons—Companies "B," "G," and "D" and "H"—under Lieut. Col. Scurry; and the Fourth and Fifth Companies—"C," "I," and "E" and "K"—under the immediate command of the Colonel, assisted by the Major, Henry Raguet. On the 9th the advance division, (Hardeman's,) together with John Riely's Battery, took up the line of march, not, however, until a special regimental court martial had been convened for the especial benefit of the Brigade's clown—mine especial friend, Robert Pinkney, "——,"—who was charged with the grave offence of speaking disrespectfully to superiors, and threatening to knock a —— out of our A. Q. M., with whom he had had a "few rounds" in relation to some forage. Pink., however, came out "all sitting" in twenty days thereafter. On the 10th Scurry started, and on the following day Riely brought up the rear; and in this way we traveled until the advance reached San Philipe Springs, where Major Raguet arrived "in front," and took command of Hardeman's division. In those days divisions were small contraptions—then we called everything as large as two companies a division; now-a-days it takes at least two brigades to make one: how we improve! Now that the First Regiment is *en route* for the scene of action, we will return to "Camp Manassas," on the Salado, and look up the Second Regiment, and see what Green has been doing towards making preparations for an onward move; and calling upon Mr. Howell—who I will here introduce to the reader as a young man who, for his intrepid valor and great moral worth, has justly won the esteem of not only his regiment but the entire brigade—we will learn of him all about it. The Second Regiment took up the line of march on the 8th. Nothing particularly strange or eventful trans-

pired, unless it was in the grand display made by the two companies who were armed with lances, each lance or spear having a red flag, 8 by 17 inches. The sight was truly grand as they marched through the streets of San Antonio, bound for the "field." The Regiment marched together until they arrived at San Philipe Springs, where it was divided in three divisions.

The first consisting of Companies ——, under Major Lockridge; the second of Companies C. E. —, under Capt. McCowen, and the rear by Col. Green. In this way they marched until they reached Fort Bliss where they all met and remained for a few days. At "Dead Mans Holes" a young man by the name of J. Tobin, belonging to Company "G" was killed—murdered I might more properly say—by a man named Harvey, who by nature was one of the — peculiar kind. At Fort Bliss Col. Green called a court martial which sentenced "J. Harvey to be shot to death with musketry." He was the first and only man belonging to our Brigade that has been shot. How true I know not, yet it is said of him that on being placed before the guard that he pinned a small peace of white paper on his bosom, directly over his heart, and bid every man to aim at that, saying that he neither feared death cared to live. After remaining here a few days the Regiment moved its camps to Willow Bar. Here again they halted for a few days, when they took up the line of march and joined the First Regiment at Fort Thorn as we shall see presently.

To the obliging and energetic Lieut. Dowden of Company "A," of the Third Regiment, I am indebted for the following as concerns the *start* made by Col. Steele's Regiment. The advance Companies "A." "B." "F." "H.," and "I." left camp Pickett, situated a few miles above camp Manassas on the Salado, under the command of Lieut. Col. Sutton. Nothing particularly remarkable, strange or interesting is connected with their departure, as I am aware of. The above five Companies left San Antonio on the 30th of November. Companies "C." "D." "E." and "G." left San Antonio on the 15th of December under the command of Col. Steele and Maj. Bagby. Company "H." (Captain Moody's) was left there to escort the Brigade Pay-master, Capt. W. H. Harrison. On the 6th of January, 1862, Company "E" was left at Fort Clark on account of sickness. Strange as it may appear, the Measles broke out in this company after it had commenced the march, and notwithstanding it was marched with the other companies for several days after the contagion had made its appearance, yet it did not spread. By reference to the table of those died of disease, it will be seen that from the 20th day of December, 1861, to the 12th of January, 1862, this company lost 15 men, all of whom died of that loathsome and painful disease; many whose highest ambition would have been to have fallen on the field of honor, in the defence of their country, were thus called from "hence to that bourne from whence no traveler ere returns." "Oh! death what a monster thou art." The beloved of the loved; the cherished of the brave; the hero who has braved danger on many fields, as

well as those whose souls were to God donated, all, all by you are called and your summons is always obeyed.

The first five companies of this Regiment, under Lieut. Col. Sutton, made an almost unprecedented march from San Antonio to Fort Thorn, in New Mexico, at which place they arrived in time to have a few days rest, and then join the Brigade; connected with which was Baylor's Regiment, (now Pyron's,) and Hunter's and Phillips' Battalions, of Arizona and New Mexico troops, and will hereafter be known as the "Army of New Mexico." Numerically, our army was not as large as Lee's or Bragg's were at that time, yet we claim to have performed great and daring deeds, of which we will speak of "*po ke tempo.*" This, I assure you, kind reader, is my very "boen wany'est" Spanish, or rather Cagen Mexican. At Fort Bliss the First Regiment all got together, and then in body moved into the Territory of Arizona. We crossed the line on the 12th of December, and established a camp in sight of the large white land mark on the mountain on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, which had been put there by the United States engineers, some time in 1856, to denote the place where Mexico—Chihuahua—goes no further north, and where the possessions of the United States ceased going south. The following day we moved to Camp Lesure, where we remained a few days, and moved up the river to within a few miles of Massilla, where, on Christmas morning, Col. Reily turned over the command of the Regiment to Capt. Scarborough, he being the next in rank. In doing so, he made another speech, bidding us adieu, and informing us that his country required his services elsewhere; that although it was with reluctancy that he bid us farewell, yet he did so under the full conviction that he would again meet us. By this time the Second Regiment and the advance squadron of the Third had arrived at Fort Bliss, where Gen. Sibley had established his headquarters. Forage there was none; commissary supplies were getting scarce; the cold season was coming on; clothing was being needed; all of which the country afforded none. Our Quartermaster brought no supplies with him, and none was to be had in the Territory. Reily had the precaution to appoint a sutler, whose train was pressed into the service on its arrival at Fort Bliss by order of Gen. Sibley. At Fort Davis the Second Regiment supplied themselves with the better portion of his clothing. In this state of affairs it became imminent that a forward move should be made, since the expedition was filled up with a view of capturing everything that was needed from the garrisons at Fort Craig, Albuquerque and Santa Fe; in consequence of which it was not thought necessary to start with more provisions from San Antonio than would actually subsist the command while on the route. A grand idea this! On the 14th day of January Col. Scurry received orders from Gen. Sibley to take two companies of his Regiment and with Maj. Pyron's command to move on and take the Federal garrison then stationed at Alamosa, which was thirty-two miles below Fort Craig, on the Rio Grande river. On the day follow-

ing, Companies F and H were selected and placed under the command of Capt. Hardeman. The command left Roblario on the following day, and after marching sixty miles without scarcely halting they found themselves before the walls of Alamosa, which was duly surrounded by our forces, and all precautionary measures and orders were taken and given to secure the prize—then sleeping, as the boys thought. But judge of their disappointment on "closing in" to find that wind of the move had been received, and the "birds had flown" to Fort Craig, and nothing but a few "greasers" were left. Our boys bivouaced on the field, greatly disappointed, which was increased when day came and they were permitted to see the flour, sugar, rice, coffee and beans scattered broadcast over the streets of the dirty looking place. Whilst this was going on, another expedition, under Major Raguet was giving chase to a party of the Apache Indians, who had made a descent upon our camp while at Willow Bar and stolen 75 or 80 mules and about the same number of horses. Company A, of the First Regiment, was picked upon for this jaunt. The chase commenced about 8 o'clock in the morning. By ten that night the party was in the Oreganes Mountains, about fifty miles distant. By daylight in the morning the party was up and on the go again. At 11 o'clock they reached the world renowned San Augisteu Springs, made doubly noted from the fact of its being the ancient Mexican silver mining district. After watering and giving the horses a few moment's rest, pursuit was again renewed. At sundown, from the summit of the high mountain which we were on, over which the Indians were trailed, we could see with the naked eye for many miles in the distance. A grander and a more lovely sight or picturesque landscape view never met the eyes of the amazing and amused crowd of half starved humans that then viewed the valley which extended on the one side far off to the south and south-east, whilst on the other side the view of the Rio Grande valley to the north-west, and that of the Bonita and Pecos to the north and north-east, looked like the trackless ocean, whilst the mountains on the west side of the Rio Grande, when viewed through the Major's spy-glass, looked like the foaming billows of a raging sea as viewed from a ship as the storm approaches. Here the chase was given up, and we commenced to beat a retreat. In the far distant west we could see the cities of Massilla and Donna Anna; short of them there was nothing on which a human could appease the gnawing hunger that was then preying upon our very vitals. Without water and without rest the distance had to be made. At sundown the retreat commenced. Cold, dry and hungry we went forward, forward, without turning around to give one lingering look behind. About midnight the river was reached by the advance portion of the party. By daylight the last man came staggering in, more dead than alive, more crazed than rational, for the want of both food and water. Several horses were left on the road, unable to come any further. They were left by their riders, in order that their own lives might be saved. On reaching the river Maj. Raguet, being ap-

prized of the fact that the small pox was prevailing at Fort Fillmore, dispatched Lieut. Roberts to that place for commissaries. Three days full rations of flour, bacon, beef and onions were drawn and taken out to the river, a short distance off, where in a few moments the work of cooking went bravely on, and no recall was sounded until the last vestige was consumed. It was on this expedition that our boys first learned how to mix up their "breadstuffs" without the use of a pan, and how to cook it afterwards on their iron gun sticks, of which there were very few at that date in our command.

Had it not been for some noted and villainous thief who dispossessed me of my journal containing a memoranda of dates and occurrences while in New Mexico, together with many other useful and valuable items that I had collected expressly for this work, I would have been better able to have given a more correct data and more items connected with the history of the Brigade whilst in New Mexico and Arizona. For that reason my description and account of things, from the date of organization up to the battle of Val Verde, has necessarily been very brief. Under the hopes of being able to lay before the public the official reports—which were very ably written—I have delayed my work for a considerable time, and was induced to address many different individuals on the subject, all however without any success; and finally, at the instance of a friend, I was persuaded to address Gen. Sibley on the subject, hoping thereby to elicit something which would have enabled me to have refuted what has always appeared to be wrong accusations made against him by the public in general. Really, I am sorry of my inability to do so. I have frequently expressed myself to others, as its being my belief that Gen. Sibley had been wronged, and that I looked upon him as being an able and skillful, as well as a zealous and efficient officer, and in justice to him I must say that, with rare exceptions, every one seemed to acquiesce with me in that respect. By nature he is a very sanguine man, too much disposed to confide in and ask advice of those under him, and it is but seldom that a man of that disposition is found who is possessed of a sufficient amount of precaution. Gen. Sibley had all confidence in his ability to move with his Brigade upon the Territory, and without resistance take possession of all its garrisons, forts and depots of supplies, and thus subsist his army on the enemy's country. Of this I am confident he was sanguine, and had things not have changed quickly after he left there—changed in the way of reinforcements being sent there, garrisons being fortified, forts being strengthened, and the general aspect of affairs changed while he was organizing his Brigade in and marching from Texas—the result of the campaign might have been vastly different. I conceive that when the unbiased and truthful historian comes to this part of Gen. Sibley's history, that he will incline to the belief that had no demonstration been made against the Territory previous to his arrival there, that his (Sibley's) expedition to New Mexico would have been one of great success. Many there are who at this day are not willing to be convinced

to anything else than that the whole expedition was one conceived, concocted and born in anything else but wicked foolishness; and that the original leaders in the enterprise and expedition are deserving of the highest possible censure and condemnation. It is not that I am so zealous a friend of Gen. Sibley that I would seek to check the public clamor raised against him, in many instances by designing individuals, and kept up by a spirit of wrong that animates many in abusing him; but that I desire to see justice done to all, and rather would I espouse to defend the fame of the lowest in the ranks than to appropriate pages of my work to the extolling of those whose character stands, as did Cæsar's wife's virtue, "above suspicion." Let it not be said of me and my work that its chief object and aim was to "awaken the sonorous echoes of fame," for be it far from me. Happy, indeed, will I be to know that I have been instrumental in causing a biased and prejudiced community to pause but for a moment and think of what wrong they have been instrumental in inflicting upon the subject of these remarks. Many join in the public clamor in denouncing a man of whose merits and demerits they know nothing. An elbow friend suggests that it is natural. This I am free to admit; yet why shut out ourselves from all reason, and denounce everything calculated to ameliorate the condition of the human family.

On the 3d day of February, 1862, the First Regiment arrived at Fort Thorn and established a camp on the east side of the Rio Grande, opposite the Fort, and on the 5th, the Second Regiment arrived, and were encamped three miles below. The Fort was occupied as General Sibley's Headquarters. The five companies of the Third Regiment arrived with Messrs. Grosebecks and Cochrans suttler train. On the 12th, General Sibley was so kind as to divide room with them, and accordingly they were enabled to display their stock of goods, wares and chattels for sale. Their stock in trade consisted chiefly in liquors of all brands, preserved fruits of all sorts, candy, raisins, tobacco, pipes and pipestems, and on an average of one pair of pants to every ten men in the First Regiment, for which Regiment they were alone appointed.—That night the First Regiment revelled in "*spirits*," more ardent than harmonious, and more disagreeable to a sick man than interesting or amusing, of this, I can speak knowingly, as it was on this day that I was taken sick with the small pox, in consequence of which I was not a participant in the battles above, and shall rely upon the account given by others in making up my descriptions.

On the 14th of February, 1862, our camps above, below and around Fort Thorn presented a scene of activity, rarely witnessed by others than soldiers. Orders to march had been received. From this the campaigns of New Mexico commences. Pyron's command moved off first. Next the First Regiment closely followed by the Second and Col. Sutton's Battalion of the Third. Teel's Battery of field artillery; Riely's and Fulerod's Battery of Mountain Howitzers, followed. Headquarters and staff passed the command on the march, and by noon took

up its position at the head of the column, which was halted at Sundown, and camped a few miles above Alemosia. This was the first time that our Brigade had ever camped together, presenting to the view of the admiring beholder such a sight as never had before met it; he had read in his youthful days af armies on the march, of armies in the "tented field," and even of a view of Napoleon's army by night;" to-day for the first time he had seen and realized it all. Grand beyond description was the sight of our camps in the valley of the Alemosia, as viewed from the lonely sentinels post on the summit of the high towering mountain, at the foot of which is situated the ancient Mexican town of Alemosia (Amilla). At half past four o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the quietus which had hitherto reigned supreme and uninterrupted, save occasionally by the neighing of some horse, or the braying of a mule; was broken. The quick crack and thundering report of the "reveille gun" which aroused from their quiet slumbers, and perhaps pleasant dreams, those who ere many days would dance to tunes more loud than charging on the battle field, where the souls of men are tried. In a few moments and every thing was life: the thousand and one mess fires, the noise, bustle and confusion of the camp, marked plainly that every one was intent on doing something, and that no one had an idea of being found lacking in the performance of his duty. Dark even as it was, in a few moments scarcely a horse was to be seen in camps, while some were taking the animals out to graze, for be it known that forage was a thing never thought of, much less issued to the men.—Others were busy in preparing breakfast—dinner—in fine, cooking every thing they had, trusting alone to God for more when that was gone, as our C. S. train was well nigh empty. At 7 o'clock, Headquarters bugler sounded his trumpet, which was as much as to say: blow buglers blow, and congregate oh! ye rebels, a forward move is about to be made, and be prepared oh! ye knights of a glorious cause. The sounding of the trumpet had its desired effect, and in a few moments the cooking utensils, boxes and camp equipage had been collected and housed up in the wagons. The horses had been brought in and ready for the next blast from Junior Gabriel's trumpet, which in a few moments sounded "boots and saddles." On the 15th, the command moved to within 8 miles of Fort Craig. Here they camped for the night, and after sending out a strong picket towards the Fort and a strong reserve to it, the majority sought repose in quiet slumber, while all the junior Head-quarters meet at superior ditto, when a council of war was held. Not being "a favored one" and a momber thereof, I shall not attempt to give the result of their deliberations and their conclusions. Suffice it to know that a campaign was agreed and resolved upon. Sun-rise of the morning of February 16th, found the "Army of New Mexico" in "battle line," the right wing resting on the Rio Grande, the centre stretched across its valley, and the left on the "Massa" or table land. A position for our artillery, with a few hundred sharp-shooters, armed with double barreled shot-guns, as a support was formed and posted as

in reserve. A few moments of anxious suspense, and coming around the bend of the river could be seen a courier fairly flying through the air, as though the weal of a nation depended upon his reaching Headquarters in a stated time. As he dashed by the lines the words from his lips, "they coming boys," caused some little emotion down the lines as it was repeated in answer to the question asked by every one: "what did he say?" The blowing instrument was again *tooted*, which *toot tite toot* was interpreted by Green, Scurry and Co., as to say: "forward march," then again came "double quick, gallop, march," and forward bounded the long line of Cavaliers at a sweeping gallop; no one's voice being heard save occasionally the command "right dress." Thus they went until the bend of the river was reached, when lo, and behold, and army of blue coats was seen, the first that ever met the eyes of Sibley's Brigade. Does any one doubt but what queer emotions then rankled in the bosoms of many, in both armies. When within 800 yards of the enemys battle line, a few long ranged Minnie guns were fired by them which caused the command Halt, twice repeated, to be issued from our commander. "My feelings at that moment no tongue can ever tell." In the centre of the enemy's line, we saw them give way to the right and left. What next, a dead silence prevailed throughout our lines. In a moment more we seen, ay, heard the dead rumbling sound of wagons, flying almost as it were at lightning speed, over the hard earth; then a blast of the enemy's bugle, and the tale was told. "Artillery! Artillery, was cried down our lines. In a moment "mid dread silence," and the machines were unlimbered and in position. Next a jet of smoke and boom, boom, and the very air was filled with grave yard sounds, as the missiles of death flew hissing by. Every tenth man was ordered to the "front", where they were ordered to stay at "all hazzards." Our battle line was then withdrawn out of range of the enemy's guns, which when done, they ceased firing, limbered up, and drove to the rear. Now came the strategetic moves, and grand was the display thereof. To the entire satisfaction of all concerned, Gen. Sibley proved himself a wily chieftain; yet Mr. would-be-general appears to think that if the enemy had charged our position that they "would have give us particular h—l," at least he so expressed himself to the writer, but since he is no General or Colonel, neither a Major or Captain, his say so can't be taken as good authority. About sun down the enemy commenced withdrawing their forces to the Fort, leaving a strong picket line, which we also did, and likewise retired, not to our Fort, but to our strong hold. But one man was wounded on our side, (his name in the table of the wounded will show), how many on that of the enemy never has been known to us. On the following night and day our engineer, sapper and miner corps were busy in finding a ford in the river that the army might cross to the opposite (East) side. Nothing unusual transpired on that day; a ford was found and on the morning of the 19th, the army commenced crossing. By night the job had been completed; camp was established about one and a half miles

nearer the Fort. Then on the previous night, the men sleeping on their arms, without unsaddling their horses; orders were given to have three days rations cooked, against day light of the morning of the 20th, which order was complied with, as far as it was in the power of the men to do. Rations were then quite short, in so much that some had none at all. Ten thousand times ten thousand conjectures were afloat amongst the men, and questions innumerable asked in relation to what was about to be done, and where we were going. Day light found our little army in their saddles. The command was divided, in the centre of which our wagon train was placed. In that form the line of march was taken up, and following the river back, we marched until we came in sight of the federal Fort, where the head of our column turned up a cannon obliquely to the right. "Where now?" inquired an individual whose propensities to ask questions were greater than that of a Dutch Jew tin peddler. The enemy seeing our move, sought to intercept them with, by at first sending out their cavalry to intercept our line of march, or "cut our communication," but on seeing that we moved "in body," and were prepared for the worst, let come what might, they retired after skirmishing some little with a few of our long ranged guns in the hands of our best shots. No one was killed or wounded on either side as I have ever learned. Against 12 o'clock, M. we were six miles east and directly oposite Fort Craig, on a high mountain from which the Fort could be distinctly seen with the naked eye, while with a glass, every thing in and around it, in the shape of a man was perfectly visible. It would not be presuming too much, to have an idea that every one in the Fort were watching us, and our every turn and move with patient eyes. Up to this time, our journey had been performed with but little trouble, but now comes the "tug of war;" deep ravines (cannons) were to cross, and high hills, mountains were to climb, after which was done we were then far enough advanced above the Fort to commence heading in towards the river, which course was taken about ten o'clock at night, the river was nigh ten miles distant, over a level sandy plain, in which the wagons would settle nearly to their hubs. Our teams were fast giving out, both for the want of food and water. Our horses were in a like condition, while the want of the same was being felt by the men. After traverling all night, one half of the command at a time with the trains some pulling, some pushing, and no few cursing, others were on the look-out; daylight found the advance portion of the Brigade within two miles of the river, the Fort being in the valley below and behind higher hills than those on which our army were, it could not be seen. Famishing almost for the want of water, our advance pushed forward for the river, then plainly in view. When the crest of the table land had been gained so that the a good view of the valley in the direction of the Fort could be had about the hour of sun rise. Imagine reader what meet the eyes of the first one who looked in a southward direction. No courier was necessary to bear the news back that they were coming; like wild-fire it flew, many were wont to leave the train and go ahead

them, while others there were who firmly believed in having "a *base.*" This was the ever memorable 21st day of February, on which was fought—

THE BATTLE OF VAL VERDE---GREEN VALLEY.

The battle commenced at 9 A. M. The enemy having taken their position in the valley between us and the river, and it being impossible for us to either dislodge or flank them, an open field fight was the order of the day. The enemy evinced no disposition to attack us in our position knowing that we were suffering for the want of water, and that we were either compelled to fight them on their own ground or perish, they were content to allow us to make the first "pass," which we did by opening on them with Teel's, Riely's and Fulerod's Battries. After dancing to our music for a short time they commenced to move on our right wing. Being repulsed in this they determined to dislodge us by their artillery, which they brought from the opposite side of the river and placed in position some 600 yards in our advance, quite out of the range of our small pieces and squirrell guns. For a short time they piped a lively air for us. A cavalry charge was ordered on our right; two companies of the Second Regiment were the ones picked upon. "The Lancers" were drawn up in line of battle; a charge was sounded, with shouts they bounded forward. Scarcely had they advanced to within one hundred yards of the enemy's infantry column ere twenty-nine horses lost their riders, and back the squadron came. In a few moments afterwards a charge on the battery was ordered. Seeing the column advancing on the battery, Colonel Green ordered the whole line to charge. For a few moments the strife was terrific beyond description. The battery was taken, but not until every man belonging to it was killed.—Such desperate fighting on the part of the enemy has never since been witnessed. Captain McCray, who commanded the battery fell pierced with many bullets while vainly trying to urge the infantry support forward to his rescue. In this charge we carried every thing before us, routing the enemy, we drove them to the river where they "took water" on short notice, more like a herd of frightened Mustangs than like men. Many of them were killed in crossing the river. In the charge upon the battery we lost the most of our killed and wounded. Lockridge and Von Heuvell were killed and Sutton here received his death wound. The enemy formed on the opposite side of the river. Colonel Scurry collected all the cavalry together in order to make the victory a complete one. On his reaching the river, and as he was just in the act of crossing, the enemy sent a flag of truce to our Commander, asking to be allowed to bury their dead. Under cover of the truce which was granted them they saved themselves by sudden flight to Fort Craig.

Many were disposed at the time to censure Colonel Green for receiving the flag. Yet as the enemy lost the day by crossing the river with their artillery, we would doubtless have lost much of our gains had we have crossed over with our cavalry. This Colonel Green readily saw,

and now those who were then the first to blame him, are the first to commend him for his generalship on the occasion. Besides the battery we captured large quantities of provisions, and small arms and accoutrements. Every Yank had one or more canteens and (bread basket) haversack, and every one disrobed himself on leaving the field. Many of their canteens were filled with whiskey, and it is said that those of the battery were tinctured with eather. Our half starved boys "gormandised sumptuously" on yankee light bread and other most delicious eatables. That night we bivouaced on the field.

The battle being over, a victory having been achieved, the dead buried, and the wounded cared for, we will proceed with the advance division of the Brigade, consisting of companies ——— of the Second Regiment, under the command of Lieut. Col. H. C. McNeill, who received orders on the evening of the ——, to move on up the country with but as little delay as possible, and take possession of the town of Socorro, near 25 miles above. The order was obeyed with a promptness deserving of much credit. On coming near the place, a few yanks came out and offered fight, which was given to them on their own terms without the loss of blood on our side, and but three killed and two wounded on their side; seeing which they quickly betook themselves to flight, leaving a sacked and burned town to fall into our hands. Here our advance haulted and commenced fitting up a Hospital for the reception of our sick and wounded. A few supplies were found where the yankees had hidden them, together with a considerable quantity of medicines and hospital necessaries, all of which came in good time. Our Medical Purveyor, Dr. Covey, here established a General Hospital, himself the chief surgeon, assisted by Dr. Samuel B. Manny, a private in company "A" of the First Regiment, who for his ability as a practioneer, his devoted kindness to the sick, wounded and weary, as well as for his unbounded popularity, was shortly afterwards promoted to Assistant Surgeon. On the 24th, the army arrived from below and camped a few miles above Socorro. Here it was that Lieut. Col. Scurry, commanding the First Regiment played the part of a skillful bravo. Our horses for the want of forage had been dying at the rate of an hundred per day. The artillery was about to be left; the largest half of each Regiment had lost their horses, and for the patriotic purpose of rendering more efficient the service, the First Regiment were induced to turn over to the Quartermaster their horses and equipments, to be paid for, per pledges of Scurry and ———, approved *verberly* by General Sibley, at their appraised value. This was the last of it, save occasionally a few passing remarks made of it by the victims. Col. Riely long afterwards made endeavours to collect it, but all to no avail.—Colonel Hardeman also made several unsuccessful attempts. Sometime in June 1864, shortly after General Wharton assumed command of the Cavalry corps of District of West Louisiana, Captain Alexander addressed a memorial to the General acquainting him of the fact, and praying that measures might be taken by him which would insure the

speedy collection of the claims for the benefit of those, who by law and nature could but look to him for their rights. In reply the General assured the command that every thing within his power should be done towards getting their pay, and that he had made endorsements on it and forwarded it to Department Headquarters, where it now rests and will forever lay, unthought of, unheeded and uncared for. This goes too plainly to show the manner in which things are conducted by those whose business it is to look after the comfort, well being and good condition of the army in the field. While on this subject I may as well here digress further from our line of history, which will be duly taken up on another page, and speak of this Department (pay) in general as connected with our Brigade. By them it would have been considered an unpardonable sin to have been paid off in any issue at any time when it was worth anything. The Brigade was first paid off some time in May, 1862, up to the 23d of December, 1861. It was next paid in February, 1863, to the 30th of November 1862. Then again in Louisiana some time in November, 1863, up to July, 1863, and the last payments received by them was up to October, 1863. Money is easily made, and why is it that any Regiment, Brigade or Division should be a year behind in pay? How comes it that the soldiers in the field are not paid in preference to paying the army contractors and thieving speculators? Why is it that "post duty" men and the feather-bed soldiers are the first to receive pay? Why is it that the Hospitals—Field Hospital—are not supplied with money, and the field soldiers paid while the money is worth something; before the accursed speculator's pockets has been filled, and by his nefarious rascality and wicked designs against the good of our cause, country and people, its value has become so depreciated that a duty doing soldier, when he gets it, can scarcely buy a meal of victuals, or go one hundred miles through even the *patriotic* State of Texas on two years pay. How can it be possible that our friends in Texas could ever expect to see any of their friends belonging to the army—the field army—home on furlough, when it is utterly impossible to travel as an honest man with "a soldiers pay." Returning now to where the Brigade was encamped on the Rio Grande in the Territory of New Mexico, not many leagues from Socorro, we will see what has been done there for the benefit of a "bleeding country." With the dismounting of the First Regiment, and with their horses, mounting that portion of the Second Regiment, who through the casualties of war was on foot, as well as fitting up for the two batteries, Teel's and the one captured, known as the Val Verde Battery, a fine outfit of horses; had perfected both of these arms of the service, and made one infantry corps, which with the battalion of the Third Regiment, who were shortly dismounted by their own free will and accord, constituted the largest portion of the grand army of New Mexico.—Colonel Green at the head of 400 cavalry crossed over to the West side of the Rio Grande, while Col. McNeill with an equal number remained on the East side. In a few days the army was again on the move north-

ward. The enemy who were then in a manner beleagued in Fort Craig, had evinced no disposition whatever to molest us, or contest the ground with us, since the drubbing they received at our hands on the memorable 21st. A forward move was made. Albuequerque was full of both supplies and Quartermaster stores, the very thing needed by our boys. McNeill commanding was ordered with Major Pyron's, a part of his and company "A" of the Third Regiment to move with all possible haste to that place, while Colonel Green on the opposite side would move with him. At day light mid shouts and cheers the cavalry commands moved off at a brisk pace, followed by the artillery, close behind which came the "foot pads," as they designed to call themselves. Lieut. Dowden who was a participant in the glorious affair, in a letter to the Author says: "Our march from Socorro was accomplished without any thing of marked interest transpiring, save occasionally a few astonished looking Mexican women, who were seen gazing with wonder, surprise and amazement at the "*rubelle Soldoues*." Not a blue coat was to be seen on the road, and not until within one mile of Albuquerque did we see any of their works. As we came in sight we beheld three large columns of smoke ascending, as it were, to the very heavens. This told the tale for us. Our advance had been made known. On our approach, instead of giving us a fight, the garrison, which consisted only of cavalry, applied the torch to all the government houses and property in the place. I remember having seen an estimate in a Yankee journal of the loss at this place which amounted to $8,000,000. If it could have been possible for us to have hindered this, the Confederate Army of New Mexico would never have experienced any inconvenience for the want of either clothing or commissaries. On this no doubt General Sibley had an eye singly fixed long before he reached the Territory; and had the property, that was thus destroyed, fallen into our hands, Fort Craig with its entire garrison would have been compelled to surrender. But again to Mr. Dowden's account of what happened. Colonel Green on the opposite bank had not yet made his appearance. By this time Major Pyron commanded the advance, says the Lieutenant: "we had not been in town over a half an hour when a man by the name of Gillispie came in with dispatches from Dr. Cavanough, who was at a Post called Cavero, 60 miles to the west of that place, stating that the Post was well supplied, and urging the importance of a small force being sent there without delay. Major Pyron—true soldier like—without reference to any higher authority, ordered Capt. Thurmond of the Third Regiment, to take his company and occupy the Post and send forward as rapidly as possible all supplies and stores that might fall into his hands at that place. In 24 hours we were welcomed by Drs. Cavanough and Boyed, and a Mr. Thompson, the only white citizens living in the place, the few yankees who were at the Post having left without being permitted to destroy any thing. Soon the boys were enjoying good eating as well as good drinking. Dr. Cavanough opened his store to us and in short notice we were all well clad. Captain Ther-

mond immediately sent into the command there at Albuequerque 25 wagon loads of commissaries and 29000 rounds of Ammunition, all of which was captured at this Post."

Major Pyron continued on up the country to Sante Fee and above, closely followed by the Brigade, all save Capt. Coopwood's company of Arazona Rifles, and Capt. Hardemand's company, of the First Regiment, who were left to garrison the Post at Albuequerque. Pyron in the advance with companies A, B, C and D, of the Second Regiment, under the gallant Major Schropshire, brought on the engagement at Johnson's Rancho, known to us and our History as—

THE BATTLE OF GLORIETTA,

Which was fought on the 28th day of March, 1862, with the following Companies, Regiments and parts of Regiments, commanded by Lieut. Col. Wm. R. Scurry: Of the First Regiment, Companies B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I and K; of the Second Regiment, Companies A, B, C and D; of the Third Regiment, Companies B, E, F and I, together with Pyron's command.

The battle commenced at an early hour in the morning, by the enemy making a simultaneous attack on our right, left and advance, as we were marching through the canon from which the battle took its name. As the "table of battles" will show, the enemy's force under Slough was more than treble our numbers. The onset was most terrific. A moment and the engagement became general, by our boys charging up the high cliffs on both sides of our line and bringing on a hand to hand engagement with the enemy, who occupied the heights and positions behind the cliffs. The conflict was desperate, but few of our men stopping to reload their pieces after they had fired them. Here for the first time in the history of the present war was it that guns were used as clubs, and knives were used as a weapon of warfare. For two long hours the battle raged with unceasing fury, with a desperation unequalled by any engagement of the war. The enemy fought with a desperate determination. With demoniac yells our little army drove them by inches at a time, as it were. Seeing that we were determined to do or die, the enemy's lines were finally broken, and that, too, with some little confusion. Their two thirty-two pounders, which had been doing us no little damage, were captured, but in consequence of our inability to remove them they were taken off the field that night by the enemy, who were allowed to come back and bury their dead—thus another violation of the flag of truce. On that night snow fell near one foot deep. Many of our wounded died from the effects of the cold. The lists of the killed and wounded will speak more plainly of the desperateness of this fight than I, who was not a participant, can. The Yankee account of it makes it one of the most desperate fights on record. Would that I could speak more of it. Those braves who fought there deserve much of their country. The noble dead deserve more than a passing notice at my hands.

Major Raguet, of the First, and Maj. Shropshire, of the Second Regiment, were both killed here. Capt. Buckholds was found dead close by three dead Federals, who had undoubtedly been killed by his knife. He was killed by a sabre thrust; the one doing it being killed by the Captain with his pistol before he expired. Through the kindness of the obliging and justly popular Adjutant J. Coltins, I have been able to lay before you, kind reader, the following address—the only official "word" that I have been able to receive of the battle since my journal was stolen at Pleasant Hill:

HEAD-QUARTERS ADVANCE DIVISON ARMY OF NEW MEXICO.
Canon Glorietta, March 29, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER
No. 4.

Soldiers—You have added another victory to the long list of triumphs won by the Confederate *armies*. By your conduct you have given another evidence of the daring courage and heroic endurance which actuate you in this great struggle for the independence of your country. You have proven your right to stand by the side of those who fought and conquered on the red field of San Jacinto. The battle of Glorietta—where for six long hours you steadily drove before you a foe of twice your numbers—over a field chosen by themselves, and deemed impregnable, will take its place upon the rolls of your country's triumphs, and serve to excite your children to imitate the brave deeds of their fathers, in every hour of that country's peril.

Soldiers—I am proud of you. Go on as you have commenced, and it will not be long until not a single soldier of the United States will be left upon the soil of New Mexico. The Territory, relieved of the burdens imposed on it by its late oppressors, will once more, throughout its beautiful valleys, "blossom as the rose," beneath the plastic hand of peaceful industry.

By order of

Lieut. Col. WM. R. SCURRY, Commanding.
ELLSBERRY R. LANE, Adjutant.

After the battle of Glorietta had been fought and news of it had been received by the Federals at Fort Craig, Canby, then commanding, on hearing that Federal reinforcements were *en route* from Missouri, and would in a few days be at Fort Union, which was but a short distance from where the late battle had been fought, premeditated a forward move in the direction of Albuequerque and Santa Fe, and by making a simultaneous move on us from below, in conjunction with Col. Slough's forces from Missouri, that we would be compelled to succumb to the pressure. Gen. Sibley's headquarters were a few miles above Albuequerque. On the 3d of April Canby's forces left Fort Craig. The advance under Maj. Duncan, arrived at Socoro on that evening. The news of the move was conveyed to Gen. Sibley. Col. Green, with his regiment, was a short distance below Santa Fe. On

the morning of the 6th the Federal forces, 1500 strong, appeared before the walls of Albuequerque. Green had been dispatched to on the previous day to move with all possible haste to the relief of that place. His marches will attest to the manner in which this order was obeyed. The First Regiment (dismounted) and the Third, who were camped a few miles above Col. Green, received the same orders; and such marches as they made are not to be found in the annals of modern history. The heroic little garrison, under Hardeman and Coopwood, had done their duty. Fifteen hundred of the enemy, with all the improvements that late inventions had made to arms in use, as well as in cannon, were for thirty-six long and sleepless hours kept at bay, and finally repulsed by the gallant little garrison, which, at the outside, did not number over 190 men, one-half of whom were armed with shotguns, which were of but little use. Col. Green, and the infantry under Col. Scurry, arrived just in time to see the vandals flying, at Bull Run speed. It would be but wasting paper for me to attempt to give anything like an account of the joy expressed by loud and prolonged shouts which filled the air as Green was seen coming in and as the Yankee artillery was seen to "limber up," and the firing cease, as the long, blue lines of infantry were drawn off at double quick. For the heroic gallantry displayed on this occasion, Capt. W. P. Hardeman was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and assigned to duty as commander of the First Regiment, *vide* Scurry, promoted to Colonel. Leaving the First, Second and a part of the Third Regiment here, we will now go back in the direction of Santa Fe and above, and see what that gallant band of brothers, under Pyron and Thurmond, are doing, in the way of repelling Col. Slough's advance. On the 11th they had quite a skirmish near Santa Fe. Closely pressed, they were again compelled to give them fight, which was done without the loss of blood on our part. On the 12th Pyron arrived at Albuquerque. Something was now to be done; with an army below and an army above us, either of which was twice our strength. Our army was in Albuquerque. We had fifteen days provisions—full rations—35 or 40 rounds of ammunition per man; all tolerably well clothed. Now comes the tug of war. To fight would be foolishness, not that we could not whip either army, but that we had no way in which to take care of our wounded. We had ammunition quite enough to fight and whip Canby's forces, but not enough to whip both. Our army numbered but 2680 effective men, whilst that of the enemy's, under Canby, was 4800, and 2200, under Slough. They held the positions on us, and had all the advantage when it came to arms and artillery. A council of war held; a forward move was agreed upon. But few of our army knew the exact critical condition in which we were in. Here I must again refer the reader to the account in par. given by Mr. Howell, of what followed:

The retreat from Albuquerque commenced on the 12th of April, the First Regiment and a battalion of the Third moving off first. The Second Regiment and Pyron's command, under Col. Green, remained

until the next morning. The advance crossed from the east side over to the west of the Rio Grande, and proceeded down the river as far as Las Lunas, where it awaited the arrival of Col. Green with the rear and Brigade commissary train &c. Leaving Albuquerque in the morning, he arrived at Judge Beard's, who with his family were preparing to leave the Territory. Col. Green determined to wait during the night near his premises; and on the following morning everything was in readiness. The line of march was taken up with a view of crossing the river near by; but on trying, the ford was found to be an impracticable one, on account of quick-sand, which rendered it even dangerous. Col. Green, on being informed that the ford between Peralto and Las Lunas was a good one, at once determined to move down to that crossing, which he did, encountering a very heavy sand bed for five miles and rendering it impossible to get the wagons further than Governor Conelly's rancho—or Peralta—where he camped for the night in a strong position. The heavy wagons failing to get in, Col. Green immediately sent back wagons sufficient to bring in the supplies and to lighten the loads of the commissary wagons. He also sent positive orders to the wagon-master to bring his train into safety; but he having turned his mules out on the grass, and apprehending no danger, disobeyed the order and remained where he was, some six or eight miles from the encampment, and on the next morning he was surprised by the enemy, who saved the mules and burned the train. Our picket near by were also surprised and some of them captured. At sunrise Gen. Canby's forces appeared in front of our position, on the east, among the sand hills. Their force, at the lowest estimate, was computed at 5000. Soon brisk and sharp skirmishing commenced along our whole line. Our artillery and that of the enemy's exchanged the very warmest compliments. Here it was that the Val Verde Battery was first tried by us. Such shots as were made by it on this occasion are but rare occurrences in the history of artillery firing. Every man belonging to it proved himself a hero. Nettles here first distinguished himself as an artillerist. Hume, for his gallantry, was afterwards promoted. When it is remembered that Col. Green's whole force numbered only 550 effective men, with but four pieces of artillery, and him regularly besieged, the manœuvring and gallantry of the troops and their commander will be more duly appreciated. The enemy tried in vain at various points to break our lines and force an entrance, and drive us from the position we held, but were foiled in every attempt by the gallant little garrison, until 9 o'clock, A. M., when the shouts of their comrades of the First and Third Regiments were heard, as they came at double-quick from the river to their assistance, the gallant Scurry at their head. Such heroic courage and zeal is but seldom displayed as was by them in wading the river that morning, to the arm-pits in the water, in which ice was floating. They crossed without a murmur, cold and freezing as it was, and with merriment and gaiety came, regardless of the wind or weather, the like of which is but seldom seen

in the "Lone Star State." After their arrival the skirmishing was somewhat increased in fierceness for a time. The enemy made but one more attempt to dislodge us, with the same fruitless result as characterized their previous assaults. At 2, P. M., they withdrew to a safe distance, leaving us in quiet possession of the field. Their encampments, however, were within full view of the garrison. For the names of the killed, wounded and missing in this engagement, the reader is referred to the Appendix. At 8, P. M., we again commenced our retreat down the river. The wind blew a perfect storm—"norther" was no name for it. We crossed the river at Las Lunas, the boys of the First and Third Regiment again wading. No words in any vocabulary could convey to the reader anything like a just idea of the sight and suffering then and there to be seen and felt. I leave it to your imagination. The river was nearly eight hundred yards wide; that night ice had frozen four inches thick; "mush" ice was running in the river, which was fast rising; the water on the ford was on an average of four feet deep. Yet what of that? In, in they went, regardless of personal feelings of comfort Indeed it was a novel sight to see our army "take water." To see them wading in water to their arm-pits, holding their guns in their right hands, their cartridge-boxes in their left, high above their heads, in order to keep "our powder dry," was as amusing to the participants as it would have been to an outsider. At daylight the next morning (16th) we left Las Lunas for Sabinal. No sign of the enemy in force that day; but on the morning of the 17th he, with all his paraphernalia of war, was in full view, just opposite and across the river from us. In this way the two armies marched the entire day, frequently within one mile of each other—all the time in full view. Occasionally sharp-shooters exchanged compliments across the peaceful bosom of the river, as it glided on "its winding ways to the sea." When one halted, no matter how short the halt, the other did likewise; neither, however, showed any disposition to engage in deadly combat.

The Retreat through the Mountains of New Mexico commenced at 1 A. M., April 18th, 1862. It will be remembered that on the 17th the hostile armies marched in full view and directly opposite each other down the Rio Grande, the Federal forces down the East bank, while the thinned ranks (from disease and bullets) of the Sibley Brigade, marched down the West, with the infantry of each party leading the advance; then the long trains of wagons, artillery &c., and last the cavalry. One party marched or halted simultaneously with the other; neither desiring to bring on an attack, but both apparently willing and ready at any time to engage in "fierce strife." At 4 P. M., when nearing the narrow pass through the mountains near La Ioia, both armies encamped in full view of each other. Gen. Sibley knowing a collision to be unavoidable should he continue his march down the river on the following day, and that the forces from Fort Craig would be in his front, while Sloughs forces would press him in the rear. He called

a council of war and it was determined to make a detour of some 100 miles around Fort Craig, returning to the Rio Grande at or near Amilla, 3 miles below Fort Craig. Capt. Coopwood knew the route, and though wagons were to be distroyed, and mountains to ascend and descend, a trackless waste of 100 miles to be traversed with water to be found only at certain points, distant from each other frequently 30 or 35 miles, still when the order was received to "wear what you can; provide seven days rations; destroy the remainder, and carry your guns and ammunition if you carry nothing more," every man immediately complied with the order, and at 1 A. M., April 18, 1862, while the camp fires burned brightly, and the more so from the liberal admixture of clothing of all descriptions, provisions, pieces and "parcels" of wagons etc., with the artillery, caissons, the caravan moved off. T"s said that at the council of war held some officer or officers proposed to destroy the artillery, but to prevent that Col. Scurry pledged the services of himself and regiment to carry it through. Whether he did this or not, could he and the heroic men of his Regiment been seen, as I saw them, toiling at those pieces of artillery (Val Verde Battery) would be proof sufficient. But more of this anon. As I said at 1 A. M. we moved off to the westward. Marched until nearly day-light when we halted, slept and rested until sunrise, when we again sc' out for water. Arrived at 10 A. M. at a mountain creek; water brackish but how refreshing!—None can tell save those who like myself were feeble from effects of sickness and compelled to make the long marches from one point to another on foot. Here a portion of our caissons were destroyed, and the celebrated "Mountain Howitzers" of Val Verde and Glorietta fame were consigned to the Mother earth. Buried in this mountain pass to prevent their falling into the hands of Canby, Slough & Co. The guns captured at Val Verde alone were kept, with caissons &c, to be taken across the "Appennines of New Mexico." A few wagons belonging principally to Brigade Headquarters were also spared. Our rations, blankets, one frying pan, coffee pot, a few tin cups to each mess were carried on pack mules and a driver following on foot to keep Baalam "in ranks." And now reader just substitute mules for camels and a dreary, barren, desolate, mountainous and "trackless waste," for the great Desert of Africa, and you have it. A caravan indeed; not, of adventurous and money seeking individuals, but a caravan of care worn, disappointed, feet sore soldiers. Victorious on every battle field, but defeated from want of supplies and great distance from assistance both in way of supplies and reinforcements. It will not be necessary kind reader, for you to follow me through the occurrences of each day in order to arrest your sympathy for the greatly fatigued, sick and suffering soldiers of the army of New Mexico Let it suffice to give you something like a general account of this, "the second Napoleon's crossing the Alps." On the 19th of April, after all incumbrances had been reduced to the Val Verde Battery, a few wagons, the sick &c., we moved off in a southerly direction, marching over mountain, valley and plain.

The column which on first setting out in the morning, was perhaps, scarcely one mile in length, towards the close of day would be at least ten miles long, owing to the sick ; broken down horses and men of the command. Frequently the cavalry would be halted to await the progress of the artillery over some deep cannon, or up or down the sides of the mountains, where often the horses were taken from the pieces—it being difficult for horses to climb some of those mountains even without any incumbrance—and with long ropes attached, the noble men of the First Regiment by dint of great perseverance and endurance, assisted occasionally by members of the other regiments, on foot, and who happened to be at a difficult point. Too much credit cannot be accorded to those untiring and patriotic officers and men for their noble service in rescuing, as it were, from the grave, those pieces which have so often, since, on other fields of carnage, belched forth the missiles of destruction upon our enemies. Much credit too is due the cavalry portion of the caravan. Their picket duty was heavy, besides the great distances frequently walked before leaving camp in the morning, in quest of their horses, set at liberty the night previous in order to obtain something like a sufficiency of the dry, short grass to sustain life. The mounted men too, many of them will ever be gratefully remembered by many of us, who very feeble from effects of sickness, on foot, feet blistered and in many instances bleeding, parched tongues and broken down from fatigue, and lying by the roadside unable to reach camp or water, and perhaps, left to the mercy of the Indians, who infest that region, we were kindly requested to mount some friends horse and ride to camp while he trudged over rocks and mountains on foot, in our stead. And what is most wonderful, many of the men underwent the fatigues and sufferings of that march while suffering from that loathsome disease, small-pox. I remember frequently to have seen men riding on horseback with blanket over head and face who were apparently covered with putrifying sores from effects of small-pox. Anything on leaving Albuquerque was preferable to remaining there in Hospital and falling into hands of the enemy, and sent no telling where, to Chicago, as many of our Brigade were ; consequently many had been forced to travel on this account who would not have attempted anything of the kind under more favorable circumstances.

It will be remembered also, that as we had nothing to bake bread with but a frying pan, it was of course of poor quality—one side of a cake baked at once, then turned and the other baked and frequently burned. Our meat consisted, principally, of some poor broken down draught oxen, which had drawn some wagons on our first setting out. When we remembered the sacks of flour, cans of lard, sacks of sugar and coffee, barrels of pork and boxes of bacon we left in Albuquerque and destroyed April 18th and 19th, and contrasted it with our living in the mountains, we were almost led to bitterly complain against Gen. Sibley for leaving the river, but experience has taught us long since "that all things are for the best." On the evening of the 25th, we failed to

reach water and bivouacked on the plain without food or drink.—Early next morning we set out for Arnilla creek; arriving and satisfying thirst at 9 A. M., and soon after our hunger by cooking "flap jacks" and broiling beef. Here we remained until near sunset, when the artilery and wagons, as usual, were carried up the mountain and all encamped for the night. At 9 P. M., Col. Steele with Battalion of 3d Regiment met us, bringing despatches and letters from home and loved ones, not heard from in many months. At the hour of midnight many, many a weary and sick soldier could have been seen sitting around a little blaze of fire—forced to blaze by some friend "fanning" with his hat—reading letters from his mother, sister, sweetheart or friend. This was truly a night of rejoicing with the army of New Mexico. Letters from home, and informed by Col. Steele that we could easily reach the Rio Grande on the morrow, and that a large supply train was en route to our assistance. This was glorious news. No enemy now between us and our supplies and friends. And on the following day, as the broken down "foot pad" hove in sight of the noble Rio Grande and its fertile valley, he was led to exclaim "How beautiful!" "How fortunate to again be permitted to encamp on your banks!" "No more suffering on account of water &c." Such exclamations were frequently heard, especially among those of us who brought up the rear on "foot back." The thought too of supplies soon reaching us was encouraging, for our seven days rations had now already lasted nine days, and it would be at least three days before we would meet the train. Thus a march commenced April 18th, equalled by none of this sanguinary struggle, was effected without being harrassed by the enemy, who was seen only once when opposite Fort Craig, and then only a small body of cavalry made its appearance, and was ended April 27th, 1863."

On the 28th of April, Col. Scurry, who had been commanding the First Regiment and a battalion of the Third, through all the campaign in New Mexico, left for Texas. In his farewell speech—the most eloquent of his life—he reminded us of what we had done, and in a most touching manner, reminded us of the green graves of our companions and brothers left behind; and now that we were about to enjoy a season of inactivity, it was hoped that we would not be unmindful and forgetful of those of our ranks—our companions, our friends, our brothers—whose wrongs, as men, we were bound yet to avenge. Sleeping the great sleep that knows no waking, were the heroes of Val Verde—Lockridge, Sutton Von Heuvell, and their kindred noble spirits who with them fell on the field of honor. Raguet, whom all loved; Shropshire, the pride of the Second; Buckholds, the bravest of the brave, sleep quietly beneath the frozen earth, where the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains over looks Glorietta's battle plain! The Colonel alluded to the heroic forbearance and sufferings, the unprecedented marches, and the cheerfulness with which their duty had been performed while on the retreat through the mountains; that it would be

among the proudest and happiest moments of his after life to meet with and recount their deeds of daring, and horrid sufferings whilst together in New Mexico. In this he afterwards proved himself sincere. Let those of his old Regiment who were with their command at the memorable battle of Mansfield, attest to the manner in which he expressed his joy on seeing the old Fourth Texas Cavalry (First Regiment) come dashing by him at the head of his brigade of infantry. That was at a moment when the tide of battle grew nigh—when man's true nobleness and greatness is the easier made apparent—and Scurry was himself.

But let us return to the mouth of Sheep Canon, five miles below the little town of Alamosa, on the Rio Grande river, where the army of New Mexico were encamped for the night of April 28th, 1862. Weary, tired, sore-footed, more sick than well, and half-starved, they were to be seen: some washing, some sleeping, some caring for the sick, and some dying, whilst but few were cooking the ribs of some work oxen that had given out and were killed by the men who were the nighest starved. Companies D, E, G and —, of the Third Regiment, under Col. Steele, had met the command out in the mountains, some twenty-five miles from the river. They had four days full rations with them at the time, which they divided to the last mouthful with the boys before reaching the river. I met the advance some ten miles further on than Col. Steele did, with the mail and dispatches to Gen. Sibley. It was nearly dark when Col. Riely and myself came to where the Brigade had just ascended their last high hill on the Alamosa Creek. Such sights as I there saw is yet fresh in my memory. It would be impossible for me to give anything like a graphic account of what I saw. Here it was that I saw grown manhood shed a tear; where suffering in all its types was be seen. Col. Riely's eyes ran water as he grasped the hands of Cols. Scurry and Hardeman, and greeted with a warm "how are you" and "howdy" every one whom he met. We were thirty-five miles from the river. Believing myself as able to walk as any one, I loaned my horse to my young friend Collier ———, and resolved upon taking it afoot, telling him to ride on to the front and get to the river that my horse might not suffer for water longer than necessary. Long ere I reached the stopping place, my feet were blistered, and I would have "caved" had it not been that hundreds were still going forward who had traveled for many days at that rate, and who were by odds in much worse plight than myself, when it came to sores, to say nothing of hunger.

It is not my object to criticize the generalship of any one in this work, yet I must here remark, as an evidence of how badly we had whipped Canby and his forces whilst in New Mexico, that had he been disposed to fight, he surely let his good chance slip him here. Had he moved down the river—which he could have done, with all ease—to where we struck it, thirty-eight miles below Fort Craig, something would have been done, to say the least of it. But now to the march for

bread and meat—Fort Bliss, Texas, 150 miles. Dispatches had been sent to the commanders below to send to the relief of "suffering humanity" every wagon, loaded with everything he had to eat, without delay. Col. Steele's commissary train was reached that night, somewhere in the neighborhood of Fort Thorn, and the hunger was duly appeased. Marching from Fort Thorn on the morning of the 29th, the Rio Grande was crossed that evening at the San de Iago crossing. Here another grand wading scene was presented. Rafts were built on which to cross over the ammunition and wagons containing the "archives." The artillery had marched in advance that morning, and reached the crossing considerably in advance of the "foot pads," who were taking their time at it. Since from the fact of our always being ready, the pieces were loaded with shotted charges, which had to be taken out, lest it could not be done should it get wet in crossing. On trying, the "pullicans" would not bring *her*, so it was resolved to get it out by force. Headquarters' consent was received to fire away, and boom, boom, a half a dozen times, thundered our artillery, the report of which was known to our "foot pads" as being the report of the Val Verde Battery. Judge of the sensation it created amongst them. Had the Yankees got in their rear?—a thing not at all improbable. "Another fight," says Jack to Jim, who quickly swore that "he'd rather fight twenty Yankees than to try another one of Coopwood's cut-offs." The excitement occasioned by this was not alone confined to the "file," but also to the "rank." On the morning of the 30th, his command being out of danger, Gen. Sibley left us for Fort Bliss, Texas, together with Col. Riely and Judge Beard and his interesting and patriotic family. Col. Green then commanded the Brigade, which marched twenty-three miles and camped at Roblario. On the next day we marched through the towns of Donna Anna and Las Crusias, camping three miles below the latter place on a high aqueduct, called Amaso by the natives. Here it was that I was made to see happy h—l, and I presume that every one else was also, since there was near a thousand in my fix. Just as I had retired to rest my weary bones, the aforesaid Amaso aqueduct, or what the —— you might call it, was cut by some thieving or knavish individual, or some one else who was still worse, and lo! a rumbling sound, as though high winds were coming, and in another moment the cry of "water, water!" "who in —— has cut that —— ditch?" was shouted by an hundred or more half drowned and frightened soldiers, as they with their traps and duds, for dear life, sought safety in flight to the hills. Through the indefatigable exertions of Col. Hardeman, assisted, as subordinates, by Wilson, Griffin and self, the crevasse was stopped, but to no use to us, as our camp was all under water. The next day's march brought us to Willow Bar, our old camp. Here, on the 1st day of May, 1862, we had a general muster. I have witnessed many May days in many parts of the world, but never before did one appear half so lovely, half so beautiful as did this one; and in years to come on that day I shall think of my

May day spent there, of those around me, of what I thought, of what we talked of, and of what we had to eat, which I assure you, kind friend at home, was as delicious and as palatable as any ever set before kings, princes and potentates. It was beef, poor beef, without salt, and bread, flour bread, ditto, and no tobacco to chew or smoke as a ——; name it yourself. Parts of the Third Regiment were left at Roblario and Donna Anna; the Second at Las Crusias and Massilla. Thurmond's company of the Third were sent out on a scout to the San Augustine Springs and beyond. Before returning many rattlesnakes, crawling insects and "varmints" were devoured by them, in order to keep life, soul and body together. The First Regiment was sent to Franklin and Fort Bliss. Gen. Sibley's headquarters were established at the latter place, at the residence of Mr. Magoffin. On his arrival there he issued an order promoting Lieutenant and Adjutant Sayers, of the Second Regiment, for his gallantry at Val Verde and Peralto, to a captaincy, and authorized him to have men transferred from each or any of the Regiments to the Val Verde Battery. The Captain found no difficulty in organizing his company, which was finally completed on the 14th day of May, by the men electing the following officers: J. D. Sayers, Captain; Nettles, 1st Lieutenant; Hume, Jr. 2d Lieutenant; Fulcrod, 3d Lieutenant, all of whom have distinguished themselves on many occasions since. The Battery preceded the command down the country. It arrived at San Antonio some time in June, and, unlike the Brigade, was not furloughed, but proceeded on to Marshall, Texas, where Gen. Sibley's headquarters were. After remaining there a short time it went on to Louisiana, where it arrived several weeks in advance of the Brigade, and was in some warm engagements with the enemy before we arrived. With Waller's Battalion, it took the U. S gunboat Diana, on the 8th of April, 1863. Covering itself with glory, it participated in the battles at and around Camp Bisland, where its youthful captain, J. D. Sayers, was dangerously wounded in the thigh and head. Nettles commanded the gunboat Diana in the fight. For the gallantry of himself and men he received the applause of the whole army. Hume commanded the Battery at Vermilion Bayou, where with but one section he kept back 8000 of the enemy, and compelled them to take from the field their celebrated Nimm's Battery of Napoleon guns (this Battery was afterwards captured at Mansfield). At Bayou Burbeaux, Fordoche and the Lafourche, again it participated. Then to Texas in the Fall of 1863; back again to Louisiana in the Spring of 1864, where, at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, it nobly sustained its high reputation for gallantry. At Monett's Ferry it exchanged but few shots; but at Marksville and Mansuria better shots were not made than were by this Battery. At Yellow Bayou it sounded loud, and again heroically played its part. The table in the appendix will show their killed and wounded. On account of their horses being broken down, the Battery was left in Louisiana in the Fall of 1864, when the

Brigade went to Arkansas. Now that the Val Verde is through with, we will return to the Brigade where it was when we left it.

The First Regiment was quartered in Franklin, and camped (Companies A, B, E and G) one mile below Fort Bliss. Nothing of much interest or importance occurred while here. Every one was looking patiently for the time to come when we would take up the line of march for San Antonio, since it had become known that that was our "sure destiny." On the morning of the 5th of June the following companies of the First Regiment—A, B, D, E, G, I and K—were ordered into line, and after a few brief remarks from Col. Hardeman, were off. In his remarks he told them that he never had sought to deceive any one, and that he would not have them marching under false impressions; that our rations were short; that a supply train from San Antonio would doubtless meet us at Fort Lancaster. Of this, however, he would not be too positive, and it would not at all be unlikely that we would be forced to go much farther. Col. Scurry had advised him of his having sent forward provisions, which should meet us there. Col. Riely had turned over the command to him, and he trusted that every one would bear up under the disadvantageous circumstances which surrounded us; and that our trip might not prove to be so bad as we had every reason to fear it would be.

The next division under Maj. Hampton followed the next day. Colonel Hardeman had no surgeon with him. The sickness occasioned by the first day or two's march was truly painful to behold. The weather was oppressively hot in the river valley, from Fort Bliss to Fort Quitman, and it was not an unusual sight to see our poor boys giving out along the road, when but a few miles of the days journey had been performed. I well remember counting 23 one morning before 10 o'clock, who were so exhausted as to be unable to go any farther. The only thing in the shape of medicines that was along belonged to a private individual. His stock consisted of two ounces of Laudanum, one ounce Essence Peppermint and three ounces of Spirits of Camphor, all of which he divided with his sick companions. On leaving Fort Bliss we were compelled to leave many of our sick, the greater part of whom died. As much to illustrate the ungratefulness of a part of the human race, I must here make mention of a little circumstance connected with my own personal history. On leaving Fort Bliss I was so fortunate as to be the proprietor of a horse. A young man, a Mr. ——, to whom I was a stranger, yet for his moral demeanor and deportment, I had formed a feeling of friendship for him while sick; and on leaving, I sold him my horse, which he was unable to pay for. He was left at Fort Lancaster where he died. Afterwards his father who was a very wealthy man at a time, when money was money to every soldier, disputed the account and refused to pay it; and besides walking from El Passo to San Antonio to accommodate his son, and if possible, get him home, I was obliged to discount his son's note in order to realize something. This

is the way with the world, with the Rev. Mr. ——, any how. On arriving at Fort Quitman we halted for one day, and Lieut. Barns with a party was sent on to Eagle Springs, the first watering place after leaving the river, 36 miles, to have the springs cleaned out, in order that water enough for the command might be had on its getting there. At three o'clock P. M., the line of march was again taken up. At dark a short halt was made at the head of the cannon. We had thus come ten miles up a gradual assent through a cannon, which is well deserving of the name it bears, cannon of death.

Daylight the next morning found our little army on the march. The advance member of the "foot pads" arrived at Eagle Springs about 2 P. M. Be it known that we did not march in line, but every man for himself and the wagons take the hindmost. At this place a ration for two days of beef and bread without salt, was cooked. The water barrels were filled, and at sun down the march again renewed. At day break we arrived at the Van Horn well; the Indians had filled it up with carcasses and dirt, and our advance, under John Barns, did not attempt to clean it out. We had thirty-eight miles now to make without water; the weather was excessively hot, our boys were already broken down; our teams were fast "caving;" the road lay over a boundless prairie. At 11 o' clock, A. M., a short halt was made to rest the team. Here the last of our water was drank; twenty-eight miles yet to go. Hot! hot! and no shade, vine or cloud to hide the sun or break its parching rays from on us. Here it was that we were again made to suffer, such sufferings too that many of us, myself for one, never before had to experience, and God grant that we may never again. Many there were who gave completely out, and threw themselves down by the side of the road to die. Many kept on forward with their tongues so swolen that they could not articulate a word, more crazed than rational, they looked like frantic mad men. I remember seeing one man shoot a beef steer, that had been left by the herdsmen in their frantic flight for the water, and cuting his throat with his pocket knife drank of the animals blood to quench thirst. This I was afterwards told increased rather than diminished his thirst for water. The sun was nearly down, and fairly in view was the hills at the foot of which the springs were situated—called the Del Mertia—Dead Mans holes—yet they were fourteen miles off "O'reat God have mercy upon us," I heard exclaimed by one of my companions as he lay down to die or be killed by the Indians, as he told me, more in sighs than in words. I myself laid down resolved upon meeting the same fate, but life, oh! how pleasant! prompted me to "try, try again."

When within eight miles Lieut. Barns—who now sleeps the sleep of death—met us with a wagon containing water. No one save those who have experienced it, has any just conception of how refreshing that first quart was that restored life to many. Here it was that the soul of B. C. Allen was called from hence to the God who gave it. By its self

and alone, many leagues from civilization and his happy home. His body now lies mouldering in the cold earth. The spot is marked by a large pile of stones. Tears, man-hood tears were shed over his bier, as we quietly performed the last sad rites to "Collier."

"Ho! living man behold their deeds,
And see their nameless graves;
Their names are dropt at roll call now.
Nor will they answer more;
Yet will their deeds of valor live,
Remembered as before."

After resting here one day we proceeded to the Barrel Springs; and the next day Fort Davis, where a part of our supplies were met. Here we "gormandised sumptcously" on fat beef, the first for many a long day. Nothing of vast importance occurred from then until the second of July. Early in the morning of which we left the Howard Springs, forty-five miles to be made before reaching the next water, at Beaver Lake, at the head of Devils River. At day light on the morning of the 3rd, twenty two miles west of the above named lake, lo! and judge of our surprise on meeting the first train that was sent by our friends to our relief. I am giving a history of the Brigade of what it has done and of what has been done for it, else I would appropriate several pages here in giving an account of company "A" joy and happiness on meeting what their fathers, mothers and friends had sent them, in the care of those patriotic, gray-haired sires, Asa Wright, Eustace and their younger friends, Francis Barns and Tinney. Clothing, soap and other cleansing articles, such as combs, &c., were by them received, to say nothing of the good, fresh corn meal, sugar, salt, bacon, coffee, and some little of the "ereter," together with some tobacco, the first seen by many in several days. Thus six wagons more were added to our train. It affords me pleasure, as an outsider, to say that the boys were in no way disposed to be selfish or close-fisted with what they had received, but divided freely and to the last, with those of their companions whose friends had forgotten them in their hour of need, or had not yet had the time necessary to meet them. From here on to San Antonio every thing went on finely. At Denis, the most of the Brigade meet their friends with supply trains, with clothing, &c. At San Antonio the Brigade were all furloughed for 60 days to go home and re-mount and re-outfit themselves, subject, however, to be called into camp at a moment's warning. Those who had homes went to them, while those who had none, it is supposed, did the best they could. Since the Government paid nothing, unless it was some speculator, or a "favored few," a furlough was considered a fortune to a soldier without money, which was worth something at that time, and it would not have done to have paid a private soldier, for he might have bought himself a respectable suit of clothes, which might have been the means of his marrying some fair Lassa, who only looked at a man's garb, regardless of his qualities

as a soldier, a gentleman—the two are the same, the world over; nevertheless, there are some who are called soldiers by reason of the Conscript Law, who are only "things." Stand from under "Mayes" gun; if it hits, fits and suits, bear the wound Mr. ——, and Misses. ——, who have been guilty of all the abominable, low down, thieving, detestable, hateful, contemptious, scornful and of all ungrateful acts which has reflected a bad name, not upon you, upon gentlemen and patriots, who have made for the Brigade an enviable reputation, both amongst citizens and soldiers, as fighters, worthy of the appelation "Green's Men.

Excuse me kind reader for "sloshing around" now that the Brigade is at home, and I do not intend to tell you of what it or any part of it done while there, lest I might have to come to personalities, or speak of what self or what some one else, equally as undeserving, done "at home." My work has reference only to the "tented field." If however, I can deal an "over-handed few" to some of the "at home," cotton speculating bureau, or those who took to wearing spectacles after the passage of the 1st Conscript Law, and got to tanning leather for soldier's wives—for which they would not receive Confederate money—before the 2d one, which took all, was passed. Any thing to keep out of the service, you know; that you may shun the danger of being struck by an enemy's bullet; that you may feather your own nest well by swindling, cheating and defrauding, through pure necessity, every soldier's wife who has anything that you may covet, or who is compelled to call upon you for that which she has not, by reasons of her husband being an honorable man and serving in the defence of his country, instead of staying at home and being a "shirk." I make reference only to a certain few, they are known, the army knows them, they will yet meet their just dues, if even but half of the oaths that are on record against them are executed. Gentlemen, heed a fool's advice and "slip;" let the first rays of hope, of peace, of happiness, and of a soldiers return, be to you a token to leave; if not, verily, verily, I say unto you, the soldiers day of retribution cometh, and great will be the "fall" thereof. I am a soldier, my friends are all soldiers; my fortune, ay! my fate! is the fortune and the fate of my country. He who strikes at any or either of them strikes me; and he who would shun and scorn to be what I or my friends are, treats contemptiously that which we are sworn to defend. Ay! no oath was required to make us do it; with arms and implements of war, with deeds, acts and words, with even, if necessary, the sacrifice of their lives. Our country is full of those who were the first to cry war, ay! many of them are — where? an echo from the North would answer. Pages, even volumnes could be filled, condemning and exposing the frauds and swindling perpetrated on the pubiic; on the soldier "in the field, by the various cotton agents and cotton contractors in Texas.

Soldier's wives were told, when their cotton was being pressed and

taken from them, that it was to get supplies, medicine and clothing for the army. In proportion to the amount of cotton that has been bought and pressed in Texas, on government account, how much clothing has the army received? I mean the army in the field, not the army of speculators and extortioners, who no doubt has received considerable. There are many men belonging to this Brigade who have had their cotton pressed from them, and have never received one cent in return for it, or never drawn one stitch of clothing from the government; and although they have fought in every battle and have always had a gun, yet never a grain of powder, lead or caps have they used that was imported by cotton or the "Cotton Bureau." What becomes of it? Where does it go to? are questions now seriously asked by the soldier in the field, who has suffered by means of its being pressed from him at home, and is now suffering for the want of that which those who took it promised to furnish. In the face of all these things, who could doubt our ultimate success, when banded together is our army in the field, and not even such vile treatment of their sacred rights and property as this is able to make them forget the duty they owe to their country, which is more calculated to make men become lukewarm to our noble cause than anything the enemy can do to us. But now that the Brigade's sixty days furlough has expired, we will bid this unpleasant subject adieu, and for Part I of our history prepare a farewell.

Reader, we have been to New Mexico and Arizona. We have borne aloft our battle flag on fields made famous for our daring valor, and now as a farewell I will here give you the last address of General Sibley, on the close of the campaign, reserving also space for his official report, should I be so fortunate as to receive a copy of it ere this is sent to the publisher. The following address should have been dated Fort Bliss, Texas, May 14th, 1862:

Soldiers of the Army of New Mexico:—It is with unfeigned pride and pleasure that I find myself occupying a position which devolves upon me the duty of congratulating the Army of New Mexico upon the successes which have crowned their arms in the many encounters with the enemy during the short but brilliant campaign which has just terminated.

Called from your homes almost at a moment's warning, cheerfully leaving friends, families and private affairs, in many cases solely dependent upon your presence and personal attention, scarcely prepared for a month's campaign, in the immediate defence of your own firesides, you have made a march, many of you over a thousand miles, before ever reaching the field of active operations.

The boasted valor of Texans has been fully vindicated. Val Verde, Glorietta, Albuquerque, Peralto, and last, though not least, your successful and almost unprecedented evacuation, through mountain passes and over a tracless waste of a hundred miles through a famishing coun-

try, will be duly chronicled, and form one of the brightest pages in the history of the Second American Revolution.

That I should be proud of you—that every participant in the campaign should be proud of himself—who can doubt?

During the short period of inaction which you are now enjoying, your General indulges the hope that you will constantly bear in mind that at any moment you may be recalled into activity.

God and an indulgent Providence have guided us in our councils and watched our ways: let us be thankful to Him for our successes, and to Him let us not forget to offer a prayer for our noble dead.

H. H. SIBLEY, Brig. Gen. Commanding.

PART II.

Brigade Rendezvoused at Millican, Hempstead, and drilled—To Houston and back—To Houston and Galveston—Green and Bagby—Gunboats Neptune and Diana—Galveston taken—March to Louisiana—Battles of Bisland and Franklin—The retreat to Niblett's Bluff—Back to the Bay—Taking of Brashear City—Fort Butler—Lafourche—Morgan's Ferry—Fordoche—Burbeaux—The Third Regiment surprised—The Run of 25th of November—To Texas—The Journey—Exchange of prisoners—Their sufferings—Houston, Camp Lubbock and Harrisburg to Virginia Point via Sandy Point to Columbia—To Hempstead.

Some time in October, after Gen. Sibley's return from Richmond, Col. Riely, was placed in command of the Brigade, received orders to rendezvous at some central point, and with as little delay as possible to march to Louisiana and report to Gen. Taylor. Accordingly on the 28th day of October, Col. Riely issued an order requiring the Brigade to meet at Port Sullivan, Texas. A few days afterwards another order was promulgated, requiring it to meet at Hempstead, or thereabouts. This order was obeyed with great promptness on the part of all By the 1st of December every thing was in camp, drilling, standing guard, and reorganizing, regardless of the wind or weather, which was of the very worst type imaginable. Without tents, and many without a sufficient amount of clothing, the sufferings of the men can better be imagagined by the readers than described by me, when they are informed that for three weeks, with scarcely any intermission, it rained, blew and froze at times, insomuch that many there were who had scarcely had a dry stitch of clothing on them for that whole time.

On the 28th of November, Gen. Magruder having arrived and taken command of the District of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, something was to be done; and accordingly we were quickly on the march for Houston. Upon arriving at that place, the Second and Third Regiments were sent back to Hempstead, and the First to Cypress City. Here for a few days they again rested, until the plan of retaking Galveston was thoroughly concocted. In the meantime the work of preparing our fleet went bravely on. By the 20th of December the steamers Neptune and Bayou City were cotton clad, and the Brigade was once more brought to Houston; this time, however, without our horses. The whistling of the locomotive, the rumbling of the cars, the blowing of the bugles, at half-past 1 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of De-

cember, 1862, will long be remembered by those of the Brigade who were then asleep at Cypress and Hempstead, Texas. By two o'clock everything was in readiness, and in a few moments we were bounding forward towards the scene of action. By daybreak we were in Houston—three long trains—three full regiments—all shouting, cheering and yelling, as though "old Nick" had sent them to perform a duty which could not be done without a —— of a sight of noise. Freightmen had no great trouble in unloading their cars, which was quickly done; and after giving two "inhuman yells," the *things* moved off at full run, as though something had been forgotten. While this was going on, a "fall in" was announced, and again we see the Old Sibley Brigade in line, ready for a march to—through the streets of Houston. As we passed through the city we were a little amused on seeing large posters stuck up over the city, calling for 300 volunteers to man the Neptune and Bayou City. A brass band (De Bray's, I believe) was being paraded through the streets followed by 186 boys, 2000 negroes and servants of all sorts, and two or more exhorters, calling upon the citizens, clerks and other civilians to come forward now in the hour of their country's need, and volunteer to take ——, which I did not understand. "Pinkney" suggested—breakfast. With but as little noise as possible, we took passage on the Galveston Railroad, as we supposed for its terminus; but alas! we were doomed to disappointment, and were halted at Harrisburg. The advertising and drumming process to get recruits for the service, was not a paying one, and turned out to be fruitless in every respect; seeing which, Green proffered his services to command the fleet, if he would be allowed to take his own men and pick his own officers, which was accepted on the part of the "powers that be." Col. Bagby happened to hear of it, and nothing must do but for him and a part of his Regiment to man one of the boats. To this Green consented, and their regiments being close by, the required number of men were quickly got. The First Regiment and its officers never heard anything of it until the game was blocked, and had no show to be represented. It was not because they would not go. Lieut. Crain, with some fifty of the men of the First Regiment, tried every conceivable way to get on; but 'twas no go. Lieut. Col. McNeill and Major Hoffman then moved their regiments down to Harrisburg, where the First was encamped. On the 31st Green, with his fleet, moved down the Buffalo Bayou to Lynchburg. On the same day Gens. Magruder and Scurry, with Col. Riely, went to Virginia Point, leaving Col. McNeill in command of the Brigade. At 3:30 o'clock on the morning of the 31st, Gen. Magruder sent to Col. Green, then at Union Point, the following significant dispatch:

"Col. Tom Green, Commanding Boats:

"All is ready. The storming rangers of the land send greeting to the storming rangers of the sea."

Col. Green, in his official report, says that he read this three times

to the boys amid the loudest cheers. Col. Riely joined the Brigade at Bray's Bayou. At half past 4 o'clock, or thereabouts, the train was halted at Eagle Grove, from where we took it afoot, and at double quick, to—

THE BATTLE OF GALVESTON,

Which commenced at half-past 4 o'clock on the morning of January 1st, 1863, by Gen. Magruder firing the first gun at the Onasco from the end of Kuhn's wharf, and quicker than thought another at the Harriet Lane. Of this battle I can speak of only that which I with the Brigade saw. As Magruder's first gun blazed away, we were within one mile of the railroad depot, just on the turn in the direction of Broadway. It was as dark as dark could well be at that season of the year, and I feel that I but express the opinion of all who were there in saying that it was the most beautiful sight that ever met our eyes at any "bloody encounter" that we have ever participated in. Some three minutes or more elapsed before the enemy's fleet replied, and then—pause for a moment. Great Heavens! a flash, and the whole surface of the water was lighted; and like lightning it kept flying from right to left with such rapid succession that one could scarcely discern the pauses or intervals between each broadside. Then came the thundering sound—no, thunder bears no analogy to the sounds that there met our ears—the ground on which we stood fairly quaked, as broadside after broadside was poured into the city. At first the enemy used shrapnell and grape. As day dawned and they saw that our batteries on Kuhn's wharf had been effectually silenced, they commenced throwing shells of all sizes and shapes. As we were turning in from Broadway towards Market Square, by some unknown means the enemy became apprized of our whereabouts and of our move, judging from several shots they directed towards the head of our column. Some assert most positively that the first shell did not miss the head of our lowest man more than five feet. I remember very distinctly feeling "the wind." Had it been but a few feet lower, with the correctness of its range, it would have killed, God alone knows, how many, as it passed directly over the heads of our entire line. From this we double-quicked and took position behind the Custom House. Three well directed shots pierced that building through and through while we were there. Col. McNeill with his regiment, was ordered to man a large 9 inch Columbiad that was half way in position at the railroad depot. At 7 o'clock the enemy's fire became lighter. In a moment more, and the word "Green's coming!" "His fleet's in sight!" Now the firing on the city ceased. A few moments dead and dread silence, and boom, boom, boom, the sound of broadside after broadside echoed across the bosom of the bay. For the fight with the boats on the water I will again refer to Mr. Howell, who was a participant in the fray.

The gunboat expedition in the recapture of Galveston consisted of the steamers Bayou City and Neptune, filled up and clad with cotton, accompanied by the John F. Carr, as a tender. The guns on the Bayou City and Neptune were manned by Company B, Cook's Heavy Artillery, Capt. Weir commanding. The marines on the Bayou City consisted of members of the Fifth Regiment, Col. Tom Green commanding; those on the Neptune of the Seventh Regiment, Col. A. P. Bagby commanding. At 12, M., December 31st, 1862, the "chosen few" left their respective encampments near Harrisburg, and proceeded to the wharf at that place, where they soon went aboard, and each man was assigned his position on deck. The flotilla moved off at 2 P. M., following (of course) the meanderings of Buffalo Bayou. We halted one hour at Lynchburg for wood, and again started for the scene of action. Many a heart beat with emotions of anxiety, and in many instances painful suspense, though with confidence in the end. No one doubted that where the hero, Green, led but that victory was theirs. These men had braved danger on land, but never before on sea. The thought that perhaps when victory was theirs that a fatal shot might send them to the bottom of the briny deep. Still they all moved forward, confident and anxious for the time to arrive when they could prove to Yankeedom that "cotton was king," and that cotton-clad boats and Texas horse marines were not the insignificant "tricks" our enemy chose to consider them. At 12 P. M. the fleet passed Half Moon Shoals, and proceeded within five miles of the "Island City;" but receiving no signal, it returned to the Shoal and awaited the opening of the scene. At half-past 4 A. M., January 1st, 1863, at the firing of the first gun, already referred to, the fleet again set out for the scene of action; and who can ever describe the emotions of the men aboard those vessels, as they approached nearer and nearer that beautiful though terrific scene. Sheets of flame, screaming and bursting shells, showers of grape, and the report of heavy guns, all served to render it one of the most terrific, as well as beautiful, scenes that ever met the gaze of man. Still the boats move boldly and defiantly towards the Harriet Lane, which was moving directly towards them. Boldly the combatants advance. The Neptune moving to the larboard of the Harriet Lane, and intending to board her at once, was struck somewhere near "'midships" and sunk to the bottom, though in shallow water, and her crew were spared a considerable swim by remaining on the hurricane deck. The Bayou City, nothing daunted, came to the rescue. Having bursted her best gun, which explosion killed the lamented and heroic Capt. Weir, a braver man than whom never commanded a piece or battery, the Bayou City ran up, grappled the Harriet Lane, and at the command from Green, his gallant boys leaped aboard, cutting the netting, and in a moment the boasted vessel was theirs. The others hoisted a white flag, and ignominiously ran out under its protection. Commodore Renshaw, commanding, blew up his flag ship, the Westfield, and, it is said, himself with it. Two schooners were also captured, laden with coal and

provisions, and last and best of all, Galveston, the lovely Island City of the South, was rescued from federal rule. The Bayou City was only slightly damaged, as also was the Harriet Lane. Capt. Wainwright, commanding the Lane, and many of his crew were killed. The Neptune lost seven men killed, principally of the Third Regiment. I trust to be able to furnish the reader with the names of those who composed the "forlorn hope" in the retaking of Galveston. I sought every opportunity to obtain copies of Col. Green's and Gen. Magruder's official reports of this affair, but signally failed in every attempt.

The Battle of Galveston being over, and our killed and wounded being cared for, our Brigade was moved out and camped near the Galveston Gass Works. Here we remained for a few days. Volunteers to man the Harriet Lane was called for; the full compliment of men were quickly made up from our Brigade. The machinery of the boat had been so badly injured, that on trial, it would not work. The volunteers were sent back to their commands without receiving a *thankey* for doing what they had much less any of the good yankee commissary and edibles on board, which Commadore ——, appropriated for his own table. I have reference to the man who accused a part of our Brigade of acting cowardly, but was unable to substantiate, or stick up to what he said when Captain Burrows, of the Third Regiment, called upon him for an explanation. On the night of the 14th, we heard heavy firing at Sea in a south-westerly direction. (This as we afterwards learned was the C. S. Steamer Florida when she sunk the U. S. Steamer Hattarass.) On the 16th, the Brigade was again on the go, this time for Hempstead, thence for Louisiana. Arriving at Hempstead on the 18th, the First Regiment were moved to Navasota, the other two in their old camps. Here we drew a few clothing and some few blankets, the first ever drawn by the Brigade. On the 29th, we were paid off four months pay and our $50 bounty. Making every possible preparation for a move for Louisiana, however strange, there was but little drilling in those days. On the 18th of February the camps were broken up, the well in all their glee marching off for the scene of action; the sick to Houston. The first Regiment was divided into divisions as follows: Companys A, B, C, and H, under Captain W. P. Alexander; Companys' E, F, and I, under Captain S. M. Crosson; Company' D, and G, under Major L. M. Lesure—then Captain. The First Division went by way of Crockett and Nacogdoches; the Second by way of Sumpter, and the Third by way of Polk county. The Second Regiment was divided in but two divisions, under Green and Shanon. The Third in two also, under Bagby and Major Hoffman, all meeting near Cheneyville, Louisiana, about the 1st of April. On the 8th the First Regiment were camped on Bayou Salé, on the plantation of Mr. Hudson, where Col. Riely's Headquarters were established a few miles from Clontierville. The Second Regiment was camped near the above place, while the Third were out "sloshing around" after jayhawkers, and volunteering to man the gun boats Webb and Grand Duke, and

if I mistake not some of the "gallant knights got their foot into it," shortly after arriving at this place.

WALLER'S BATTALION OF TEXAS CAVALRY was attached to the Brigade, and has since been "one of us," participating with us in all our hardships, and sharing with us that glory, if any we have acquired. This Battalion was organized at Hempstead, Texas, on the 1st of June 1862, by electing the following field officers: Ed. Waller, Jr., Lieut. Colonel; H. H. Boone Major; D. C. Proctor, Adjutant. Joe. Nutter, Sergeant Major; J. H. Hershfield, A. Q. M.; W. Hines, A. C. S.; Dr. R. C. Watson, Ass't. Surgeon, and Samuel Ferguson, Steward. The table of officers of each Regiment given in the Appendix, will show each company's organization as it was then; as also now. "It took up the line of march for Louisiana on the 3d of July, 1862; fought the battle of Bonnet Carre, September 8th; lost 2 killed, 21 prisoners and 256 horses." The damage done the enemy on the occasion has never been thoroughly known. "Participated in the engagements around and on Salt Island on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th of November. At the engagement at Butte La Rose, January 4th, 1864; at Camp Bisland, January 14th, 1864; Cochran's sugar farm on the Teche, March 27th; and on the 28th of March captured the gun boat, "Diana" with but a loss of ten horses killed. The Val Verde Battery of the old Brigade, with some few men of the First Regiment were in this affair, commanded by Major Boone. This was the first fight that any part of our old Brigade had been in while in Louisiana, unless the horse whipping given to an overseer on Maj. Sprigg's plantation, on Bayou Rapides, by some of the boys, for striking one of their sick companion, with his negro whip, for geting one of the negroes to bring him a canteen of water out to the road; unless this is considered a fight, the gun boat affair with Waller's Battalion was the first. On the 8th, 9th and 10th of April, the Battalion, with a part of the Second Regiment, all under the command of Major Boone and Captain January, skirmished with the enemy who were then crossing the Bay from Brashear City—at a little town below Bisland, by the name of Patersonville, in which our loss was very small. (This is marked "0" in the table of skirmishes, and all who were killed or wounded there, the figure "8" is set opposite their names). On the night of the 9th, the Brigade under Col. Riely was brought to the front, and on the morning of the 11th, the Second Regiment with five companys of the Third, were deployed as skirmishers in front of our works at Bisland. On this day the enemy made no advances. Gen. Sibley who was then in command of the front, being desirous of finding out, if possible, the enemy's strength, ordered a portion of the Second Regiment which was on our right wing, under Captain McCowen, to make a detour on the enemy's left; penetrate his lines, and if possible, find his strength. In the execution of this order, the Captain and several of his men were taken prisoners. Knowing that it would not go well with them, they by almost superhuman exertions, made their escape and rejoined their command shortly afterwards.

On the morning of the 12th, the enemy were reported advancing. The Second Louisiana Cavalry were relieved by the First Regiment, under the immediate command of Col. Riely. Deploying some half mile before the fortifications, he advanced in skirmish line some distance—perhaps one half mile before the enemy's skirmish line was met, which he engaged notwithstanding the great superiority of their numbers. After causing them to double their advance line, he withdrew, apparently with great fright and confusion, in hopes of drawing them in range of our guns, but in this he was disappointed. The enemy instead of advancing, retired. Our picket line was advanced. Company "B" of the First Regiment under Lieut. Nis, and company — of the Second Regiment were sent on an excursion, similar to the one on which Capt. McCowen was on the previous night, with some little different success; two horses were killed—the tables will show the killed and wounded. The Third Regiment, under Col. Bagby, and a part of Waller's Battalion, were sent on the opposite (East) side of the Bayou.

THE BATTLE OF BISLAND.

On the morning of the 12th, everything sounded and appeared different to what it had on the previous day. The enemy were in force. They were advancing with cavalry, artillery and heavy columns of infantry on both sides of the Bayou. Our skirmishers fired briskly and fought stubbornly, yet back they came, faster and faster the cavalry dashed by our long line of infantry skirmishers, who were posted some hundred yards or more in advance of our breastworks. Quickly the quick keen crack of our sharpshooters then that of skirmishers rifles, told all secreted behind the works that they yet advanced, and in a moment the grave yard sound of the minnie bullets as they flew hissing over our head, re-assured us that they were coming. "Here they come," was shouted down our line as our skirmishers came running in and jumping over the works to their position behind them. Then! then! but a moment more and *bang*, *boom*, *boom*, sounded the well known thundering voice of the Brigades idol—the Val Verde Battery—on our right. And as if by magic, the centre and left, together with the gun boat "Diana," took up the earth quaking noise, echoed anew by the volleys of musketry which deafened the ears of all. "The shock of battle" was then over. Thirty-nine pieces of artillery on our side opened the ball at half past 4 o'clock, P. M.; four thousand muskets supported the music from behind our breastworks. Sixty-two pieces of artillery on the part of the U. S., closed the action at dark, after sixteen thousand live yankees had danced to our music for two and a half long hours, and finely were compelled to retreat without accomplishing any thing, lest it be considered accomplishing wonders by having two hundred of their hirelings killed, and near five hundred wounded; and then didn't half try, as they did not come nigher than sixty yards of our works. Waller's Battalion was on the right wing when the en-

gagement began ; the First and Second Regiment under Col. Green were dismounted and sent up the rail road through the woods and weeds towards the enemy's rear, and on coming opposite their batteries, they could go no further on account of the water in the swamp which rendered it impassable ; returning to their horses, they were taken to the rear, where for the first time in four nights they were permited to rest undisturbed.

With daylight of the morning of the 13th, came the renewed sound of battle, in which up to 12 o'clock, artillery alone was used. At times the firing was so brisk that one could scarcely discern any pause whatever. At half past 9 A. M., the gun boat "Diana," was struck by a shell, which exploded in the engineer's room, killing the engineer and wounding some eight or ten more. Her guns were thus silenced, as her valorous Lieut. Nettles, was compelled to withdraw from before the enemy's battery of four 32 pound Parrot guns. At 10 P. M., there was a pause in the "deadly conflict." The enemy seeing our position, and knowing of their utter impossibility to carry it by storm, adopted the following flanking programme. Maj. Gen. Grover with 9000 men and two field batteries was sent on transports up the Atchafalaya to Grand Lake, thence to Indian (or Irish) Bend on the Teche, three miles above the town of Franklin, which when reached, would, in their opinion, render it utterly impossible for our army to retreat or escape. At half past 10 A. M., Col. Riely received orders to move with all possible haste with the First Regiment and the Second Louisiana Cavalry, and one section of the St. Marys' Battery to meet Grover ; then advancing from Grand Lake, which order he obeyed, making a distance of nineteen miles in one hour and twenty-five minutes.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Never will we forget the patriotic display made by the noble ladies of Franklin on our passing through their town at full speed, bounding forward to meet the enemy, then within a few miles of the place, and advancing at a rapid speed, as we were informed every few moments by the arrival of a new courier, "just from the front." The enemy were met three miles beyond the town of Franklin, at half past 12 M., by Captains Crosson and Linn, of the First Regiment. A warm skirmish (No. 10) ensued. This should have been classed as a battle. At sundown the enemy's artillery was brought up. Darkness closed the contest. Our little army bivouaced on the field. From below at Bisland yet came the rumbling sound of our big guns, ("old Boone,") which plainly told us that all was not quiet there. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, our scouts reported to Col. Riely that the enemy were crossing the bayou, with a view of taking possession of the New Iberia road. The long roll was quickly sounded, and in a few moments we were on the march. Daylight found us dismounted and in battle line. As our artillery—one section—came up, an advance

was sounded, which was made first through an open field some three hundred yards wide, then through a tract of thickly timbered bottom for a quarter of a mile to the edge of another field, in which Grover and his nine thousand were posted—also in line of battle. As we approached the field our battery dashed by us at full speed, and in a few moments it was in position. Then again the deadly sound and clash of arms broke the stillness of the morn—

> "Louder, and yet more loud, I hear the alarms
> Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms."

It was but a few moments until the engagement became general. The First Regiment, commanded by Major Hampton and Capt. Crosson, composed the right and centre, while the Second Louisiana Cavalry a part of the "Yellow Jacket" Battalion and the remnant of the Eighteenth Louisiana Infantry, composed the left and centre, under Cols. Vincent and Gray, Col. Riely commanding the whole. By a heavy move made by the enemy in the direction of our centre, our right wing, under Crosson, which had made a considerable advance, was compelled to fall back to meet it. It was as this move was made that Col. James Riely was killed, while in the act of reconnoitring the enemy's lines with his glass. Thus another noble, brave and generous officer was called from hence. *Requiescat in pace.* Things were quickly thrown into a confused state on learning of the death of Riely. Vincent was wounded; the next in command was hard to be found. Shortly afterwards Gen. Monton arrived on the field. A charge on the enemy's right was ordered, and promptly executed by Col. Gray and the Eighteenth Louisiana Infantry. Our right being rallied, it was ordered to charge, which it did in gallant style, driving the enemy from our battery, which had fallen into their hands. By this time "old Boone" could be heard, but a short distance below Franklin. The secret was out—a retreat was ordered. The cavalry portion of our little army were ordered to "get your horses as quick as h—l will let you," to use the phrase of a commanding officer, the infantry guarding our rear while at this. Going at double quick for better than a mile, we reached our horses just in time to return to the front and meet an advance of the enemy, which if it had not have been met just at the moment it was would have resulted in bad luck to us. Holding our position until the infantry had made good their escape, our line broke by single file from the right, and in a few moments "nary a rebel" was to be seen confronting the dastardly cowards, who thought but a short time before that they had "Dick Taylor's army bagged." As we came into Franklin we met Green, with the Second, Third and Waller's Battalion, who had been fighting and keeping off the enemy from our artillery, train and infantry, as they retreated from Bisland. They, too, had covered themselves with immortal glory. Banks' whole army had confronted them for nineteen long miles, and only advanced as Green and his brave boys would allow them. Thus the battles of Bisland

and Franklin were ended. Thus it was that the "glorious victories in Louisiana," of which we heard so much ado about in the Northern press, were gained. Thus it was that eight hundred of the Sibley Brigade, which they swore they intended to "cage and take up North," whipped completely and drove back a "cracked army" of 9000, under a "gallant" General. Nine hundred men under Green engaged and fought, and retreated at leisure before Banks' "grand army of Louisiana," 38,000 strong.

THE RETREAT FROM BISLAND,

As could be seen by the preceding, was started from the field on or about the 13th or 14th of April. Both night and day the Brigade were in their saddles. Scarcely a moment passed by that guns could not be heard, and scarcely an hour but what the enemy's artillery was engaged. For five long days and nights our saddles were not removed from our horses. What sleeping that was done was in the saddle; what cooking that was done was done for us by the noble and patriotic citizens, and what eating the boys did was done "on the go." At Jeanneretts, New Iberia, Vermilionville and Grand Coteau, battles were fought, notwithstanding they are classed as skirmishes in my table (Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14). The Second Regiment, under its gallant and valorous old Colonel, Thos. Green, formed the centre of our battle line, while the First, Third and Waller's Battalion operated on each flank. It was frequently the case that while the Second was engaged in bloody combat, the First, Third and Waller's were driving at full speed in the direction of the enemy's flanks or rear. At Opelousas we had a breathing spell. Here we overtook our baggage and commissary train, and the enemy not pushing us with his usual ferocity, we were allowed to cook once more for ourselves. Flour, bacon and molasses was issued. Scarcely had we completed our job ere "whoop, and here they come again." Another fight, and another run. At Washington, by some means or reasons not known to me, the Brigade was divided. The train, with all the sick and dismounted, took the road leading to Alexandria, and from thence to Natchitoches. Waller's Battalion also took this road. The Brigade, under Green, "filed to the left" and went in the direction of Niblett's Bluff, at which place its advance arrived some time in the first of May, living on poor, blue beef, without salt, for upwards of three weeks. After lying at this place for nearly two weeks, without anything to eat save what they could find in the piney woods, the good commissaries of Magruder's district had the kindness to send us a car load of provisions to the relief of Green's men, who "ain't worth a d—n for anything else but fighting." I was not along at this time, having been left dangerously sick at Washington. I was taken a prisoner on the 23d of April, the day on which the enemy took possession of that place. I hope that I may not be considered egotistic in speaking of myself as "I," "me."

&c. *Sans propia sondat.* Consequently I shall not speak of my imprisonment; or of my adventures ere I was released, under parole, at City Point, Va., on the 6th of July, 1863, and from there back to my command in Louisiana, by way of my father's residence in Western Texas. Suffice it to say that I, like most all others who have been so unfortunate as to fall into the enemy's hands, was calumniated, slandered, not by my honorable companions in arms, but by a home institution—the like of which I have spoken of before—who never has nor never will smell gunpowder in this war, unless some friend should happen to shoot a partridge in his presence. My imprisonment served to teach me the same lesson of the Yankees that Congressman Ely was taught by his confinement in Richmond, as he expressed himself after his release, that "we are fighting a people desperately in earnest," not alone on our subjugation, but also on the overthrow of our institutions, and the general destruction of our country. The pay of a Yankee mercenary is nothing when compared to the prospects of his pillaging and plundering one Southern citizen's residence of its plate and jewelry. While one fights for Union, two fight for Greeley's doctrine, and three for booty and plunder. The first class fight for conquest, victory and glory. After talking some time with Gen. Banks, he admitted the prospects of our ultimately accomplishing the end for which we fought; but, says he, "we will overrun and destroy no little of your country before that day comes for you." Such, indeed, has been characteristic of his policy in his invasions through Louisiana. The war spirit in the North is kept up chiefly by their lying press, and by their authorities not allowing papers to be circulated in the army. But to the Brigade.

On the 18th of May the Brigade left Niblett's Bluff, again for the scene of action. On the 20th the retreating army of the enemy was overtaken near New Iberia. A short but spirited skirmish ensued, followed by a long run, both aiming to reach Franklin, which place Gen. Weitzel reached first, and thus saved his army and booty. It is said that if Green's plan had been heeded, that the entire outfit would have fallen an easy prey to the Brigade. The enemy were chased to the Bay, where, under the protection of their gunboats, they were safe. Thus ends the Spring campaign of Louisiana in 1863. For its fruits we have but experience with which to guide our future course. For the defeat at Bisland, (as many have been pleased to call it,) no one was particularly accountable. Gen. Taylor could not have done more than was done with the forces he had; yet it is thought that had Gen. Sibley's policy been carried out, the result would have been vastly different. He was opposed to fortifying lower down on the Teche than New Iberia. In this he was overruled both by Gen. Taylor and public opinion. On the retreat Gen. Taylor placed Gen. Mouton, a junior officer, in command, over Gen. Sibley, and ordered Gen. Sibley to take command of the train. Why, none knew. Gen. Sibley was afterwards made to bear, if possible, all the blame of the unavoidable ca-

lamity. "Big fish eat little fish," &c. Sibley was placed under arrest, a court of inquiry was called, and he was honorably acquitted; yet he was not restored to a command, greatly to the dislike of both citizens and soldiers generally. And now that our history parts with the one from whom it and the Brigade takes their name, in bidding Gen. Sibley an adieu, we do so under the full conviction that we have parted with a high minded, noble, valorous and gifted officer, endowed with a principle too lofty and honorable to deign to any acts calculated to wrong any one, let him be whom he may. But now to our Brigade, under Green, (by whose name it will be known from this forward,) for a season of campaigning throughout Louisiana.

Returning from the Bay—where we last left them—the Brigade was camped some four miles above the old Bisland battle field, where it remained for some few weeks, making preparations for an onward move in some direction, known to none save Gen. Green and those over him. By night and by day the work of collecting together and making small boats went bravely on. For what purpose this collecting such a number of boats and skiffs and the like none knew, and no one seemed to be very inquisitive about it, all apparently being satisfied that Green knew what it was for. In the meantime Gen. Mouton, commandant of the forces south of Red river, arrived and assumed command. Active operations could now justly be expected. I can give no better account of—

THE CAPTURE OF BRASHEAR CITY,

Than to give Gen. Green's Official report of the brilliant affair which is herewith given *verbatim et literatim*, as also Mr. Howell's discription of the "Mosquito Fleet." Mr. H. appears to have a natural weakness to join in any and all water expiditions and "forlorn hopes," As it will be remembered I was a prisoner at this time in New Orleans.—For a long time the "Era" and other Yankee tools in that city, in vain tried to deny the fact that Brashear City "had gone up."

On the night of the 28th, when the news was positively confirmed in our prison by the arrival of a few prisoners belonging to Pyron's Regiment, one continuous and prolonged shouting might have been heard even across the river. We became so boisterous and noisy, that the 26th Mass., who were guarding us, was compelled to call for reinforcements. On the 30th, fearing that Green, Taylor & Co., might move to our assistance and relief, they boxed us up in the hold of the steamer Catwaba, and consigned us to the care of Butler, at Fortress Monroe, who labled us "prisoners, with care," and delivered us at City Point, Va., on the 6th of July, under Parole.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
ON THE LAFOURCHE, LA., 26TH OF JUNE, 1863.

GENERAL:—Early in this month I was ordered by you to the lower Teche for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy at Brashear City, and

to collect together and fit up light boats preparatory to making a descent upon the enemy if practicable.

While engaged in the execution of these orders, you came down and assumed command, ordering me to advance towards the Bay. On the night of the 22d inst., in accordance with orders, I moved to Cochran's sugar house, (two miles distant from the Bay), with the 5th Texas Cavalry, 2d La. Cavalry, and Waller's Battalion and the Val Verde Battery and a section of Nichol's Light Battery. Leaving the horses at that place, I advanced the troops—above mentioned—on foot before daylight, to the village of Berwick, opposite the enemy's encampment. At the dawn of day, finding the enemy quiet and asleep, I opened fire upon them from the Val Verde Battery, the first shot exploding in the centre of his encampment, causing the greatest confusion, the distance being only about 900 yards. We fired forty or fifty shots from our Batteries before the enemy replied at all. The first shot fired by the enemy was from his gun boat, which was at anchor in the Bay, a short distance below our position. After daylight the gun boat advanced towards us, as if to contest with our Batteries—the position we occupied on the water's edge. But a few well directed shots from the Val Verde Battery drove the boat back a mile below, when she opened upon us. The shot of the enemy was so well directed that we found it necessary, several times to shift the position of our guns and caisson. The heavy gun on shore which first opened fire upon us from the principal Fort above Brashear, with the garrison of that Fort, was brought down nearly opposite my position, and opened fire upon me. With the running of the gun boat and throwing out this heavy gun, most of the garrison of Fort Buchanan left the —— above —— to the approach of Maj. Hunter's command, in our little flotilla to Segras Island.

Major Hunter who had moved from the mouth of the Teche during the night of the 22d, on board our Mosquitto fleet, landed unperceived and unsuspecting to the enemy above the defences, and making his way through the swamp, about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, attacked the enemy in his rear, while I was occupying him in front—completely surprising him and routing him. The enemy surrendered their defences and the town of Brashear about 7½ o'clock on the morning of the 23d. Major Hunter's command consisted of about three hundred men from Bayler's, the 5th Texas Cavalry and Waller's Battalion and the 2d La., (picked men). After crossing a part of the troops, I was ordered to pursue the enemy to the Bœuf. During the evening of the same day I had an animated skirmish with him at the Ramos, where he had burned both the railroad and all the public bridges, and was well fortified; but finding that I had flanked him with a portion of my command, on the east bank of the Bœuf, he quickly retreated. I threw a small detachment over the Romas on the night of the 23d, and moved them as close as possible on the enemy, then on the Bœuf. Colonel Major's command being behind the enemy, and it being difficult for him to escape, about four hundred strong surrendered about daylight on the

morning of the 24th. Our troops during the three days campaign did their duty on all occasions. The result of this brilliant affair of arms" is very great. Besides the killed and wounded of the enemy, and eighteen hundred and odd yankee prisoners, and two or three thousand negroes—which they had stolen—and three millions of dollars worth of Commissary stores and Quartermaster's stores; we have re-captured one of the most important positions on our seaboard, which commands the New Orleans and Opelousas railroad, and our brilliant success has greatly demoralized the enemy.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS GREEN,
Brig. Gen. Comd'g.

To Gen. Alf. Mouton.

THE MOSQUITO FLEET.

Termed so by the members of the "forlorn hope," or those who were engaged in the storming of Brashear City. It may be necessary to explain what vessels constituted this fleet. They were the "Tom Green" and fifty-two others, which either had no name, or if they did, I don't remember them. The fleet consisted of 53 skiffs, bateaux, dugouts, flats, &c., collected along the banks of the different bayous. This work occupied several days, and all, from the "powers that be" down to the private, were engaged in endeavoring to find the meaning of such preparations. Our boys had fought on land and on the cotton clad boats Bayou City and Neptune, but when it was suggested by some one that they must now fight from on little frail barks like those, the idea was considered absurd. But we were not to be kept in anxious suspense many days, for on the evening of June 21st, 1863, portions of Baylor's (Tex. Cav.) Regiment, Waller's Battalion, Second La. Cavalry, and Clough's company (C) of the Fifth Texas Cavalry, numbering in all about 300 men, were ordered to provide three days rations of flour and bacon, (sure sign of a fight in our Brigade to this day,) and with good arms, 40 rounds of cartridges and one blanket to the man, report, on foot, to Major S. Hunter, of Baylor's Regiment, near the junction of the Teche and the Atchafalaya.

We now were led to believe there was fun ahead, though having no correct idea of where we were going, how long we were going to stay, or when we would return. Arriving at the Major's headquarters, (in the rain,) we were ordered to take shelter in an old barn close by, and await the arrival of other vessels—those on hand not being sufficient to transport the entire crew. We remained here until the evening of the 22d, when about sunset we got aboard, and with cheers shoved off, leaving the bank crowded with friends (of the army) who had come to see us take our departure from terra firma. Truly it was a novel scene. Fifty-three skiffs, &c., all crowded and loaded down to "the guards," and marching first by twos and then promiscuously down the beautiful Teche to the junction, thence up the Atchafalaya into and

across Grand Lake, thence through passes in the timber and over two or three other lakes, (the names of which I have long since forgotten,) and while near the centre of one of these, lights suddenly appeared in the distance on the water, and in a moment all was silent as death. The flotilla was halted, so that even the oars—muffled with moss—could make no noise. Soon, however, but when all were in constant expectation of being sent to "Davy Jones' locker" by a broadside of grape or other weapons of gunboat warfare, a signal was given which assured us that it was the lights of our transports *en route* to the Bay, instead of Yankee gunboats, and we again moved off for Flat Lake, the water of which was so shallow that the boats frequently touched bottom. The boys had by this time become weary of rowing, though the occupants of each boat took it by reliefs. The "Tom Green" was the largest of the fleet, and carried fifteen of us. She had double oars, and with three reliefs of four men each, and a steersman for each relief, it will be seen that every man did his duty. The labor of some of the crews of the smaller craft was much heavier. I remember seeing frequently during the voyage two of Waller's Battalion, who embarked in a dug-out, and consequently were compelled to pull at the oars all the while, and when out of sight of land and the wind rather high, they were often asked "when the next relief came on?" But there was no relief for those two until land was reached. The night being very dark and the boats, on account of the wind, being difficult to control, and especially as our boys knew little of naval affairs, a portion of the fleet with nearly 100 men were lost and did not arrive in time to participate in the storming of the city, of which I shall now speak.

At daybreak on the morning of June 23d, we landed on the eastern shore of Flat Lake, dried gun tubes, loaded pieces, and set off for scene of action by single file, through mud, water and the tall palmetto. Reader, you have perhaps been amused, and at a time when you were conscious of no danger, but could you have seen the crew of the Mosquito Fleet wading through that mud and Palmetto, and though the artillery of Green and Yankeedom were exchanging very warm, as well as very loud compliments across the Bay, and every discharge distinctly heard by us; and could you have heard the many remarks—droll, witty and amusing—you could not possibly have repressed a smile at least, though you knew you were fast approaching —— thousand Yankee bayonets, fortifications, artillery, &c, and that you were now entirely separated from friends by water. After marching four miles in that swamp, we suddenly emerged from it into a large field, where we came "front into line" in full view of the city and the booming cannon. Here we threw down blankets, provisions and every encumbrance. Major Hunter then, in a few brief remarks, reminded us of our condition, and that we must now either storm the place and take it, or all surrender to the Yankee commandant of post. We then moved forward, in line, in direction of the main fort some distance, when it was determined to change the plan of attack. Capt. Clough, with his

company. was ordered to move against the heavy siege battery, near the Railroad depot, with detachments of Waller's Battalion and Second Louisiana for support; while Major H., with remainder of force, moved against the fort. So closely was the enemy watching Green's movements across the Bay, and not dreaming of an attack in rear, that Clough's column approached within 300 yards of the encampment without being suspected as rebels. Just at this time a captain of artillery came down the lines, (Yankee,) and supposing us to be the railroad hands coming in to assist in the defence of the place, he pulled off his hat and beckoned us on. Some of the company supposing this to be a challenge to "come if you dare," and though orders were expressly given "not to fire until you get among them," fired at the gentlemen, killing his horse, and with one accord all with a terrific yell set forward in a run, and soon were among the tents, capturing all the sick and those who had not yet completed their toilet. The men on the look-out came tumbling down, and the batteries ceased firing on Green. But about 200 "blue coats" concentrated along the track and behind the cars, and for a time halted the company. Soon, however, Waller's and the Second La. detachments came up, and with one more yell and charge the day was ours, Major Hunter's column capturing the fort without any resistance, and the garrison of the entire post fell into our hands, with the exception of the Colonel commanding and a few officers who escaped on a gunboat. The supplies of quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores captured were immense, besides 2 locomotives, 80 cars, 1800 prisoners, 12 siege pieces, many small arms, and, as Gen. Banks expressed it, "obtained possession of the key (Berwick's Bay) to Louisiana and Texas." Our (forlorn hope) loss was three killed and twenty-one wounded. For detailed account of Gen. Green's operations across the Bay, during the action, I can with much pleasure refer the reader to his official report of the brilliant affair.

On the 26th Green received orders to move on Thibodeauxville, which order was executed that day and night by making an almost unprecedented march. No enemy was found at this place. Gen. Mouton arrived that evening. Gen. Green was ordered to send one regiment of his Division to Raceland, on the Lafourche, and with the balance of his cavalry proceed without delay to Donaldsonville, on the Mississippi river, and take possession of the Federal fort at that place. Waller's Battalion was sent to Raceland. Gen. Green, with the Division, (his and Col. Majors' Brigades,) took up the line of march at half-past 7 o'clock P. M. After marching the entire night they were encamped in nine miles of the fort (Fort Butler) about sunrise the next morning. During the 27th the jaded troops and horses were rested; and all the information which could be procured in relation to the situation of the fort and its defences was being collected. A pontoon bridge, made of sugar coolers, was placed in the Lafourche, and Stone's Regiment was crossed over to the east side of the bayou, with orders to advance on that side towards Donaldsonville. During the night of

the 27th the command was advanced to within one mile and a half of the fort, when it was dismounted, Gen. Green having determined upon the plan of assault.

"I called," says he, in his official report, "the officers commanding regiments together, and explained to them specifically the position each one was to occupy in the assault. Major Shannon, with the Fifth T. M. V., (Second Regiment,) was to perform a circuit around the fort, reach the Mississippi a mile above, and advance down to the stockade of upright timbers set in the ground from the water's edge to the line, and there make an entrance.

"Col. Hardeman, with the Fourth T. M. V., (First Regiment,) was to move up the road, up the line of the Lafourche, and simultaneously with Shannon to make an entrance through the stockade and assault the garrison within the fort.

* * * * * * *

"Both Shannon and Hardeman were charged that they were expected to take the fort, while Phillips, Lane and Herbert, with their regiments, were to envelop the works, moving up around them to the brink of the ditch, and shooting down the cannoniers and the supporters of the same behind the ramparts at the distance of 16 or 17 feet. After a full explanation the commanding officers of regiments of the plan of attack, and furnishing Shannon and Hardeman with guides, and the head of the column of the three regiments which were to surround and advance upon the outer ditch, I moved Shannon and Hardeman forward, waiting a short time for Shannon to perform the circuit around the fort to the Mississippi, I moved the column which was to envelop the ditch, with Col. Major at the head. Before this column had advanced to the place intended for it preparatory to the assault, Major Shannon, of the Fifth Texas, encountered the pickets of the enemy, and a fire from above was poured upon him by the artillery of the fort and from the two gunboats in the river. He advanced down the line of the Mississippi next to the water's edge to the stockade of upright timbers between the line and the edge of the water, driving the enemy from the stockade and using their own port-holes. He pushed a part of his regiment over their works, climbing, with the assistance of their comrades, the stockade; the balance of his regiment moved around the stockade, through the water—which was not deep—into the fort.

"Hearing the small arms of Maj. Shannon, I ordered an advance of the whole line. Col. Phillips, at the head of the column under Col. Major, made a circuit of the fort, and with the most of his men and officers made an entrance into the fort with Major Shannon of the Fifth. Col. Herbert, with the Seventh Regiment, enveloped the ditch, as directed.

"The fight was desperately contested on every part of the ground. Col. Hardeman being unable to control his guide, was delayed in his attack on the stockade on the Lafourche side until nearly daylight, but

his casualties show with what determined courage that veteran regiment stood its ground after it came into action.

"By some mistake, Col. Lane's regiment did not get into action. He was expecting and awaiting a guide, which I supposed and was informed, that he was at the head of the column under Col. Major. There is no blame attached to Col. Lane for the mistake.

"The attack on the fort was made at 2 o'clock A. M., being before daylight, for the purpose of preventing the gunboats from seeing our advance.

"The column of attack of Shannon above and Hardeman below were expected to move along under the levees, sheltered from the fire of the fort, until they reached the stockade—the weeds on the margin of the water preventing a full view of them to the boats. Shannon succeeded in making the entrance with little or no loss up to that time, and he and Col. Phillips would doubtless have succeeded in capturing the works, had it not been for the entrance of a ditch fronting and inside of the levee, of which I had no knowledge or information. All my guides, and some of them resided within two miles of the fort, assured me that when we got through the stockades, between the river and the levee, that we had an open way into the fort, without impediments, other than the bayonets of the enemy. We were not repulsed, and never would have been, until we found after getting into the stockade there was yet a ditch to cross running in front of and parallel with the river, and no means whatever at hand to cross it. At this ditch a desperate fight ensued between the commands of Shannon and Phillips and the enemy. Our men commenced using brick-bats upon the heads of the enemy, who returned the same. Many of our men were wounded upon their heads, as well as many of the enemy after their guns had been emptied.

"There never was more desperation displayed than was shown by our men engaged in this assault.

"But for the false information in relation to the fort fronting to the river, I think it would have most certainly fallen into our hands. We fought from 2 A. M. until daylight without intermission, and our dead and wounded will show the desperation of the assault.

* * * * * * *

"Respectfully submitted,

"THOS. GREEN,

"Brig. Gen. Commanding.

The table of battles will show the number of our killed and wounded, while the names of the noble dead and gallant wounded will appear under the proper headings in the appendix. Our boys, although cut to pieces and badly demoralized on the memorable morning of the 28th, were soon again at their post and ready for another onward move, even, if necessary, on the fort again; yet, as could well be expected, they had preferences. For this disaster many (not of the army) were wont to accuse and hold Gen. Green accountable. He was under orders

from Gen. Mouton, who was undoubtedly laboring under false impressions as to the strength and condition of the fort. Although a man of great self-will and determination to do as he alone thought best, yet this valorous officer should not be made to bear the blame due justly only to the lying traitors who gave him the false information.

The following address was issued by Gen. Green on the 30th of June, the first one ever made by him to the Brigade or command under him. True to the noble nature which dictated this address, Green quickly became the ideal of not alone his own brigade, but the entire army. Especially was this the case when he had anything in the least to do with them. The address is characteristic of Gen. Green, and tallies well with his "general orders," which were always short and to the point. His "general orders" were few, but when they came, like a two-edged sword, they cut both ways, and were always obeyed without a murmur on the part of the men under him.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
Camp on Bayou Lafourche, La., June 30, 1863.

Fellow Soldiers:

Your gallant conduct on the morning of the 28th instant, in the terrible assault on Fort Butler, near Donaldsonville, although not successful in its capture, meets the highest commendation of your commanding officer and your countrymen. You did everything that gallantry and daring could do; and, if not successful, you have shown to our enemies an example of daring which will terrify them when we meet them on the open field.

While we mourn the loss of our noble dead, let us prepare to avenge them in the next approaching conflict, which is no doubt close at hand.

Your fellow soldier,

THOS. GREEN,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

To the Second Regiment, which it must be remembered was his old regiment, the General issued the following—

CIRCULAR.

Fellow Soldiers of the Fifth Texas Cavalry—Your dauntless and heroic courage and conduct in the desperate assault on Fort Butler, on the morning of the 28th of June, is beyond all praise and commendation.

No language that can be used by me can express the obligations I feel toward your noble regiment for its heroic gallantry, or my deep sorrow for your noble dead. You have again—though repulsed—won laurels which but few soldiers have ever won.

Your gallant deeds will long be remembered by your fellow countrymen, and by none longer than

Your old Colonel,

TOM GREEN,
Brig. Gen. Commanding First Cav. Brig.

After the assault on Fort Butler the command was withdrawn and camped for a few days some nine miles above on the Lafourche, where I will now leave them and proceed to Yankeedom, and see what they are up to.

As the world already well knows, Port Hudson fell on the 9th of July. This, however, was not known as a certainty to our command for several days afterwards. Our troops were menacing New Orleans; boats were being collected to form another flotilla to operate against that city. Of this Gen. Banks became apprized. On the morning of the 10th he dispatched Gen. Weitzel, with 6000 or more of his best troops, to Donaldsonville, and quite unbeknown to our forces they were landed there on the night of the 12th. Of what happened I will refer the reader to Gen. Green's official report of the

BATTLE OF THE LAFOURCHE---COX'S PLANTATION.

[Note.—The battle of Thibodeauxville, which was fought only by the Second Texas Cavalry, under Col. Pyron, is often confounded with this battle, consequently I mark this "Cox's Plantation," by which name the battle is known to readers of Northern papers and Yankee accounts, which, as a matter of course, they also claim as a decided victory over "the rebels in lower Louisiana." Gen. Green's official report is quite clear and comprehensive, and I—not being a participant—shall not attempt to give any other account of it. For this report I am indebted to my gallant young friend, Adjutant John Wilkins, of the Second Regiment.]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
Assumption Church, on Lafourche, La., July 14, 1863.

Major:

After the assault on Fort Butler, of the 28th ultimo, three regiments of my brigade—the Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Texas Cavalry—were occupied in watching the movements of the enemy at Donaldsonville; whilst the cavalry brigade of Col. Major's was ordered to the Mississippi river between the Vacherie road, leading from Thibodeaux, and the Bateau road, leading from Assumption Church, a distance of about 20 miles, on the banks of the Mississippi. Several batteries were sent to the river with Col. Major, numbering in guns about 18 or 20, which kept up an almost continuous fire on the enemy's gunboats and transports by day and by night, from the bend of the river. Several of the enemy's boats were crippled, some badly.

This interruption of the navigation of the river caused great uneasiness on the part of the enemy; and on the 10th of July at least the transports came down the river from Port Hudson to Donaldsonville, crowded with troops. On the 12th several other boats came down with troops. In view of this threatened advance in force on us by the enemy, I ordered Col. Major's Brigade and artillery to withdraw from the river to the Lafourche, for the purpose of concentrating on both

sides of the bayou, as near as possible to the enemy, which view met with your approbation.

Major's Brigade, consisting of Lane's, Stone's, Baylor's and Phillips' Regiments—not 800 effective men present—with two sections of Farr's Battery were placed on the right ascending bank of the Lafourche, and three regiments of my brigade—Hardeman's, commanded by Lieut. Col. Hampton; Bagby's, commanded by Lieut. Col. Herbert, and the Fifth Texas, by Maj. McPhail, being the Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Texas Cavalry, with one section of Gonzales' Battery, under Lieut. Angel, not over 750 effective men—posted on the left ascending bank, opposite the brigade of Col. Major.

There had been warm skirmishing for several days near Donaldsonville, between our troops on the upper Lafourche and the enemy on both sides of the bayou.

On the morning of the 13th of July the enemy advanced down the bayou on both sides towards Thibodeaux, in large numbers, their principal force being on the right descending bank. About 9 o'clock in the morning the enemy pressed us with artillery and an unusually large force of skirmishers, and not being able to ascertain his precise strength with skirmishers, on account of a large corn field crossing the whole valley, I concluded to feel him a little more heavily; and, if a favorable opportunity offered, to make an assault on his advancing columns. Accordingly, after checking his advance by heavily reinforcing our skirmishers, I made disposition for an assault.

Calling Col. Lane, who commanded Col. Major's Brigade, from the other side of the bayou, I gave him the necessary instructions for his operations on that side. Immediately after the return of Col. Lane to his command I commenced the assault on the left ascending bank of the bayou, and soon found the enemy deployed from the Lafourche to the swamp across the broad valley. Not having troops enough on the left ascending bank to front the entire line of the enemy, I attacked his two wings with the largest portion of our forces. Capt. McPhail, with a part of the Fifth and a small detachment of the Seventh, moved on the bayou, attacking the enemy's artillery and carrying it in a gallant style, killing the most of the gunners and terribly cutting to pieces his infantry supporters. At the same time Col Hampton, with the Fourth Texas Cavalry, was charging gallantly the enemy's right wing, and turning it, whilst Col. Herbert, through the field, with his regiment and a part of the Fifth, was driving in their centre in splendid style. The enemy frequently rallied in the ditches in the field, but one of their flanks or the other was invariably turned by us at every stand they made, and a fire poured down the ditches, while Col. Herbert with his command made upon them in front; and thus we drove them for about four miles, and almost to the walls of the fort.

Each stand that they attempted to make was more feeble than the preceding one.

The ground over which we fought was strewed with the dead and

wounded of the enemy, whilst our loss was very inconsiderable. There were over 500 of the enemy killed and wounded, of whom 200 were left dead on the field, and about 250 prisoners. We captured a large number of the most improved small arms, principally Enfield rifles. We captured also two pieces of artillery, one of which was a very superior rifle gun, besides ammunition, provisions, tents, wagons, teams and much other camp equipage.

In this battle the prisoners represented that we tought the brigades of Gens. Weitzel and Dwight, on the right ascending bank of the Lafourche, and a part of the command of Gen. Grover, on the other side. The whole of this battle was a succession of charges, and I have never before witnessed such determined valor as was displayed by our troops. They frequently charged the enemy in line of battle and delivered their fire upon them at twenty-five paces, with the coolness of veterans.

The victory on our part was a signal one, and the route of the enemy complete. Where the gallantry displayed by our officers and men was so universal, I cannot make distinction. The Regiments under the command of Col. Lane, on the opposite side of the Bayou, behaved with gallantry. That portion of Col. Lane's own Regiment which was dismounted, moved up the Bayou and gallantly co-operated with our troops on the left ascending bank. In this action the enemy were so roughly handled, that they attempted no further movement from Donaldsonville during their stay on the Lafourche.

Our loss did not exceed 3 killed and 30 wounded, six mortally; while that of the enemy was little less than a thousand. This great disparity of loss is most wonderful, and can only be accounted for, on the ground of the enemy's panic in our first impetuous charge, which was kept up so close during the action, giving them but little time to rally and to collect together their broken lines.

I remained in the vicinity of the enemy for two days after the battle of the 13th, and until ordered to move toward the Bay. During which time the enemy remained quiet in and around the Fort, making no demonstrations against us whatever, and not even following us with their pickets. This victory completely paralized the enemy in our rear, and enabled us to move from the Lafourche after the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson without molestation.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS GREEN,

Brig. Gen. Comd'g.

Maj. L. Bush,
A. A. Gen., &c.

After this most glorious victory, and the elapse of the time (two days), spoken of in the Generals report, the command moved to Thibodeauxville, thence up the N. O. and Opelousas railroad, to the Bay where it crossed over in boats, and went through Pattersonville by the Battle-field of Bisland, and through Franklin to Jeanneretts, where it camped and remained resting for some short while, preparatory to another "on-

ward move" which was shortly made by the minions of destruction. After the battle of Lafourche, seeing that we had evacuated the lower portion of the State, and that nothing more could be done with the "rebels" in that portion, or with them in the position we held, the yankee commander, General Banks, sent a large force to Morganza on the Mississippi, with a view, no doubt, to cut off our retreat to Texas from the lower Teche, or to call us from that country, by making an advance in the direction of Washington and Opelousas, which move they started by crossing the Atchafalaya Bayou at Morgan's Ferry, directly West of Morganza, on the night of the 1st of September. This move on the part of the enemy was quickly conveyed to Green, which was to him and his followers, a bidding to be up and going. On the 5th of September, the enemy's advance guard was met by that of our Brigade, under Maj. Boone, at or near Mr. Naches' plantation, on Big Cane, and were driven back to Bayou De Glaize. On the next morning our artillery was brought up and after wasting but a few rounds of shells, a crossing of a part of our cavalry was effected. The enemy were driven back and the Brigade was crossed over without molestation. September the 7th found our boys again in battle line and in hostile array to the troops of the "*best nation of the world*" at—

MORGAN'S FERRY.

A little battle was fought; the enemy were again repulsed and driven back with great loss. Driving the enemy from the crossing and crossing over a scouting party of some 50 or 75 of our best mounted men, the Brigade was for a short time up and down the Bayou in that vicinity. This camp was admitted by all as being the most sickly one that we had ever yet made in Louisiana, and while beneath the surface we buried many of our brave comrades, and the hospital at Washington was crowded to overflowing. Our horses were fast becoming unfit for service—many dying for want of forage. On the 20th of September, Speight's Brigade of infantry, and Major's Brigade of cavalry were brought in that neighborhood, and on the 25th, General Green assumed command of "the forces on the Atchafalaya," with orders from District Head Quarters to hold that position at all hazard. The idea of lying idle in the swamp on the Atchafalaya, where nothing but death, disease and starvation stare in the face of all, was not relished by the men, nor by the commanding General, and true to his nature, he commenced looking up a soft thing, which in the course of time, he succeeded in finding. After the fight on the 7th at the Ferry, in which artillery did the chief work, the enemy evinced no disposition whatever to either advance or contest the position we held at the Ferry. On the 12th, they fell back to Mr. Catlett's, on the Fordoche, where they held quite a strong natural position on us, insomuch that our advance under ——— of some 25 men, chiefly from the First Regiment and Waller's, were compelled to fall back to a Bayou, some two miles distant, where our out post was established for the time being. In trying to reconnoitre

and to find out the enemy's position and strength. There was not a day passed by without more or loss picket fighting, but with few casualties.

It was General Greens firm belief—*vide* his official communications to Gen. Mouton—that he could "drive the yankees into the Mississippi, or make them take to their boats." Gen. Mouton forced an advance up the Teche. Major's Brigade was taken away from Green to repel a supposed invasion up that stream, which they did without the loss of blood. Green on learning that the Teche invasion was all a "hoax," applied for Major's Brigade to be moved back to its old camp, informing his superior that sugar coolers quite sufficient had been collected to cross, if necessary, 10,000 men over the Atchafalaya in a few hours, and that he contemplated a forward move On the morning of the 21st, his request was complied with, yet not without a certain degree of reluctancy, which had marked Gen. Mouton's official bearings since his disastrous affair before Fort Butler. On the morning of the 23d of September, a young man by the name of N——, made his escape from the Yankees at Morganza. He came to Gen. Green's Headquarters to "make known his secrets." At first the General received him rather coolly, but on hearing his tale, the young man was furnished with a small scouting party which he promised to convince of the truthfulness of his assertions, which were in substance: that the enemy were "at Mrs. Sterling's and Mrs Catlett's, on the Fordoche, with a force of 12 or 1500 men, with one Battery. Mrs. Sterling's was one mile in the rear of Mrs. Catlett's, on the road to Morganza. At her house the infantry was camped; the cavalry and artillery were posted at Mrs. Catlett's. Early the next morning N—— and his party of five men returned and fully confirmed the statement made by him the day previous. Whereupon General Green wrote to General Mouton that he had "determined upon an assault." By night and by day the work of preparing to carry into execution his intentions went on; yet not without many draw backs. The steamer "Minerva," was to have been there to assist him in crossing, &c. On the 26th, he wrote to the commander of the Sub District, that "what ever is done here must be done with celerity." At 10 o'clock that night he writes to Col. Major: "I have determined to attack the enemy as soon as it is possible for you to have a regiment on their flank." The reader must here be told that for ten days and nights, neither the sun, moon or stars had been seen by the denizens of the "tented field" and "swampy forests," that it had rained without scarcely an intermission, during that whole time. No words within my knowledge which Webster uses in his Quarto, could portray to the reader a correct idea of the state of the roads, or the real hardships endured by the men, all too, without a murmur; "like officers like men," all suffered and all equally did their duty. On the 27th, at 12 o'clock in the night, everything being ready, a forward move was ordered. Three days rations had been cooked; three days forage and provisions were left at the camp together with a detail—mostly the sick—of men to

take charge of the camp and horses No better description of what followed can be given than that given by General Green in his official report, which through the kindness of Colonel McNeill, I am enabled to give to the reader, and that without comments. His first report announcing the victory, written from the field runs as follows:

"Major—I have the honor to announce that my plans originally communicated to you have been successfully carried out yesterday, and another victory achieved over our enemy."

Then comes his official report:

HEADQUARTERS FORCES ON ATCHAFALAYA,
Camp McBride, Oct. 2, 1863.

Major Louis Bush, A. A. G., Opelousas:

Major—I have the honor herewith to tender a full report of the action on the 29th ult., at the Fordoche Bridge and Mrs. Sterling's place, six miles from Morganza, on the Fordoche.

At midnight on the 26th a communication was addressed to Col. Major, commanding Major's Brigade, (encamped on Big Cane,) to send one of his best regiments to Lyons' Ferry, on the Atchafalaya, on the following day (27th) and to cross at that ferry and march to Lavouia by the night of the 28th, and on the morning of the 29th to move up to the Fordoche, near the bridge on the Morganza State road. This order was promptly complied with, Col. Major sending Phillips' Regiment, commanded by Major Frazier, of the Arizona Brigade.

On the 27th the necessary orders were issued to the several commanders to make preparations on the 28th for an advance on the enemy.

* * * * * * *

The crossing commenced at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 28th, Waller's and Rountree's Battalions leading with their horses, followed by Simms' Battery, all of which were successfully crossed before dark. Speight's and Mouton's Brigades of infantry were next in order; the Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Regiments of T. M. V., dismounted, crossing last. All were safely landed on the east bank by 1 o'clock A. M. on the 29th. The rain commenced falling at dark on the evening of the 28th, and continued with only temporary cessation until the night of the 30th.

At daylight on the morning of the 29th the troops were ready for the march. Col. Henry Gray, commanding Mouton's Brigade, was ordered to take up his line of march (Speight's Brigade having been added to his command, together with fifteen mounted men from Waller's Battalion, under command of Lieut. Weisiger, Co. A) by a trail through the swamp which intersected the Morganza State road, some four miles from that place, and between the enemy's forces at Morganza and their advance at Mrs. Sterling's and the Fordoche Bridge. Col. Gray was ordered to attack the enemy's advance at once on reaching the intersection of the road, which he did by ordering Speight's Brigade, under Lieut. Col. Harrison, to the attack.

* * * * * * *

The balance of the troops, consisting of Waller's and Rountree's Battalions of Cavalry, Simm's Battery, the Fourth, Fifth and Seventh T. M. V., dismounted, took up their line of march by the main State road to Fordoche Bridge, which point was reached by 11 o'clock. An advance of cavalry was sent forward to the bridge, and were fired upon by the enemy's picket at that place. Skirmishing continued here for half an hour, when the firing was heard from the rear at Mrs. Sterling's. With one section of the battery, under Lieut. West, the Fourth and Fifth Regiments I deployed through a planked fence, and opened with the artillery upon the quarters at Mr. Catlett's, where a portion of the enemy's cavalry was stationed, and at the same time ordered Major Boone, with the second section of battery and the Seventh Regiment, to move rapidly down the road to the bridge; all of which was done. The dismounted men of the Fourth and Fifth moved at a double-quick across the ploughed field to the quarters, but the enemy's advance of cavalry had fallen back to their headquarters, a mile further on, at a Mr. Norwood's house. The sections of artillery united at the bridge, and the whole command proceeded with great rapidity towards the house. Majors Boone and Rountree made a dashing charge upon the enemy's cavalry, drawn up in line of battle near the house, and scattered them with such effect that they were never seen again, having retreated through a lane and turn-rows to a road leading around the rear of plantations, which was unknown to me. During these transactions, the firing from the rear had continued with slight interruptions, and Major Boone was ordered to take his own command and Rountree's and charge the enemy at Mrs. Sterling's, which he did most gallantly, charging the enemy's battery and receiving two severe wounds. The charge closed the fight, the enemy surrendering in detachments, as they retreated and were overtaken by our troops.

The result of this victory is 433 non-commissioned officers and privates, 29 officers, two ten-pound parrot guns in fine order, with caissons complete, two new ambulances and one hospital wagon, new and filled with medical stores, and two stands of regimental colors, belonging to the Nineteenth Iowa and Twenty-sixth Indiana Vol. Many small arms were saved, and every man with an inferior weapon was supplied with a good and efficient one.

Maj. W. L. Roberts, Chief of Ordnance, was on the field, and was doing all to secure the fruits of the victory that could be done.

The wounded were sent rapidly to the rear, under the direction of Chief Surgeon Geo. Cupples, who had made every preparation, and by his active supervision saved the lives and conduced greatly to the comfort of the wounded. Too much praise cannot be awarded to him for his efficiency.

After burying the dead the line of march was taken up for Morgan's Ferry, Col. Gray, with Mouton's Brigade having been called in, and Phillips' Regiment of Cavalry sent forward toward's Morganza to repulse and check the enemy should they advance.

The artillery reached the bank of the Atchafalaya at 7 o'clock P. M., and commenced crossing. Owing to the state of the banks, and that only one ferry flat could be used, it was nearly daylight before their crossing was completed.

Many of the infantry and dismounted men fell by the roadside, completely exhausted, but all were safely crossed the morning of the 30th. A small steamboat having arrived, was used in crossing the infantry. I cannot award too much praise to the troops of my command for their rapid movements, under the discouraging effects of a heavy rain and roads knee-deep in mud, and their willingness to attack the enemy.

Col. Henry Gray, with his command proceeded to the point designated in his orders with all the speed possible, having to pass through the swamp by a trail, which was pointed out to him by Lieut. Cammack and Private Newsom (whose services were invaluable) as guides. Col. Gray was also accompanied by Gen. Lewis, as volunteer aid, rendering him efficient service.

To Lieut. Col. Harrison, commanding Speight's Brigade, and Cols. Speight and Clack, and Major Daniels, who led their commands most gallantly to the attack, all honor is due, and to the officers of their several commands, who displayed great coolness in the action. Many of their men had never been under fire before, but moved like veterans up to the enemy, under a heavy fire, and succeeded in driving him from house to house up the levee, when Major Boone's charge was made. The heavy loss sustained by Speight's Brigade shows the desperate nature of the conflict, and it is not out of place to mention here, even when all distinguished themselves, the gallant bearing and activity of Lieut. Jones, A. A. A. G.

The charges made by Majors Boone and Rountree stand forth to be rewarded in the annals of history. The lamented Lieut. Spirey, of Co. I, Rountree's Battalion, was killed in the charge. We deplore his loss, being one of the most energetic officers in the brigade, and of true courage and discretion.

Col. A. P. Bagby, in command of Green's Brigade, brought his men most handsomely to the charge, and kept them on hand ready for any emergency, and by his activity rendered much valuable service.

Col. J. P. Major's command, consisting of two regiments and the Pelican Battery, were stationed on the west bank of the Atchafalaya, to protect the crossing and act as a reserve in case of necessity. Col. Major accompanied me, and gave great assistance, acting with his usual gallantry. And to his officers I am indebted for prompt action when called upon.

My own personal staff, A. A. A. Gen'l Wells, Capt. Sheppard, A. D. C., Capts. Calvitt and McAnelly, volunteer aids, were active and efficient, and rendered me much service.

The gallant dead have proven their devotion to our cause, and the wounded in their silent sufferings have shown that fortitude which a good cause alone could have imbued them with. Notwithstanding the

severe march, the troops are ready and anxious to again meet the invader of our soil.

Below I respectfully submit a recapitulation of the losses sustained in the action:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Speight's Brigade	23	71	7
Mouton's "	1	7	3
Waller's Battalion	0	2	0
Rountree's "	2	2	0

I am, Major, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,
THOS. GREEN,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

After this the most brilliant of all brilliant affairs, the Brigade, as well as the whole army, was brought back to their old encampment on the west side of the Atchafalaya, when for a few days the boys were again allowed to rest from active service, during which time General Green had occasion to issue his twenty first General Order, requiring something to be done by the company commanders which they had not previously been in the habit of doing, what? I now forget—with which he issued the following:

CIRCULAR.

HEAD QUARTERS, GREEN'S BRIGADE,
CAMP McBRIDE, LA., Sept. 23d, 1863.

To the Officers and Men composing this Brigade:

In addressing you at this time, it is not for praise after one of these victories over the enemy's of our land, for which you have become famous; nor is it for censure, but it is only an earnest solicitude for the wellfare and well doing of the command.

I would see a spirit of pride cherished throughout the command, from the highest to the lowest, not only as soldiers on the field of battle, but also that discipline in camp so necessary to make the perfect soldier.

We have, as a command, gained an enviable reputation as soldiers for fighting, let us also attain the same reputation in our camps and on our marches. Let each officer feel a pride and his duty to carry out effectively the Rules and Regulations of this Department; and to each non-commissioned officer and private I would say let them be a noble emulation who best shall perform his duties, so that new laurels may be added to these already gained in the estimation of our countrymen.

As your commander, I feel a pride in your past deeds, and for the future, I feel confident that this appeal will be responded to, and the evidence of its benefits exhibited in the first encounter with the enemy, and in the satisfaction of the whole command.

THOMAS GREEN,
Brig.-Gen. Cond'g.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," and when a Dutchman meets lager beer then comes drinking, as will be seen in a short time. Our day of strife was not yet over. The foe were advancing in another direction and the old Brigade were again called to their saddles. An "onward move" to Texas had been concocted by the authorities at Washington, in the United States. Franklin at the head of 27,000 was landed at Brashear to move on Texas by way of New Iberia and Opelousas to Niblett's Bluff, in conjunction with another force equally as large, which was to move by water, simultaneously with Franklin on Sabine Pass. Franklin's expedition was considered "a secret one." He landed at the mouth of the Teche some time on the 1st of October, and by the most rapid marches now on record, his advance reached Vermilionville on the 9th of October, where it was meet by the First Regiment, under Lieut. Col. Hampton, and another young battle was fought. In consequence of the great superiority of their numbers, we were compelled to retire before the enemy. For three days did the First Regiment engage in bloody conflict their advance until it reached Carrion Crow Bayou, where on the 13th, the Brigade under Col. W. P. Hardeman, was brought into the "affair"—A desperate engagement insued, and until the sable wings of night came to close the bloody affair, the "tide of battle waxed warm." This checked the enemy's advance for two days. On the 16th, they were again meet by Col. H. C. McNeill, with the Second Regiment, at Mrs. Rodgers' Plantation in the morning. At first they did not evince much of a disposition to advance. By 12 o'clock M., their reinforcements arrived, and McNeill was compelled to fall back to the Brigade under Col. Hardeman, who had been in battle line all day. Here another desperate conflict was had until night again closed the action. On the following morning our forces retreated to Hudsons' plantation, where the enemy were again met on the 17th and 18th by the whole Division, under Gen. Green, but in consequence of their great numbers, we were again compelled to retire. At Opelousas, on the 21st, they were again brought to a hault by the Brigade, under Col. A. P. Bagby. Here the enemy was first apprised of the disastrous defeat that the column which was moving in concert with Franklin had met with at Sabine Pass, and they resolved to hold up a little until another campaign could be planned. Accordingly their main force was withdrawn to Vermilionville, leaving a force of 5000 on Burbeaux Bayou as a reserve for their picket, which they left on Carrion Crow. In a few days Gen. Green became apprised of the true condition and situation of affairs, and to use his own favorite phrase, he "determined upon an attack." Of what followed here, I give his own report of the—

BATTLE OF BURBEAUX.

HEAD QUARTERS, DIVISION OF CAVALRY,
Opelousas, November 4th, 1863.

MAJOR:—After having retired from Opelousas, Oct. 20th, 1863,

with the Division of Cavalry under my command before the advancing enemy, in three columns, to-wit: Majors Brigade up the Chicot road, and Bagby's and the artillery up the Bœuf and Big Cane roads, to a point where forage could be procured for our horses. Only a few days rest intervened, when my scouts reported that the enemy had fallen back from the vicinity of Opelousas and Barne's Landing, at which place they had encamped in considerable force.

Upon this information being conveyed to the Major General Commanding, I was ordered to pursue and harass the enemy with my Division of cavalry and three regiments of infantry, then on out post duty, to-wit: Cols. Roberts', King's and Speight's, the latter commanded by Lieut. Col. Harrison, and three sections of artillery.

In pursuance to orders, I took up the line of march in the direction of Opelousas on the 1st., and overtook the rear guard of the enemy on Bayou Burbeaux, seven miles below that place, consisting of two Brigades of infantry, commanded by Gen. Burbridge, of the 13th U. S. army corps, and three regiments of cavalry and two batteries. After having sufficiently reconnoitred the position of the enemy, I determined to attack him, and made my dispositions accordingly. Colonel Roberts in command of the three regiments of infantry—before mentioned—was assigned to the command of our left wing, and was directed to sweep down the Bellevue road and occupy the timber below the enemy on the Bayou, and assail his right flank.

Col. Major with his Brigade of cavalry constituted our right wing, while Colonel Bagby with his Brigade of cavalry occupied our centre. Two of his regiments, the 4th and 5th, were dismounted and acted as infantry for the occasion, of supporting our artillery, which consisted of a rifle section of Daniel's battery and a section of the Val Verde, commanded respectively by Lieuts. Hamilton and Hume, both sections being placed for the occasion, under command of Lieut. Morse.

These dispositions having been made, and the ground assigned to Brigade commanders occupied, I ordered an immediate advance. About 11 o'clock, A. M., of the 3d inst., Col. Roberts drove in the enemy's skirmishers on his right flank, and commenced the attack. Our infantry was engaged for half an hour before our cavalry and dismounted troops with the artillery was closely engaged on our right and centre. Our infantry was most stubbornly resisted by the enemy, but they gallantly and steadily moved forward without, for a moment faltering, under a most terrific fire of artillery and musketry. Our artillery was brought up within four hundred yards of a line of the enemy's infantry in front of their encampment, and fired a few shots into them, but about this time our cavalry under Colonel Major, on our extreme right dashed into the left flank of the enemy, while Col. Bagby with Herbert's (7th Texas cavalry) regiment, and Waller's Battalion mounted, and Hardeman's (4th Texas cavalry), and McNeill's dismounted, charged them in front, making one of the most brilliant cavalry charges, on a partially concealed foe, on record. Our gallant infantry under their brave offi-

cers had given the enemy such a chastisement on his right flank, pushing him back to his encampment, that the whole federal force gave way as soon as the engagement became general and close. The victory was complete. The fruits of which are about two hundred and fifty of the enemy killed and wounded, one hundred of whom are estimated killed, and over six hundred prisoners, thirty-two of whom are officers. Prisoners were taken from the following regiments: 67th Indiana; 23d Wisconsin; 83 Ohio; 96 Ohio; 60th Indiana; 1st Louisiana cavalry, and two batteries, besides a large quantity of improved small arms and accoutrements. Three pieces of artillery fell into our hands; we only had horses however, to bring off one piece, a fine Parrot gun and caisson; most of the horses of the enemy's guns being killed.

Two hours after our victory, Gen. Weitzel, of the 19th U. S. Army Corps, came up with a division of infantry of three brigades, from Carrion Crow bayou, three miles distant. Deeming it imprudent to fight this large additional force, after a warm skirmish I withdrew slowly and without loss, the enemy not attempting to follow me.

I cannot say too much for the gallantry of the officers and men under my command in this action. It was above all praise, and I have never before witnessed good conduct in a battle so universal. I am greatly indebted to my own staff for their efficiency. Capt. (now Major) Hart, who always distinguished himself in battle, was placed under the command of Col. Roberts, to assist him on our left, and for his conduct I refer you particularly to the Colonel's report.

Capt. Shepard, of my old military family, was as ever before in battle gallant and useful. I cannot say too much in praise of A. A. A. Gen'l Wells; my engineer, Capt. Ellis and Lieut. Avery, and volunteer A. D. C. for the occasion, George Madison, were also very useful and effective.

I herewith submit a statement of casualties. A full list of the names as soon as procured will be furnished. To Chief Surgeon Geo. Cupples great praise is due in using the limited means at his command in alleviating the suffering of our noble soldiers, and his great and untiring activity in the discharge of all his duties.

Owing to the breaking down of the horses in the section of Simms' Battery, it did not arrive in time to participate in the action.

* * * * * * *

I am, Major,
very respectfully,
your obedient servant,
THOS. GREEN,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

Major W. M. Levy, A. A. & I. G.

Thus, whilst the "Davy Guards" most heroically defeated and drove back the first immediate "on to Texas" at Sabine Pass, Green, with his invincibles, nipped the bud in its bloom at Burbeaux, which

was the occasion of the following production—a parody on "Here's your Mule"—by some of the Brigade; I know not who, else I would give his name to the world, as it justly should be given. To appreciate it, however, one must hear it sung by members of the old Brigade, who alone know how to sing—

When Green he got to Carrion Crow,
On his mule, on his mule,
Said he, "I'll fight with half a show,"
On his mule, on his mule.
The cavalry commenced attack,
And soon they drove the Yankees back.
Green's lips with joy began to smack,
On his mule, on his mule!

The First and Second did dismount,
Off their mules, off their mules;
No time was there their force to count,
Nor their mules, nor their mules;
But boldly pushing thro' the weeds,
Spent not their time with words, but deeds;
Caused many a Yank to count their beads,
On their mules, on their mules!

Two Regiments further on the right,
On their mules, on their mules,
Caused many a Yank the dust to bite,
Off their mules, off their mules.
Their names was Madison's and Lane's;
They gave the Yanks the fits and pains,
While some they held on by the manes,
Of their mules, of their mules!

Our cannoniers did play,
On their mules, on their mules,
Off crowds of Yankees in their way,
On their mules, on their mules.
Our infantry did then advance,
And bid the Yanks St. Vitus dance;
Here some escaped—must been for chance,
On their mules, on their mules!

The Yankees their distance did enlarge,
On their mules, on their mules,
When Herbert led the Third to charge,
On their mules, on their mules.

He charged the troops of Wisconsin ;
For shot nor shell cared he a pin,
But cried, "my boys, go in and win,
On your mules, on your mules !"

When Franklin heard of Green's Brigade,
On their mules, on their mules,
Thus to his aid-de-camps he said :
"On your mules, on your mules !
I see that Green is at his old pranks,
He's no respect for us poor Yanks ;
I'm off to join my old friend Banks ;
Where's my mule ! where's my mule !"

After the battle our forces fell back to Carrion Crow bayou, and everything was quiet along our lines until the morning of the 11th, when the enemy took it upon themselves to feel our position, strength, &c. They were met on the open prairie with a determined resistance by the Brigade, under Col. Hardeman.

On the 15th they evacuated Vermilionville, and after night on the same day our forces took possession of their old camp. They burned the bridge over the bayou, (Vermilion,) which effectually barred our pursuing them any further. Immediately our sappers and miners were put to work, and by daylight on the following morning the bridge was completed, and we were again on the move.

The enemy going at full speed were not overtaken until we struck their pickets one and a half mile from New Iberia. Finding the enemy in force we retired to Vermilionville, leaving a strong picket under Capt. Stevenson, of the First Regiment. At 12 o'clock on the night of the 20th the Third Regiment, under Maj. Hoffman, relieved the picket of the First Regiment. The Major threw out his pickets on the roads leading from New Iberia, as he was directed. The Second La. Cavalry, which was ordered to picket a road out to the Major's left, failed to reach the post assigned them, on which road the enemy came out and gained the road in the rear of the Third Regiment, which, when done, a simultaneous move with the whole army of twenty thousand was made on Maj. Hoffman's encampment. A general "skedaddle" ensued. Two-thirds of the regiment made their escape by flying in every direction. Some were saved from capture by wading into the lake close by and hiding themselves from view under the rushes and weeds in the water. Notwithstanding this our outpost was yet kept at Camp Pratt, some twenty miles from our main force on Vermilion bayou. Two companies at a time were required to picket the lines.

On the 24th of November Companies A and E of the First Regiment were sent out under Capt. Long and Lieut. J. C. Roberts, to be relieved on the coming morning by Companies F and H of the same regiment, and also Company C, under Capt. Alexander. At daybreak

on the morning of the 25th—as the commandant had every reason to believe they would—the enemy commenced an advance. Our outposts, under Lieut. Roberts, were quickly driven back to the reserve picket, and that in turn back to the relief picket, under Capt. Alexander, who was then the ranking officer present. A battle line was quickly formed, but to no use. They came like demons, and came not alone in one column, but in three, each of which was twice our number. The columns to our right and left were seen making for the mouth of a lane some mile or more in our rear. No word of command was necessary to guard the men against certain capture. Wheeling, the spurs were put to their horses, in order to gain the mouth of the lane before the enemy, which was done about fifty yards in their advance, closely pursued by the column which were but a few moments ago in our front, but now in our rear. At this critical juncture, as though by natural instinct, our men commenced rallying around their commander, Capt. Alexander. In a few moments they were in and amongst us, with glittering blades and hellish yells. Their charge was made with a desperation known only to those who have been under the influence of whisky and ether or gunpowder. As might be expected, our men broke, and from there to Vermilion bayou—twelve miles—a race was made, the like of which has but seldom been seen in this war.

In this little affair, we lost one killed, three wounded and fifty-six prisoners, which, added to the loss sustained by the Third Regiment a few nights previous, amounted to 186 of the best men of our Brigade. All, too, for picketing the enemy's camp, and pressing their rear too closely. This, indeed, was one of Gen. Green's faults, if he had any—a fault which would have been the means of every Yankee being driven out of the Department long ere this, had he have lived and had his way. There is no one who knew Gen. Green, but what would admit that he could do more with but a handful of men than perhaps any other commander on the soil. Combined with his natural ability to command either small or large bodies of troops, he was possessed of that power of demanding respect insomuch that his very presence would often do more towards insuring success than all the blarney and pompous display which others of his rank frequently persisted in making. Of Green it can be said, in quoting Sheridan Knowles, that:

> "In peace he was a lamb,
> *In war a lamaer!*"

On the 29th of November negotiations were commenced between General Green and Franklin, by which an exchange of prisoners was agreed upon. We were exchanged for all of their prisoners, and having a large number, by 700, we were to parole the balance out of our lines, and in turn, the United States was pledged to release all prisoners in their possession in New Orleans belonging to the Trans-Mississippi Department. A thing they scoffed at after their men had been

released by us. Another breach of good faith on the part of Yankeedom, by which some 300 of our best men were made to suffer a long imprisonment in the city of New Orleans. But adieu to the subject, preparatory to leaving Louisiana.

Banks was organizing another expedition against Texas. General Magruder called upon General Smith for reinforcements from Louisiana, and it is said, that he asked for General Green's command. Whether true or not, his Division was selected to go, and accordingly on the 14th of December, 1863, General Green in the advance started to Texas by way of Niblett's Bluff from Vermillionville, arriving at the former place on the 20th, or about, having made a force march from the latter place through the swampy prairies of Louisiana. On the 25th—Christmast morning—our advance reached the city of Houston. All will remember the suffering endured by the men of the command, through the coldest spell of weather that Texas had experienced for many years. At camp Lubback our men actually suffered. On the 5th, as though barracks were too good for our Brigade, they were moved to Harrisburg, where without tents or shelter of any sort, they were compelled to take it *wet*. So on the open prairie, with scarcely wood enough to cook with, for seven days the whole country was under water, not a dry spot was to be found on which to sleep, much less build a fire to warm or cook with. Every night ice was formed on the ponds and horse tracks from one two inches thick, and as though this was not quite severe enough, on the 9th, the command—Brigade—was ordered to move to Sandy Point, in Brazoria county, across an open prairie on one of the coldest days that we had yet experienced. On this trip many of the boys feet were so frozen that their toe nails afterwards came off. Here the Brigade called a halt for a week or ten days, when it was ordered to move again, this time in the direction of Hempstead. That being the starting point for us to any where. Many felt sure and so expressed themselves, that we were again off for Louisiana; but not so. Our horses and train was left near St. Philipee, and the command marched to the Railroad at Hempstead, where they took the (freight) train, then waiting for them, and went to Houston; from thence on the next day to Virginia Point. Here for one long, weary, cold and never to be forgotten month, our boys remained drilling and doing other camp duty, by odds more arduous then than to have been performing duty on out-post, or in the front. On the 19th of February, the Division was ordered to Columbia, in Brazoria county, by way of railway through Houston. At Columbia the Brigade were camped for only a few days, when we were ordered to meet our horses at Hempstead.

Here ends part II of our History, and it is unnecessary for paper to be wasted in telling the reader that we were, if anything, overjoyed at the prospects of returning to Louisiana with our favorite chieftain to our favorite General—Taylor. It is hard for one to speak of his native State, yet as a truthful chronicler of events connected with our history,

I must say, that with the exception of a few instances, we have always met more genuine hospitality in Louisiana than in any other place that we have soldiered in. While in Brazoria county we were charged $3 per dozen for eggs, and corresponding prices for everything else that the citizens might have to spare, however, there were many who had nothing to spare, especially for a soldiers pay. But adieu.

PART III.

To Louisiana—Battle of Mansfield—Pleasant Hill—Trip on Pearcal Island—Green killed at Blair's Landing—Bagby—Hardeman commands the Brigade—Battle of Monett's Ferry—General Bee—To our Train—Fighting every day—Enemy at Alexandria—To the River—Capture of Gun Boats—Evacuating Alexandria—Wilson's Plantation—Choctaw Swamp—Battles on Marksville Prairie—Morville—Yellow Bayou Fight—The Brigade goes on the Bust—McAnelly's Scout Company—To Black River—Vidalia—To Waterproof—Ho! for Arkansas—To Monticello—To the River—Pine Bluff—Makes tracks for Lewisville—To Washington—Arkadelphia—Thence to Fulton—Goes to the relief of Price—With Supplies—Back—Paid Off—Starts for Texas—&c. &c. &c.

Early on the morning of the 15th of February, 1864, our advance under Waller took up the line of march from Hempstead for Alexandria, La. The Second Regiment closely followed by the Third, and the First marched on the following day. General Green had received orders to move with all possible dispatch, as the enemy were advancing, and would, in all probability, reach Natchitoches ere we could, which proved true. Col. Bagby was sick. The command of the Brigade devolved upon Col. Hardeman. The Second and Third Regiments under Col. McNeill and Major Hoffman, on arriving at St. Augustine, received orders to make a force march to Natchitoches by way of Sabine town and old Fort Jessup; that the enemy was advancing, and that all depended upon them. This order was obeyed. The forced march they made will forever stand upon record to attest to the spirit in which they moved. Near Fort Jessup they overtook Col. DeBray with his Regiment, obeying the same order. On the morning of the 30th of March, altogether unexpected to them, the enemy—whom they had no idea were nearer than fifty miles—made a decent upon their camps; a fight ensued. Every one acted heroically. The enemy were quickly repulsed, but bringing up heavy reinforcements, our boys were compelled to fall back to the Double Bridges. Here on the 2d of April, a desperate skirmish was fought by the Second and Third Regiments, together with DeBray's (who never had before been in a fight, but who fully vindicated the valor of Texans on this occasion and won for themselves the highest confidence of our old vetrans). Evacuating our position at this place on the 3d of April, the forces fell back to Pleasant Hill, and

on the 5th, the Second and Third Regiments joined the balance of the Brigade under Bagby, at Mansfield. Lane's Brigade was sent to the front on the 6th ; on which day the following Cavalry organization was made by Generals Smith and Taylor : Major General Thomas Green, Chief of Cavalry. 1st Cavalry Division, (DeBray's and Buchel's Brigades) under Brig. Gen. Bee ; 2d Cavalry Division, under Brig. Gen. J. P. Major (Green's old Division—Sibley's and Major's old Brigades).

On the morning of the 7th Lane's and Madison's Regiments of the 2d Brigade (Lane's) of our Division, under Col. Lane, met the enemy two miles south of Pleasant Hill, on the Mansfield road. Here one of the most desperate fights of the campaign took place, in proportion to the number engaged. For three hours the brave boys under their valorous commanders, Lane and Madison, held their own against treble their numbers. The enemy finding themselves unable to dislodge our forces, brought up a heavy column of their infantry, and commenced a flanking move, which compelled our troops to fall back. At this moment the enemy commenced charging with furious drunken yells. Their first, second and third charges were repulsed by our men turning as they would come at full speed and giving them a volley, which told with frightful effect on the Yankee columns. In this affair this veteran brigade lost some sixty men.

At 10 A. M. the enemy met the old Sibley Brigade in line of battle, under Col. Hardeman, Lane's men rallying as they came to our lines. Here another obstinate and desperate little engagement took place. The enemy's first charge was handsomely repulsed, but quickly forming, with heavy reinforcements brought up from the rear, they forced us to fall back to Young's Mill, some half a mile, where we were again formed, to be again drove this time across the creek, which when done, judge of our joy on meeting Gen. Green, who had brought up the Val Verde Battery to our relief. A few well-directed shots from her told the enemy that hereafter they would have to fight for the soil they gained on us, which was the means of their coming to halt. We bivouaced. They did the same. At 10 P. M. Gen. Green ordered Col. Hardeman to make a demonstration on the enemy by charging them in their position. This order was obeyed with a promptness characteristic of the man he selected. The First Regiment and parts of the others were drawn up in line of battle, for what purpose they then knew not. The command "forward" was given. Then came the "keep quiet, and make as little noise as possible." Advancing some three hundred yards, the flash and crack of a Yankee rifle was the signal to charge. The enemy were surprised and driven some half a mile to their reserve, when the chase had to be given up, and we returned at double-quick to our old position, which we held until daylight of the morning on which was fought

THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD.

At 9 o'clock A. M. the enemy commenced their advance from Young's Mill. Our Brigade, which was in the front at that time, un-

der Bagby, was ordered to retire before the enemy without making any particular stand. After retreating some two miles, we came upon Bee's Division, which was in line of battle to the right of the road. We were formed on his left. Two batteries were placed in position on the hill, some 800 yards in our rear. Walker's and Mouton's Divisions of infantry were placed in the rear and to the right and left of them. Shortly after this disposition of the troops were made, Gen. Taylor, on seeing the field, resolved to retreat some two miles further before he would bring on the engagement. Accordingly, a retreat was sounded, and just as our artillery and infantry were put in motion, the enemy's cavalry came in sight, and after a few moments fast firing, Buchel's Regiment withdrew. Coming on the battle line formed by DeBray, the enemy were repulsed. In the meantime our Brigade fell back to the position assigned for Mouton's Division of infantry, at which place we halted until they were posted, and Walker had taken up his position on the right of the road, forming our right wing, with Mouton in the centre, and Green and the cavalry on the left. Our Brigade with Lane's, under Gen. Major, was posted on the extreme left. Whilst going to our position the enemy's cavalry made a charge on our lines, and wounded several of the First Regiment. We were quickly reformed, and after some little obstinate fighting, the enemy's cavalry were driven off the field.

Gen. Major was ordered to place his division to the left of Mouton's division of infantry, which order he obeyed, and ordered the First Regiment to advance through the timber in which the Brigade was in and drive the enemy out of a field, where they were reported planting a battery. A forward move under Capt. Crosson was made as directed, and the enemy were dislodged, as the General desired, though not without some desperate fighting, in which we had some ten or fifteen wounded, and killed several of the enemy and took seventeen prisoners, from whom we learned that the whole Yankee cavalry force was close by.

Gen. Green ordered our Brigade out further to the left, on the Gravel Hill road. It had scarcely started before an order was received to turn back, which it did, under Col. Hardeman, and on arriving at its old stand the battle opened. The enemy's artillery had been brought up to the edge of a field, on the opposite side of which Mouton's Division were posted. A charge was ordered over the fence and through the field. Our boys under Mouton bravely faced death and danger to the mouth of the enemy's batteries. Fourteen pieces of field artillery, supported by 9000 infantry, rained death down upon our ranks as they were advanced upon them. Here it was that Mouton fell. Whilst the infantry were thus coming up in the front, our division moved on their right. Seeing that they were outgeneraled and flanked, the enemy, after making most a desperate stand for a short time, broke in real Bull Run style. Two thousand eight hundred prisoners and sixteen pieces of artillery were taken at this place.

For a short time the tide of battle seemed to lull. Night was fast coming, and time to us was all important. Another forward move was sounded, and another most desperate and bloody engagement was fought around the peach orchard. Here the enemy were met with bayonets and revolvers. Near this place a portion of our Brigade was drawn off and sent further to the left. Finally the enemy were driven from their stronghold in the orchard, and their train of 248 wagons and ambulances fell an easy prey to us. Our Brigade was the first to reach it. Through the exertions of Col. Hardeman and his men, the train was quickly driven to our rear, and the prize secured. Night closed the bloody work. We had driven the enemy nearly five miles, and completely demoralized his army.

My table of battles will show the numbers engaged, and the various commanders, while amongst the names of the killed and wounded will be found the names of those noble braves who sealed their devotion to our cause on the ever memorable battle-field of Mansfield.

Capt. Shepard, of Gen. Green's staff, was shot from his horse by a Minie ball as he was conveying orders from the General across the field to Gen. Major, on the left.

"Rest in peace, brave warrior,
Thy day of strife is o'er;
The clang of arms, the cannon's peal,
Shall rouse thee up no more."

Capt. Chalmers, of our Division, also fell while in the noble discharge of his duty, and now fills a hero's grave. Peace to his ashes! Pages could be filled in speaking of those who fell on this noted field. John Porter here fell, a more devout man than whom would be hard to find. Col. Herbert fell mortally wounded in the first part of the engagement. Space has now become an all important object to the author. And now for the

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL.

On the night of the 8th, and while our army were all resting from the labors of the day, some finding comfort in ministering to the wants of our wounded, the enemy retreated from Young's Mill, where they were left, to Pleasant Hill, some ten miles distant. Daybreak of the morning of the 9th found our Brigade in their saddles and on the go. Coming to Young's Mill, Madison's Regiment was ordered to the front, and marching in a fast gait the enemy's rear was quickly found, and duly "pressed." He drove them to within one mile of the town of Pleasant Hill, capturing many prisoners and much baggage on the road. At this place he found the enemy in force in a strong natural position. A halt was made, and in a few moments the other cavalry commands arrived. First, in order, came DeBray's Brigade and Buchel's command, who by order of Gen. Major were deployed in line of battle on the right of the road. Next came Lane's Brigade, who in turn were assigned to a position on the left of DeBray. In a short

time Gen. Green arrived. Being under orders from Gen. Taylor, he could do no more than to "feel around," which he did by ordering the First Regiment, under Col. Hampton, to the front, with directions to find the enemy's force in the field to our right, which was done. Hardeman was ordered to take his command and Terrell's Regiment and proceed to the extreme right wing, and as our infantry was brought into action to charge the enemy's left wing and turn it. This order was being executed, when a large cavalry force of the enemy was discovered, with several pieces of artillery, working their way to our rear by a road leading from Pleasant Hill to the Sabine river, which column had already gotten far in our rear. The battle was now progressing favorably for us. Green, with the dismounted cavalry had charged and driven back the enemy's right wing. Parsons, with the Missouri troops, in our centre, were driving everything before them. Just at this juncture, A. J. Smith, with his two reserve corps (the 16th and and 17th) arrived. They were thrown against our right and centre, under Churchill. The shock was too great. Ten to one they could not stand; and back they came, to be rallied no more that evening. Hardeman, with Terrell's Regiment and his own command, had formed behind a fence, where they endeavored to rally our flying infantry, but to no avail. The long columns of blue-coats, with banners flying, drums beating, and glittering bayonets, as the last rays of the evening sun shone upon them, was truly as beautiful to behold as it was frightful to think of. When within eighty yards of the position held by Col. Hardeman, his command fired, which volley brought to the ground many a haughty invader. In a moment and the earth fairly quaked with the report of the terrific volley of musketry the enemy discharged at our men; then, suiting the action to the word, they came at double-quick with "charage bayonets," but their game was not bagged. Hardeman quickly rallied the major portion of his command some six hundred yards distant from where they were routed; all to no use, for still they came. To those on our right it appeared that the day was lost, lost irretrievably to us; but not so. Gen. Green was there. Walker's old division held their ground, until the darkness of the night covered the retreat of the enemy, who, as it appears since, were much more worsted than us.

April 10th, and we were on the march for Pearcal Island, above Natchitoches. Crossing the bayou by that name on the night of the 11th, in a skirmish, some ten or twelve of our boys were made prisoners. Bagby commanded on this expedition. Nothing worthy of note was accomplished.

On the morning of the 13th, after we had crossed back to the main land, we heard the result of the heavy cannonading that we had heard on the previous day. It was at Blair's Landing, where the lamented and idolized THOMAS GREEN was killed. The reception of this sad news was the cause of many a tear to be shed, notwithstanding many at first refused to believe what by them was termed "the report of

of Green's death." It was not long, however, before the report was fully confirmed. This was our dark day. None felt the loss of him so keenly as did his old Brigade. No one mourned it more than did the Commanding General, who, in the fullness of his heart, issued the following:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT WESTERN LOUISIANA,
Mansfield, La., April 13, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. ——.

Soldiers—A chief has fallen. A warrior of warriors has gone to his home. On the 12th inst. fell Thomas Green. After braving death a thousand times, the destroyer found him, where he was ever wont to be, in the front line of battle. His spirit has flown to the happy home of heroes, where the kindred spirit of Alfred Mouton awaited it. Throughout broad Texas, throughout desolated Louisiana, mourning will sadden every hearth. Great is the loss to family and friends; much greater is the loss to this army and to me. For many weary months these two have served with me. Against the storm of battle; by the lonely camp fire; at the solitary outpost, my heart has learned to love them. Their families shall be as mine; their friends, my friends. To have been their beloved friend and trusted commander is the highest earthly honor I can ever attain.

Soldiers! the fall of these heroes shall not be in vain. Inspired by such example, this army will achieve great things. Moistened by the blood of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Blair's Landing, the tree of national independence will grow apace, and soon overshadow the land so that all may repose in peace under its grateful shade. The memory of our glorious dead is a rich legacy to future generations, and their names will be remembered as the chosen heroes and martyrs of the chivalric Southern race.

The colors of the cavalry corps of this army will be draped for thirty days, in memory of the late heroic commander.

R. TAYLOR,
Maj. Gen. Commanding.

WEEP, TEXANS, WEEP.

Lines in memory of Maj. Gen. Thos. Green, who was struck in the forehead by a shell from the enemy's gunboat, Black Hawk, which resulted in his immediate death, April 12th, 1864.

BY LOUDON B. WARD, CO. E, SEVENTH REG. TEX. CAV.

Weep, Texans, weep! your own loved chief lies low,
Whose voice oft cheered while 'mid the cannon's glow;
That voice, well known, no more will greet the ear,
Which always filled the foeman's ranks with fear.

Weep, Texans, weep! for our soul-cherished Green
No more will be where heartless foes are seen:
His towering form, entrancing to the eye,
Will lead no more to certain victory.

Weep, Texans, weep! our brightest star is gone,
'Mid the dark tempest, while the war clouds yawn;
Its rays so proudly shone amid the gloom,
That darkling fear had not the smallest room.

Weep, Texans, weep! let manhood shed a tear
For one so noble—to his men so dear—
For sorrow's fount to lowest depth is stirred,
While feeling sobs on every side are heard.

Weep, Texans, weep! the soldier dares to weep,
While round the camp fire he his vigils keep;
In mournful whispers he delights to tell
The virtues of the chief he loved so well.

Weep, Texans, weep! our matrons freely pour
The briny drops within their darkened door;
From breaking hearts low wails now constant flow,
And hills and vales their accents sadly know.

Weep, Texans, weep! our maidens' eyes are red
From constant weeping for their idol—dead:
Their hero's gone—he who was all their trust—
Their hopes lie shattered, trailing in the dust.

Weep, Texans, weep! our bayou sister's breast
Is deeply moved; her torn heart finds no rest:
Her noble Mouton found with Green a grave,
And she with us now mourns each others' brave.

Weep, Texans, weep! a nation wide does mourn
Its brave ones slain, whose patriot hearts did burn;
But greater sorrow cannot find a place
Than for our Green, the bravest of our race.

From where the Brigade crossed Pearcal bayou it went to the Double Bridges, where for two days it layed on its oars, awaiting something to turn up, which was quickly done, though not so soon as it would have been had Green been living.

Major's Division was brought within striking distance of Natchitoches on the 19th. On the 20th a reorganization of the cavalry commands was partly made. Bagby, who had been commanding our Brigade often within the last year, was assigned to the command of a brig-

ade in Bee's Division, and Col. Hardeman was placed permanently in command of this Brigade. Hereafter it will be known to the reader—as it is now to the world—as Hardeman's Brigade. Gen. Bee was placed in command of the cavalry corps, with orders to march with his (the 1st) division and Major's (the 2d) to Monett's Ferry, on Old river, by way of Natchitoches, which place the enemy were reported as having evacuated on the previous day.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 20th, with four days half rations, the line of march was taken up at 12 o'clock on that night. The enemy were found to be yet in Natchitoches, when the head of our column turned a little to the right and struck the road leading from that place to Alexandria, by the way of Monett's Ferry. This placed us in their rear on the road that they would have to travel, should they attempt to make a retreat—a thing altogether yet undecided.

On the morning of the 21st, the enemy were reported following us with their entire force, having evacuated Grand Ecore. Their rear was being closely pressed by Gen. Polignac's infantry division and three brigades of cavalry, under Maj. Gen. John A. Wharton, who had been assigned to duty as Chief of Cavalry in this district after the death of Gen. Green. By making a forced march of 25 or 30 miles, we reached the ferry that evening. Every preparation was made to give the enemy's advance a desperate fight as they came to this crossing, which, owing to the low stage of water, was fordable. Wood's Regiment was left behind to protect our rear and bring on the engagement. On the next morning the enemy commenced advancing bright and early. They drove our men (Capt. Millet, of Wood's Regiment, commanding) slowly before them, until within 900 yards of the crossing, when a most desperate engagement ensued between some hundred and fifty of our men and their advance, treble our numbers, our men fighting most gallantly.

The enemy's skirmish line was being heavily reinforced, when Capt. Millett ordered his men to retreat in panic style, and as though by magic, scarcely had our men safely gotten out of danger under the bank of the river, the artillery bugle sounded "fire," which was done, for a few moments with such spirit that one could scarcely distinguish the sounds of the different pieces as they fired, first with grape and canister, then with shell. At this time our Brigade formed the right wing. Learning that the enemy had effected a crossing some four or five miles above on the river, and that they were advancing on our side in heavy columns, Gen. Bee ordered our Brigade to the left to support Lane's and Wood's against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy that were coming against them. Scarcely had this move been made ere the General was informed that the enemy, with several transports, had landed 6000 in his rear on Red river, and that they (the 6000) were then making a forced march in the direction of his horses. Just at this moment the enemy in our front were coming up to our stronghold in fine order. Having been twice repulsed, this time they came in solid col-

guns, "as though they were in earnest." They would have been repulsed without a doubt had it not been for the orders that were received at that moment to retreat, which order was issued in consequence of the supposed advance from our rear.

Many attach blame to Gen. Bee for not doing more than was done at this place, which he would have done had it not been for the villainous lie that some of his scouts told him which at the time was admissable, as such a move on the part of the enemy was expected. Many accused Gen. Bee very wrongfully in this affair.

Our retreat from the river commenced about 4 o'clock P. M., and after traveling thirty-three miles we halted for one day, having met our commissary train, under Maj. Brown. On the next day, April 26th, we were again *en route* for the front. At James' Store, on Bayou Cotile, the enemy's rear was overtaken. A skirmish ensued, but without much success, only that the enemy were forced to fall back after burning everything in that neighborhood. On the 29th they were driven to McNutt's Hill, five miles beyond which another desperate fight was made, in which our Brigade and Parsons' did the chief work. On the next day Polignac's infantry, together with our artillery, arrived, and the cavalry was again sent forward. Major's Division was sent to Cheneyville, with orders to proceed from thence to Red river, and again try our hands in the enemy's rear.

On the 1st day of May, Stone's, Lane's and Taylor's Regiments were sent over on the river. Capt. Alexander's company, of the First Regiment, was sent in advance, Madison's Regiment bringing up the rear. The U. S. transport Emma, loaded with cotton and bound for New Orleans, was captured, with 96 prisoners, and an amount of the "creeter." The boat had to be destroyed before all of its valuables could be saved. Gen. Major and Col. Hardeman, with parts of both brigades, made another haul on the 3d, in the capture of another transport, the City Belle. Again, on the 5th, a larger one was made in the capture of two gunboats, Nos. 8 and 26, of the so-called Mosquito Fleet, and another transport loaded with cotton, the John Warner, all of which we were compelled to burn, not however until three of the best guns on the boats, together with all the ammunition, were saved. By this capture we terrified the enemy at Alexandria insomuch that no further attempts were made by them to open communication with their base at New Orleans. The above was done at Smith's Landing, 20 miles below Alexandria.

At Alexandria the enemy were reported as being on short rations. His fleet was above the falls. One-half of his army was busily engaged in throwing up entrenchments, while the other half were engaged in building a dam or dyke on the falls, by which the water could be raised high enough to permit the fleet to pass over. This herculean job was completed, and the boats were all passed safely over on the 11th of May. On the next day they commenced the retreat. On the 6th the enemy, 10,000 strong, under A. J. Smith, came out in

the direction of Cheneyville. We were ordered to Gen. Bee's relief on the night of the 6th, and after making a forced march of 29 miles on that night, we reached Lecompte, where Gen. Bee's headquarters were. Shortly after arriving there, Maj. Gen. Polignac's division of infantry was brought up. On the morning of the 7th the enemy were reported still advancing. Gen. Bagby was placed in command of the front, with his brigade in Bee's Division and our brigade, under Lt. Col. Hampton. Advancing up the railroad, one mile, we were dismounted (the Second Regiment, with the exception of Companies C and G, were under Col. Hardeman on our left, supporting the Val Verde Battery) and marched forward some half a mile, when, quite unexpected to us we were thrown into battle line, and in that way advanced on the line formed by Bee's Division. Here it was that the first demonstration of the presence of an enemy met our ears. The firing of our skirmishers told plainly that they were near. Two-thirds of our Brigade were sent to the front, under Capt. Crosson; the balance were posted, under Col. Hampton and Maj. Leasure, as a reserve, by Gen. Bagby. Gen. Polignac arriving in person, a forward move was ordered. The advance column, under Col. Terrell, charged forward some 800 yards, and on coming to the edge of a field, they saw a battle line of the enemy's cavalry, which the Colonel ordered the men to charge. At this moment a column of the enemy's infantry sprang from a ditch in which they had been concealed, and fired a most terrific volley into our ranks. The enemy's force was estimated at 8000 strong. Surely it was that the Allwise Ruler directed the enemy's aim on this occasion, else more of our men would have been killed than there was. Our columns were thrown into great confusion, falling back on the reserve, when they were rallied and taken to their horses. The enemy, as might be expected, advanced with yells loud enough to apprise our reserve, who were lying low behind an embankment that they were near. On coming up to within close range, a volley was poured into their ranks, which, together with the shouts raised by our boys, had the desired effect of not only checking their further advance, but also making them fly from before us as though they had "caught a tartar." In this affair our loss was not very heavy, while that of the enemy was considerable. Darkness silenced the battle. We bivouaced on the field. That night the enemy retreated to Alexandria with their infantry, leaving their cavalry, near 3000 strong, to protect their rear.

Daylight on the morning of the 8th found us in our saddles. The enemy were driven with but little fighting. At 3 P. M we received orders to return to the river. After traveling all night we reached Smith's Landing about daybreak on the morning of the 9th. On that day, as well as the 10th and 11th, we rested from our labors.

On the 12th we received information that the enemy were advancing, and that he had succeeded in getting his entire fleet over the falls. The fleet consisted of eight gunboats of the largest class and eleven of a smaller calibre, and twenty-three transports. On the evening of the

12th Gen. Wharton dispatched to us that the enemy had burned and evacuated Alexandria, and that they were marching in close body down on the west bank of the river, supported by the fleet. On the morning of the 13th his advance reached Stafford's plantation. Here the First Regiment, under Col. Hampton, met them, about 3 o'clock P. M. A desperate encounter ensued. We had several wounded in a very short time, some of whom afterwards died. Falling back at sundown, we again bivouaced. Not a man belonging to the Brigade closed his eyes in slumber that night. Early dawn of the 14th found us in line of battle, confronting one of the enemy's twice our length and ten times our number. A warm skirmish was fought around the negro houses on Wilson's plantation. Our men fought with determined valor, but were forced to give way to overwhelming numbers, though not in a run, but by inches at a time. A part of the First Regiment, under Major Hoffman, were placed in ambush behind the levee. The enemy, more drunk than bold, discovered it, and with a desperation worthy of a better cause, charged the position that our men had taken with a cavalry force of near 1800 well mounted and disciplined troops. Our force under Maj. Hoffman did not exceed 200 men. Our men and the enemy were thrown all together. A run with a "whoop for the landing" took place.

A short time previous to this Maj. McPhail was ordered with his regiment (the Second) to proceed to a bridge on the road leading from thence to Cheneyville, on the Bœuf. He was to fire the bridge, and then take up a position to dispute the crossing of the enemy in that direction. Shortly after arriving there, sure enough they came. With the usual intrepid valor of the Second Regiment, they were quickly repulsed and driven back in disorder, insomuch that they never again attempted to force a crossing of the bayou at this place. Thus they were checkmated in their intended flank movement on our forces in Marksville prairie, via Cheneyville and Evergreen. In the charge they made on our men under Maj. Hoffman, we lost several, mostly in prisoners, and had it not been for the great gallantry displayed by a section of West's La. Battery, under Lieut. —— and Sergeant Garner, our loss would have been still greater.

Here the road left the river and passed through the Choctaw Swamp, which when gained by our forces, the enemy came no further on that day. Bringing down their fleet on that night, for several hours they shelled the woods, as though they sought to "ruinate" the timber, or had an idea of forming a solid bottom to the swamp by fragments of shells and cannon balls.

Early on the morning of the 15th our forces were concentrated on the edge of Marksville prairie, or rather on the edge of the Choctaw swamp, bordering on the prairie. Here for a few hours our men enjoyed peace and repose. At 10 A. M. we no longer heard the big guns of the fleet. That was ominous of a forward move on the part of the enemy. About 2 P. M. their advance reached the edge of the prairie. A

desperate hand to hand rencontre took place between them and some of Lane's Brigade, who were compelled to retire. Falling back upon the battle line formed by our Brigade, they again rallied, and, all combined, we gave them another round or so. After fighting with great determination for some time, and seeing the enemy's infantry being brought to the front and their cavalry being sent to operate on our flanks, we retired some two miles to the rear of the town of Marksville, where our artillery (25 pieces) was posted. Our line of battle was formed by Gen. Wharton and Gen. Major, as follows: Lane's Brigade on the left; the artillery, supported by the First Regiment, under Col. Hampton, formed the centre and right wing, which rested on a lagoon. Not long after our line was thus formed, the enemy made an advance, first with their cavalry dismounted, in which they were easily repulsed by half their numbers of ours and Lane's Brigade, who were also dismounted and some 300 yards in advance of our battle line. Seeing themselves thus drove from the field, they lost no time in bringing to the front their whole infantry force—which was, according to their own reports, 23,000 strong—to bear on our right and centre, at the same time sending their cavalry, 7500 strong, to operate against our left. Seeing his infantry coming, our skirmish line gradually withdrew before them. The veterans of Lane's Brigade, under Baylor and Madison, were in their saddles. Silence, a dread silence reigned supreme; such silence as is only witnessed before the shock of a dreadful conflict—the calm on the sea before the storm. In an instant the deafening roar of our cannon greeted our ears, as they fired double-shotted canister, in response to the keen, clear sound of the bugle, which was the first thing to break the stillness of the prairie. Ere another round was fired the minions of desolation were flying to their rear, as the loud and bantering shouts of our boys filled the air. Simultaneously with the firing of our cannon, Lane's Brigade charged forward, forward they bounded, regardless of the number before them. In a moment, and what? The clang of arms! and see them flying! hear them yelling. Victory is ours. The sun is setting. The infantry are again coming. Lo! see yonder—boom, boom, an hundred times at once sounded the enemy's artillery, as a broadside of thirty-two pieces of artillery were fired at once into the ranks of Lane's Brigade. To the rescue! our columns are falling back. Now the artillery ceases. Now the infantry advance. Darkness precludes the possibility of our seeing more. Listen! hear the small arms; see the lightning flashes across the prairie. Ho! view a desperate fight after night. Faster, louder, and more sanguinary the battle grows, until a few well directed shots fired from our rifle guns under Lieut. Joyce, of West's La. Battery, drove them from the field. Again we bivouaced on the field. The table of battles will show the losses on both sides in this affair.

Ere daybreak on the following morning the booming of our guns again called us in battle line. On this day was fought the

BATTLE OF MANSURIA.

Retreating from the position that we held on the night of the 15th, at 10 A. M. on the morning of the 16th another line of battle was formed. Col. Hardeman commanded the Division, Waller the Brigade, which was placed on the right; our artillery in the centre, masked by Bagby's Brigade, of Bee's Division, commanded by Col. Terrell; Lane's Brigade on the left, with Polignac's infantry division as a support to the noted "Bull Battery." The enemy first charged Terrell's line with infantry. They gave way—as they were previously ordered to—retiring in, apparently, much confusion to the rear of our batteries, (McMahon's and the Val Verde,) who opened on them with double-shotted canister. The enemy being at close range, the havoc and slaughter in their ranks was great. Repulsed in this manner, they quickly brought up their artillery, and in but a few moments twenty-one pieces were playing on our two batteries. Scarcely had they fired a round ere a well directed broadside from our rifle pieces, under Lieut. Joyce, disabled three of their best guns. For a moment the lull in the firing on the part of the enemy was quite apparent. Quickly, however, it again began with renewed vigor on both sides. The enemy seeing their inability to dislodge us, again commenced a flank move on our left wing, which they came near completing. Our Brigade was ordered from its position on the extreme right to the extreme left wing, which order was executed with all promptness and dispatch. Moving across the prairie right in front and in full view of the enemy, we were their target at artillery firing for near one mile. Forty-two different pieces fired on us as we were making this move. Arriving on the left of our batteries, we saw the Yankees coming—

> "We heard them give the yell;
> My feelings no tongue can ever tell."

With hellish yells and glittering blades they came, as though demons incarnate could not resist them in their cavalry charge, which truly looked frightful. In the lapse of a few seconds we met them. Although they in numbers were two to our one, armed with the best weapons of modern war are, and we with nothing but long Enfield rifles; yet we repulsed them. Thus our artillery was saved by the gallantry of the men under Col. Waller, Capts. Crosson and Billy McDade. Gen. Wharton, who was on the field, encouraged his troops no little by his intrepid valor and good generalship displayed in the manœuvering of them. He ordered Col. Waller to hold his position until the artillery could be taken from off the field. The enemy seeing that all attempts to dislodge us by direct assault was, and would be, fruitless, brought up their artillery, and for twenty-five minutes the First Regiment and Waller's Battalion stood under one of the most terrific and galling cross-fires from nineteen of the enemy's long-ranged rifle Parrot guns, planted not over 800 yards from them. The enemy had not only a point blank

range of us, but also a good view. Scarcely a shell was thrown by them but what bursted in our very midst. Here for the first time in the annals of modern history men formed themselves and fought with a desperation excelled only by the Spartans at Thermopylæ. This day will long be remembered by every participant as being the hottest artillery duel that they had ever witnessed.

By being overwhelmed—not whipped—we were compelled to leave the road leading to Simmsport, on the Atchafalaya, for which the enemy had fought so stubbornly, and take the right hand one leading to Evergreen.

On the morning of the 17th Waller's Battalion and a part of the Second Regiment, under Capts. Blair and Terrell, dashed into the little town of Moroville and captured fifty-six prisoners, one lieutenant colonel, two majors, and eight other officers.

THE BATTLE OF YELLOW BAYOU

Was fought on the 18th. Of this battle I am not prepared to say much, as I was not a participant. It was fought by Gen. Wharton's directions, and the result goes to prove that it was one of "those things" which will occur in the course of human events. I refer the reader to the table of battles for further information. Gen. Wharton, I have been told, attaches no blame to any one for the mishap. To say that we were badly whipped and worsted, would not be giving altogether a true version of the affair. I know not but what the enemy lost as many both in killed and wounded as we did. The figures given in my table are from the Yankee papers. I never was able to see our official report of this engagement, therefore I cannot say that I am exactly correct in my statement. It was reported that Gen. Smith, the Federal commander, was placed under arrest for making the fight, the truth of which I cannot vouch for.

After picketing around on Bayou de Glaize and in the neighborhood of Simmsport, we were moved out on Bayou Cane, where for a few days we luxuriated on the fat of the land, which had been left by other armies—mostly cane for horses, and nothing for man unless it was got by cutting cypress trees, which would measure ten feet in diameter, to find nothing but a nest of yellow jackets, instead of bees, and if bees, without honey.

Some time in the first of June our Brigade was moved to the Bœuf, a few miles above Washington. Here is where I left them, and will now go across the Atchafalaya, on Bayou Grosse Tete, to see after Capt. McAnelly's scout company, as well as Capt. Alf. Thurmond's company, of the Third Regiment, on the enemy's flanks, around Red River Landing.

Capt. McAnelly, in the campaign in New Mexico, was a private in the Second Regiment. For his daring gallantry on many occasions too numerous to mention, he was promoted by the chief of chieftans, Gen.

Green, to a captain of scouts. For his intrepid valor, he won the highest confidence of both soldier and officer. At the taking of Brashear City the young captain—for he is only 20 years old—with a party of some fifteen or twenty men, made a demonstration on a Yankee garrison, numbering 380 men, and by his skillful manœuvring they were all made prisoners. Again, somewhere on the Lafourche, he made another large capture in the same way. While at Virginia Point he was authorized to raise a company in the same way that the Val Verde was raised—by having men transferred from the Brigade. He was not long in completing his company, having to refuse many applicants. At the battle of Mansfield he was severely wounded, and the command of the company devolved upon his lieutenants, Stone and Pitts, men of gallantry, who, like the captain, were promoted for meritorious conduct. At the battle of Pleasant Hill the company did noble duty, each member making himself a hero. At Blair's Landing they were again on the field. Then afterwards, as scouts, around the enemy's encampment at Grand Ecore, they did most noble service. With Gen. Bee, at Monett's Ferry, they were the first to inform him that the enemy was crossing the river above the position that he had taken for them. Dodging the enemy's rear and front whilst the command was on the retreat, they again distinguished themselves. They were constantly in their saddles—more so perhaps than any other command—during the whole retreat up to the battle of Yellow Bayou. A few days after this battle Capt. McAnelly, having recuperated from the wounds received at Mansfield, joined his company, and was ordered to cross the Atchafalaya and proceed to the Lafourche country, and report what the Yankees were doing there. Shortly afterwards Capt. Thurmond, with his company of the Third Regiment, was ordered to cross the same stream and watch the enemy's encampment at the mouth of Red river. Col. Madison was ordered with his regiment to cross at Morgan's Ferry, and picket the enemy's camp at Morganza. They (the enemy) "doubled team" on him in his encampment, near where the battle of Fordoche was fought, and a running fight ensued, the Colonel retreating in the direction of Bayou Grosse Tete, knowing that he could not get out safe by going back the way he went in, in consequence of there being no artillery at the crossing to protect him—truly an oversight. He fought as best he could as he retreated at a rapid rate. After swimming many small bayous, by which his ammunition was rendered worthless, he swam the Atchafalaya at Lyons' Ferry.

McAnelly's company betook themselves to the swamps and canebrakes, where they confined their operation until the enemy commenced their retreat, when his men were again assembled and once more were at work on their rear. Capturing a Yankee establishment a few miles above Plaquemine, the boys were all well clothed at short notice. They had scarcely completed the job of loading a pack mule with their plunder, ere the cry of "here they come" was shouted by a dozen or more, in echo to the firing of six-shooters, as the "First Texas Traitors"

charged upon a party of five or six who were watching out for "circumstances." A running fight, which was kept up for ten miles, here commenced. The pack mule was lost in the first one mile heat, by which time Davis' band of Texas traitors had seen enough for their "ante," and another regiment of bolder men gave chase. In this affair Joe Doss was killed, a better and braver soldier than whom never shouldered a gun in any cause. Lieut. Pitts and ten men were taken prisoners. Eight Yankees were killed and fifteen wounded.

McAnelly was not working to suit some one, and he was ordered out and sent to hunting up jayhawkers on the Calcasieu. Thurmond was also ordered from his position, having killed and wounded more of the enemy than his own numbers while in there.

We will return now to the Brigade, which in the meantime had moved from near Washington to within a few miles of Alexandria, where the boys were "gormandizing sumptuously" on sugar and blackberries, while their horses were dying for the want of forage, "Sioux's" assertions to the contrary notwithstanding.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT WESTERN LOUISIANA,
In the Field, May 23, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 44.

Soldiers of the Army of Western Louisiana:

On the 12th of March the enemy, with an army of thirty thousand men, accompanied by a fleet of iron clads, mounting one hundred and fifty guns, moved forward for the conquest of Texas and Louisiana. After seventy days continued fighting, you stand a band of conquering heroes on the banks of the Mississippi. Fifty pieces of cannon, seven thousand stand of small arms, three gunboats and eight transports captured or destroyed, sixty stands of colors, over ten thousand of the enemy killed, wounded or captured, these are the trophies which adorn your victorious banners. Along three hundred miles of river you have fought his fleet, and over two hundred miles of road you have driven his army. You have matched your bare breasts against his iron clads and have proved victorious in the contest. You have driven his routed columns beyond the Mississippi, although fed by reinforcements of fresh troops, while many of your gallant comrades were withdrawn to other fields. The boasted fleet which lately sailed triumphant over our waters, has fled in dismay, after destroying guns and stripping off armor in its eagerness to escape you. Like recreant knights the iron clads have fled the field, leaving shield and sword behind.

The devotion and constancy you have displayed in this pursuit have never been surpassed in the annals of war, and you have removed from the Confederate soldier the reproach, that he could win battles but could not improve victories.

Along a hundred miles of his path the flying foe, with more than savage barbarity, burned every house and village within his reach,

You extinguished the burning ruins in his base blood, and were nerved afresh to vengeance by the cries of women and children, left without shelter or food.

Long will the accursed race remember the great river of Texas and Louisiana. The characteristic hue of his turbid waters has a darker tinge from the liberal admixture of Yankee blood.

The cruel alligator and the ravenous garfish wax fat on rich food, and our native vulture holds high revelry over many a festering corpse.

If the stern valor of our well trained infantry was illustrated on the bloody fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, this long pursuit has covered the cavalry of this army with undying renown.

Like generous hounds with the game in full view, you have known neither hunger nor fatigue, and the hoarse cannon and the ringing rifle have replaced in this stern chase the sonorous horn and joyous halloo. Whether charging on foot, shoulder to shoulder with our noble infantry, or hurling your squadrons on the masses of the foe, or hanging on his flying columns with more than the tenacity of the Cossack, you have been admirable in all. Conquer your own vices and you can conquer the world.

Our artillery has been the admiration of the army. Boldly advancing, without cover, against the heavy metal of the hostile fleet, unlimbering often within range of musketry, or remaining last on the field to pour grape and canister into advancing columns, our batteries have been distinguished in exact proportion as opportunity was afforded.

Soldiers! these are great and noble deeds, and they will live in chronicle and in song as long as the Southern race exists to honor the earth. But much remains yet to do. The fairest city of the South languishes in the invader's grasp. Her exiled sons mourn her fate in every land. The cheeks of her fair daughters yet mantle with the blush raised by the brutal tyrant's insult. Not a Confederate soldier returns to his colors from this sad Venice of the South, but recounts with throbbing heart and tearful eyes, how, amidst danger and insult, these noble women—angels upon earth—cheered his confinement and relieved his wants. To view the approving smiles of these fair dames, will be a soldier's proudest boast, the brightest leaf in his chaplet of laurels.

Soldiers! this army marches towards New Orleans, and though it do not reach the goal, the hearts of her patriot women shall bound high with joy, responsive to the echoes of your guns.

R. TAYLOR,
Major General.

Official:
F. R. LUBBOCK,
Lieut. Col. & A. A. G.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF WHARTON'S CAVALRY CORPS.

ARMY OF WESTERN LOUISIANA, IN THE FIELD,
May 24th, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. —.

For forty-six days you have daily engaged the enemy, always superior to you in numbers.

When the beaten foe, with four army corps of infantry and upwards of five thousand cavalry, began his retreat, you were formed in battle array in his front, and hung upon his flanks and rear only to destroy. In his retreat from Grand Ecore to the Atchafalaya, you killed, wounded and captured upwards of four thousand, destroyed five transports and three gunboats, all of which was accomplished with a loss to you of but 400 men, two-thirds of whom will report for duty again within forty days.

The history of no other campaign will present the spectacle of a cavalry force capturing and killing more of the enemy than their own numbers. This you have done, and in so doing have immortalised yourselves and added new lustre to Texas—the gallantry of whose sons have been illustrated on every battle field from Gettysburg to Glorietta.

Had a position of our forces been where I was informed they were an hour and a half before the engagement at Norwood's Plantation, (Yellow Bayou,) the rear guard of the enemy's army would have been utterly destroyed. As it was, thirty of his dead were left on the field, sixty-five graves inscribed "killed in the action of the 18th of May," besides his wounded carried by him.

As to the loss you inflicted upon him, from prisoners recently captured we learn it to be eight hundred killed and wounded at the battle of Norwood.

Your advance guard are now watering their horses in the Mississippi river, whither you will shortly follow.

On short rations, and scanty forage, in the saddle day and night, you have neither murmured nor complained. In all your trials and dangers the veteran Second Louisiana Cavalry have been by your side; they have shared your dangers, and are participants in your glory.

During the entire retreat the different batteries of artillery, either acting separately or under Col. Brent or Maj. Simms, displayed the most marked skill and gallantry. They were particularly distinguished in the engagements Mansuria and Yellow Bayou.

I, as your commander, honor you for your deeds, and thus acknowledge my appreciation of your successes.

Gen. Taylor cheerfully accords to you the meed of his approbation, and in his own time and way will signify his admiration.

A grateful people will cherish the record of your gallantry.

By command of

Maj. Gen. JOHN A. WHARTON.

B. F. Weems,
Assistant Adjutant General.

On the 23d of June Gen. Wharton ordered Col. Hardeman with his brigade to Trinity, on Black river. Accordingly the advance, under Lieut. Green, took up the line of march on the 24th, the brigade following on the next day. On the 1st of July we arrived at Trinity. The First Regiment, under Col. Hampton, was sent down the river to Johnson's Ferry, with instructions to keep an eye on the enemy out towards the mouth of Red river, and to watch the progress of Yankee navigation on the Mississippi river. The Second Regiment was stationed in the town of Trinity, and three companies, under Capt. Pridgeon, was sent out to picket at Cosgrove's place, on Cross bayou. The Third was camped a few miles below Col. Hardeman's headquarters, which were at Gen. Liddell's plantation. Waller's Battalion was doing provost duty at Col. Hardeman's headquarters.

Until the 23d of July everything remained quiet on the river, save an occasional picket fight in Capt. Pridgeon's district, or a scout towards Vidalia to see what the enemy were up to. On the day last referred to, orders were given to each regiment to cross over on the east side of the river and hold themselves in readiness for a forward move. On that night a move was made, the like of which is but seldom spoken of either in ancient or modern history. Morgan may have done as much in the way of marching, or Marion might have made corresponding marches through the swamps of South Carolina in the days of '77, but it never has been excelled in this war. After making a distance of thirty-one miles through one of the most dismal swamps of Louisiana, in one of the darkest nights on record, the Brigade found themselves four miles below Vidalia, on the Mississippi river, at daybreak.

Waller's Battalion, in advance, engaged the enemy, and driving them from their position, they captured 135 mules, 60 horses and some 20 negroes, without the loss of a man. As it was only meant for a raid, we immediately withdrew. A part of the Third Regiment with the Battalion, under Major Hart, turned their attention to a transport in the river, and just as they were in the act of boarding it, the enemy, treble their numbers, charged them, capturing two men and wounding one of the Third Regiment. For this piece of impudence on their part they were severely chastised. Twenty-three were killed and many were wounded.

Returning to the river and to our old camps on the west side, we remained quiet again for a few days, until forage began to be an

item, when another raid was concocted, in which Lieut. Col. Hampton was commander-in-chief. Making his way to the Mississippi, he captured and brought out safely near one thousand sacks of corn, on which we subsisted for a few days, previous to our starting for Arkansas.

On the 29th we broke up our camps on Black river, and after perambulating through the country lying on the Tensas river, and from there to the Mississippi, up to Waterproof, the line of march for Arkansas was taken up, on the 1st of September.

Nothing of particular note or importance transpired on this trip. On the 11th of September our advance reached Monticello. On the 27th the Brigade, under Col. McNeill, crossed the Arkansas river fifteen miles above Arkansas Post, and proceeded up on the opposite bank to within a few miles of Pine Bluff.

A portion of Waller's Battalion and a detachment of the First Regiment, under Lieut. Taylor, went in the direction of Duvall's Bluff, on White river, and engaged the enemy, who, after firing a few rounds, "skedaddled."

At sundown we received orders to evacuate that section, recross the river, destroy the boats, and make a forced march for Monticello, where Gen. Magruder's headquarters were. Little Rock now, sure! In this we were disappointed. On reaching Monticello, we were ordered to Lewisville, which order was obeyed with all promptness by making forced marches, regardless of wind or weather; and although much of the road had lost its bottom—which we did not try to find, as it had been searched for repeatedly before without success—we made the trip without the loss of a man. Camping at Lewisville for a few days, we were ordered with all possible haste to Washington. Washington was menaced, as a matter of course, notwithstanding news came that the enemy were evacuating Little Rock.

On the 11th of October we started on another forced march, by order of ———. We landed up at or near Washington, where for one half of a night we enjoyed peace and quiet, preparatory to making another forced march in the direction of Arkadelphia, from which to return, after getting half way there, to our old resting place on Rusk Lake, near Washington.

On the 27th the Brigade, still commanded by McNeill, was ordered to Fulton, Ark., on Red river, where forage could be had for the horses. About this time the First Regiment was detached and placed on outpost duty. An order from "district headquarters" required that each man should make a rawhide bayonet scabbard and a belt; no soldier was allowed to go to a private house on any condition; no sick man was allowed to leave camp, unless to go to some infernal hospital; no man was allowed to go further than one mile from camp on the penalty of death; no furloughs were to be given on any condition; no passes to be given for a longer time than six hours; rolls were to be called three times a day, and there was to be four hours drill each and and every day, Sundays excepted, besides the dismounted men—those

who had lost their horses in their country's service—were to perform all such duty as comes under the head of "fatigue duty." No matter if corn had to be hauled twenty miles, they were the ones to do it. Space cannot be spared to review the numerous orders that were daily issued from district headquarters.

On the 20th of November news of Price's retreat from Missouri came. On the following day the Brigade, under Col. McNeill, was ordered with a large supply train to Princeton. As might be expected, the order came at the very time that a soldier likes the least to stir, but is sure to have to go—when it is raining, blowing, freezing and trying to snow. On this trip the boys got to see enough of Arkansas to satisfy them forever, all declaring that the like of it had never before been seen by them. For two days, without anything for self or horse to eat, it rained on them by day and froze by night, in mud to their saddle girths. On reaching their destination, judge of their disappointment on learning that Price had gone another route, and they could countermarch and get back to their old camp as best they could; then to meet orders from Gen. E. Kirby Smith—may "God bless him" is the sincere prayer of every man in the Brigade—to march to Texas. Gen. Wharton had already gone, and Col. Harderman was in command of the cavalry corps.

The money that Gen. Wharton referred to in his address to the Corps on our leaving Louisiana, had just been received—two months' pay—which squared the men and Government up to the 1st of January, 1864; one year's pay yet due.

Some few shoes, and occasionally a shirt, was here issued, preparatory to our leaving for Texas.

The First Regiment, under Col. Hampton, crossed Red river at Fulton on the 27th of November. On the 5th of December the Brigade met on the south side of the river at White Oak Shoals. Col. McNeill having received a leave of absence, the command of the Brigade was turned over to Col. Hampton, and on the following day it took up the line of march for Texas, with orders to rendezvous at Nacogdoches.

At White Oak Shoals, on the 5th of November, the Brigade was caused to mourn the loss of one of its most gallant, obliging and useful officers by the death of A. A. Gen'l Wm. L. Moore, who by his untiring energy and agreeable deportment had won for himself the highest esteem of every one in the Brigade. As a private, as an officer, and as a gentleman and a friend, Billy L. had no superiors. His grave as yet is unmarked by a monument. A grateful people, a noble soldiery, will in days to come seek to perpetuate his memory by marking the spot where he now sleeps in a becoming style.

We lost but two by disease while in Arkansas, that I am aware of. G. D. Garrot died at the Lewisville Hospital, on the 7th of November. I remember having heard that two men belonging to Company F, of the First Regiment, died near Monticello, about the 1st of November, but of the fact I have been entirely unable to become posted.

At Fulton, Arkansas, this short, imperfect and hurriedly composed history leaves the Brigade *en route* for Texas.

This war is not yet ended. God in His Allwise course has ends yet to accomplish—ends of which we know nothing, save that lest we prove true to ourselves His ends will not be ours.

Peace will yet perch upon our banner. At an hour when we the least expect it, she will with her subtile wings bring joy and happiness to our desolated land. We can but watch and pray; we can but do as we have done—prove true to our country and its cause; and all will yet be well.

Hoping, kind reader, that that bright and happy day may dawn upon us ere another year is "numbered amongst the things that were," I bid you an affectionate adieu.

HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT.

Donations to the Brigade---Surgeons, Medical Officers, &c.

From the able work of Dr. Gammage, entitled "The Camp, the Bivouac and the Battle Field," I take the following extract:

"'If the army raises a monument,' said Napoleon, 'let it be in honor of Larry.' And so the gratitude of the French nation has erected a statue personifying Larry, the great military surgeon; he is represented as arresting with his foot the ball which is symbolic of death."

The medical officers of this Brigade, whose patient industry, whose faithful and untiring devotions, whose zeal and energy and ingenuity have so many times and for so many long and weary months been given, like the symbolic foot, to arrest the progress and the effect of the enemy's balls, deserves at my hands the tribute of a passing notice, and though their humble labors, in the camp, on the battle fields, at the infirmaries, in the midst of the sick and the wounded, the dead and the dying, may not attract the attention of the multitude and "awaken the sonorous echoes of fame," yet a grateful people will remember and reward the glory of their devotedness and the heroism of their humble labors. First to donations and then to them.

Through the kindness of Senior Surgeon Bronaugh, I have been furnished with the following information as respects the donations made to our Brigade for hospital purposes. Much credit is due this energetic and valorous surgeon for the attention that he has paid to the receiving and disbursing the funds to the different regiments. By the statement herewith given it will be seen that an equal division of the amounts has been made between the three regiments and battalion.

The late Rev. Mr. Jones (chaplain of the First Regiment) during his administration with us, appropriated no little of his time and attention to this department. At Glorietta this noble man of God was wounded while praying over a dying soldier. Thus he was forced to undergo treatment in one of our field hospitals, which made him most conversant with the wants and sufferings of the wounded as well as the sick, and true to the noble nature which was his chief characteristic, he was never forgetful of the lesson he was made so conversant with, and on the bloody fields of Louisiana he was ever to be found at the field infirmaries, administering both to the temporal and spiritual wants of the wounded and dying. When the din of battle was over and the weary

soldier was enjoying repose, when others of his profession were at home enjoying its comforts, Jones was to be found amongst the sick, wounded and dying of our army. For this one he had a healing balm; to another a kind word of cheer, and for the dying mortal he had the most precious of all medicines, the "medicine for the soul." Need I say that when the death of this noble and pious man was announced to the Brigade, who had learned to love him, that tears, tears of sorrow were shed. Truly it can be said of his departure, that "his soul has gone to the God who gave it." *Quando ullum invenimus parem.*

The Brigade has at times been ably represented by the clergy. The Rev. Mr. Pearce, a true christian and a devout man, while chaplain of the Second Regiment in New Mexico, faithfully performed the duties of that post. Much to the regret of all, he left the regiment in New Mexico and returned home. Since that time this regiment has not had a permanent chaplain. Occasionally, however, they have been visited by divines. While on the Atchafalaya the Rev. Dr. Law was with the regiment, and in the capacity of a minister of the gospel, won for himself a never dying remembrance on the part of those of the regiment who were sick and wounded at that time. Shortly afterwards, while at Vermilionville, the Rev. Dr. Wright paid the Brigade a visit. His time was mostly spent with the First Regiment. Although his stay with us was brief, yet his labors were fruitful of much good, and are to this day apparent. The Doctor is a devout man, and like the lamented Jones, spent the greater part of his time with our sick, who but await an opportunity to prove to him their gratefulness for his kind solicitation in their behalf.

While at Columbia, Texas, in the Spring of 1864, the Rev. Mr. Cochrane preached to the entire Brigade, and had it been possible for him to have remained with us, the good that he would have done could scarcely be unduly overrated.

At Hempstead, again, a few days previous to our starting for Louisiana, the Rev. Dr. J. V. Wright, with his brother, who is also a minister, preached for us a few times, as did also another minister, whose name I have long since forgotten—but not his words. It was him who, on the morning of the 12th of March, baptized two members of the First Regiment, both of whom have lived up to the vows they then and there took upon themselves.

There is but one chaplain now (December, 1864) in the Brigade, and of him I cannot be too expressive of praise, as thereby I but echo the voice of every one who enjoys the pleasure of his acquaintance. This one is the Rev. Mr. Wm. Allen, of Waller's Battalion. He served as a private in Company B for a long time, where he proved himself as zealous a soldier as he has since proven himself to be a devout and pious man. With the sick and wounded he has most deservedly become very popular, not only with those of his own command, but also with others. As a faithful soldier, not only of his country, but also "of the cross," the Rev. Mr. Allen may have equals, but no superiors.

With the exception of those delivered by the Rev. Mr. Allen, our Brigade has not had a sermon preached to it since the Rev. Dr. Wright was with us at Hempstead. Why we are thus neglected is a question often seriously asked amongst ourselves. Surely there are but few commands who need the services of a devout and pious man more than does ours, and I only have the word of those who have been with us to bear me out in saying that there are none who are disposed to pay more respect to ministers than we are.

BRIGADE FUND.

From the citizens of Washington county, $1,480, of which $785 was contributed exclusively to the Second Regiment	$695 00
From citizens of Elkhart, Houston county, through editor "Telegraph"	325 00
From citizens of Grimes county, through Miss Hannah Esley	532 00
Received of Gen. Green, cash $2,960, with vouchers for $1,700, the said vouchers and money being a Brigade fund in possession of the late Rev. Mr. Jones, amounting to	4,660 00

WAS DISTRIBUTED AS FOLLOWS:

To the First Regiment, as per vouchers of the late Rev. Mr. Jones	$1,000 00
To the Second Regiment, as per vouchers of the late Rev. Mr. Jones	700 00
Deposited with Col. Hardeman, May 28th, 1863, for the First Regiment	455 58
Deposited with Maj. Hoffman, May 28th, 1863, for the Third Regiment	455 58
Deposited with Lieut. Col. Hampton, August 5th, 1863, for the First Regiment	177 50
Deposited with Lieut. Col. Herbert, August 5th, 1863, for the Third Regiment	177 50
Deposited with Surgeon S. B. Many, Nov. 28th, 1863, for the First Regiment	553 33⅓
Deposited with Maj. Hoffman, Dec. 1st, 1863, for the Third Regiment	1,553 33⅓
Retained from the Brigade fund as the proportion due the Second Regiment	1,139 67⅓

Exclusive of the above each regiment has been the recipients of donations made by the citizens and good people of Texas direct to the regiment, through the commandants or surgeons, of which it was impossible for me to procure a correct account, though from a knowledge of facts, as well as the evidence before me, I can with perfect truthfulness state that the amounts have been very small.

The Third Regiment has received none whatever. The First Regiment, on passing through Nacogdoches in the Spring of 1863, was presented with some $400 by the good ladies of that city. The Second Regiment received similar donations from Grimes and Washington counties; and whilst to the noble and patriotic citizens of old Fort Bend we have to acknowledge an indebtedness, the patriotic daughters of Crockett will ever be remembered by their defenders in the "tented field;" and forever will the names of those noble sires and dames who live on the lovely San Marcos and Guadalupe be held in cherished remembrance by their sons and friends in the old Sibley Brigade.

'Tis but meet that I should speak of the noble assistance and relief extended to us through the exertions of Mrs. Jas. Reily, who to this day, as well as for time to come, is and will ever be remembered with gratitude by those who by her exertions were the recipients of many favors on their arrival at San Antonio from where that "brilliant but short campaign" had just been made. Then long after that, when by exposure and fatigue our boys became sick and were sent to the hospital in Houston—which at that time was but a poor excuse—this noble lady was their constant visitor and careful provider for their every want. Again, when the tide of battle raged the warmest at Franklin—where fell her noble husband, the lamented Col. Reily—she, with those noble dames and daughters of that city might have been seen on that horrid field of carnage ministering to the braves of our army who had met with battle scars; there, unmindful of the danger which menaced them in the shape of flying missiles and bursting shells, they were, too intent upon the performance of their mission to heed the danger, which made many of the stronger sex tremble.

In justice, a whole volume could be filled in speaking of that noble, whole-souled and patriotic lady, Mrs. Sarah Smedes, living one mile from New Iberia, in Louisiana, who in the goodness of her heart established a large hospital, out of her own purse, for the benefit of Waller's Battalion. At one time there was upwards of one hundred patients in it, all living on dainties prepared by herself and the noble Miss Bukup. Their names, connected with those of Mrs. Reily, Green, Dunham, Chalmers, and Misses Easley, Green, Smith, and a host of other fair daughters of the "Lone Star State," are names which will long be remembered and cherished, as well as they will ever be inseparably connected with the history of the old Sibley—Green Brigade. To cherish their memory would be but proving ourselves worthy of such noble friends. It is thus we show that we are not forgetful of a grateful act on the part of our mothers, sisters, &c. To know that they appreciate our deeds of valor, our heroic forbearance of suffering, our self-sacrificing devotion to a cause equally as noble, just and right as was that in which our noble forefathers fought, is a consolation most dear to that war-worn and battle-scarred veteran who this day stands on the lonely outpost, bare-footed and in tatters, guarding his home, happy fireside, his all, from the further encroachments of the enemy, the minion, the despoiler and wrecker of our happiness.

Not until that bright, happy, and much prayed for day of peace dawns upon us and our land, can we, the soldiery of the country, prove the sincerity of our affections, our regards and devotions for those noble earthly, yet seraphic beings who have proved on many occasions to be ministering angels to us in the hour of need.

When the names of Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Alice, Mrs. Gordon, and Misses Lyons, Gordon, Alice, and others, are mentioned to those of our Brigade who long sick of loathsome fever in the hospitals at Washington, La., they will be reminded anew of the debt of gratitude they owe to those, the noblest of God's creation.

Space precludes the possibility of longer dwelling on this subject. Pages could be filled in speaking of the tokens of gratitude and words of encouragement given us by the noble ladies of Louisiana, and it would be a pleasure to be able to notice them all.

The following biographical sketches of some of the medical officers of the old Brigade may in many respects be imperfect. Not being one of them myself, I can but speak of them as a private knows them, and for what is said, I alone am responsible. There are some few who originally belonged to the Brigade who have left us and gone I know not where, amongst whom is Dr. Geo. Cupples, who for a long time served as Chief Surgeon, not only of the Brigade, but also of Green's old Cavalry Division, and finally as Chief Surgeon of the Cavalry Corps, which position he resigned shortly after the death of General Green. No one will accuse me of speaking falsely of him in saying that he was amongst the best of his profession as an operative surgeon. No one stood higher amongst the officers of his arm of the service than he did.

Of Dr. Bracht, formerly of the Second Regiment, as a practitioner and a skillful medical officer, as well as a humane and tender-hearted man, I could not be too expressive of praise. The Doctor has long since left us to enjoy a peace at home which age so well justifies him in seeking. There are others of whom I should speak, who deserve well of their country; but they have been absent from us so long that they can no longer be considered a part of the "Old Brigade."

SURGEON SAMUEL B. MANY

Was born in the town of Murfreesboro, Rutherford county, Tennessee, in 1835, where he received all the advantages of an early education afforded by the academy at that place. When thirteen years old young Samuel was taken from school and placed in a store as a clerk, where he remained but a short time when he was again "put to books" at the Union University, and progressed as far as the Junior class—leaving which he emigrated with his father's family to Texas in the year 1854. For two years he superintended his father's plantation, and in the spring of 1856 commenced the study of medicine under Dr. B. W. Humphries, of Gaudalupe county. He attended his first course of lectures in New Orleans. In 1859 he graduated at the

Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia with high honors. Returning to Texas he commenced the practice of medicine in Caldwell county. True to the country that gave him birth, he volunteered under Capt. Hardeman early in the commencement of the war, and as a private in the ranks he served through the battle of Val Verde. Dr. Covey, the chief surgeon of the Brigade, established a hospital at Socoro, and had Dr. Many to take charge of it as a contracting surgeon. By his kindness to the sick and wounded he quickly became very popular, not only with his patients, but also with his superiors. Doctor Matchett, assistant surgeon of the first Regiment, resigned in consequence of reasons not generally known, and Dr. Many was promoted to fill the vacancy. On the Brigade's leaving the Territory, he was left behind in charge of our hospitals at Santa Fee, where he was taken prisoner. By a breach of good faith on the part of the Federal authorities, he with some 175 or 200 of our sick and wounded, were sent across the plains to Fort Leavenworth, and thence to the modern American Bastile in Chicago, where, in company with the prisoners taken at the fall of Fort Donelson, they were kept until some time in October. In that month the Doctor with his party was exchanged at Vicksburg. He rejoined his Regiment at Millican, Texas, a short time before the taking of Galveston. Shortly after that event he was taken by Col. Hardeman, who had been assigned to the command of the first Texas Partisan Rangers Brigade (now Guards) as chief surgeon of that Brigade. On the death of Colonel James Riley, Hardeman was ordered back to his old Regiment; and greatly to the pleasure of all Many was again brought back to his old Regiment, amongst the boys of which he had become very popular. He enjoyed the full confidence of all. With the sick he was most deservedly popular.

Some time in July he was again promoted to surgeon of the first Regiment, in which capacity he served until after the battle of Mansfield, when he was assigned to duty as Chief Surgeon of Major's Cavalry Division, (Green's old Division) which position he now fills. As a practitioner he has been one of the most successful in our army; whilst as a field surgeon he scarcely has a superior. He enjoys, as he richly deserves, the entire confidence of many officers and soldiers of the whole Division.

The Doctor is a young man, and for the benefit of all "concerned," I hope it will not be considered a *miss* in me to state that he is yet unmarried.

As a companion he is sociable and agreeable—one much given to study—always cheerful and happy when surrounded either by friends or reverses; and perhaps what is a higher recommendation to him than all else I have said, he is in the truest and best sense a good man.

ASSISTANT SURGEON FRANK RAINEY

Was born in Greene county, Alabama, on the 16th of November, 1836. In the fall of 1842 or '43 his father removed to Arkansas. Af-

ter his death in 1854 young Rainey moved to Texas with his brother Col. A. T. Rainey, where he located in Houston county. He commenced the study of medicine in the spring of 1856, and entered college in the ensuing fall. After attending three regular courses of medical lectures, he graduated in March, 1860, and commenced the practice of his profession in Houston county with his father-in-law Dr. F. L. Meriwether. Soon afterwards he joined the army (Randall's Regiment) and served as a private through the campaign of Arkansas.—From ill health he was discharged in December 1862, and joined the second Regiment of our Brigade some time in the following January.—A few days before the battle of Bisland he was made Acting Assistant Surgeon by Col. Riley, and assigned to duty as such with the first Regiment. In July following he was examined by the army medical board, and became the Assistant Surgeon of that Regiment.

It is said of him that he passed the best examination before the board of any applicant that had been brought before them.

Of Dr. Rainey I can say with all sincerity that I have never known a medical officer who was more devoted to his duties, the cause, and the sick; and when he leaves us he will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that he leaves behind him a host of friends whose kind wishes will follow him wherever he may go.

ASSISTANT SURGEON R. C. WATSON

Was born in the State of North Carolina, and moved to Texas in January 1859. He commenced the study of medicine at the University of Virginia, and completed the course at the University of Pennsylvania. He commenced the practice of medicine in his own native State, where he remained for three years, when his health became impaired, and his profession was obliged to be abandoned. By the advice of friends he was induced to change the climate, and try his fortunes for better health in traveling. Accordingly he came to Texas and located in Austin county, where for a short time his "shingle was hung out;" but in consequence of ill health he was again compelled to abandon his profession. In October 1861 he volunteered as a private, and served as such for six months, when he received the appointment of Assistant Surgeon of Waller's Battalion of Texas cavalry, in which capacity he has served with great credit to himself and good to the cause.

The Doctor is yet quite a young man, enjoying the highest confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. Were I to seek for a criterion by which to judge of the worth of an army surgeon, I would first call upon those under him and learn from them his true worth.

H. P. Wiley, of company C of his Battalion was wounded at the battle of Bisland by an Enfield rifle ball striking him in the orifice of the left ear, passing forward above the palate and through the cheek bone of the opposite side, inflicting what at first would have been pronounced a fatal wound. Having a most excellent constitution he was

able to stand the treatment necessary to ensure a speedy cure, which was effected in a comparatively short time, and the subject of these remarks is now doing duty in the field.

As a courteous gentleman and agreeable companion the Doctor has but few equals; and as a physician, he has few superiors to his age either in or out of the army.

SURGEON JOHN M. BRONAUGH.

Was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, at which place he received his early education, and in his twentieth year he commenced the study of medicine under Professor Thomas Miller in the city of Philadelphia. In 1845 he graduated with high honors at the Medical University of Pennsylvania, and soon afterwards commenced the practice of medicine in the city of Washington. In this place he enjoyed a lucrative practice until the commencement of the war with Mexico.—On the 22d of March, 1847, he was appointed by President Polk as Adjutant of the twelfth Regiment of United States infantry—in which capacity he served through the battles of the Valley of Mexico, and was brevetted for his gallantry at the ever memorable battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. Shortly after the close of the war the Doctor emigrated to Missouri, where he settled and commenced the practice of medicine in the far west. To climb mountains and seek adventures among them, prompted the Doctor to try an overland trip to California. Arriving in the "land of gold" in the spring of 1852, he again hung out his "shingle," and was again crowded with professional business. Not being contented here, and thoroughly convinced that this was not the El Dorado of his *beau ideal*, he again resolved to travel, which he did in the spring of 1855 by way of Panama back to Missouri. For some reason not known to the writer, the Doctor, shortly after arriving in Missouri, turned his eye towards Texas—to which State he moved in that year, and settled, as he says, permanently in Jackson county. True to the nature which prompts one to be a patriot, and a useful man to his country, the Doctor volunteered in October 1859 to again meet the Mexicans who, under Cortinas, were then environing our Rio Grande country. He was made first Lieutenant in the Victory county company. He was a private in the Port Lavacca campaign, at the capitulation of the U. S. forces at Saluria, Texas, in April 1861. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the second Regiment by General Sibley on the 16th of September, and as such served with his Regiment through the campaign of New Mexico.

There is no surgeon in the army who has been more constant and untiring than surgeon Bronaugh. Constantly at his post, he is ever to be found on the field ready to perform his duty at any time and at any place. The Doctor has as little fear of danger as Cæsar would have had had he been a surgeon.

Although most remarkably gruff and pointed in his manners and

ways, yet there is not a warmer and kinder hearted man towards the sick than is Dr. Bronaugh.

He is the only grandson, now surviving, of that illustrious and ever to be remembered chieftain, the late Col. William Bronaugh, of Virginia—who, it will be remembered, was a Captain under Washington at Braddock's defeat, and was afterwards made a Colonel in the Revolutionary war. Both of his grandfathers were active officers in the Revolutionary war, and both were wounded at Yorktown. His uncle, Dr. J. C. Bronaugh, was Surgeon General of the Northern Division in the war of 1812. J. M. Bronaugh, his father, was for many years the Chief of the Indian Bureau in Washington City.

As a surgeon the Doctor may have equals, but no superiors in our army; and as a social, jovial, and an intelligant camp companion, the Doctor stands as the excelsior of all who have not had the chances of seeing what he has seen in this low world of trouble.

He has acted as Chief Surgeon of the Brigade for nearly two years, and has discharged the duties incumbent upon him with much credit to himself, and great good to the cause to which he has proven himself a devoted *attache*.

ASSISTANT SURGEON HAL. J. HUNTER

Emigrated to Texas when quite young from the State of Georgia. Studied medicine and graduated at the University of Louisiana in 1859. As a private he served in Company I, of the Third Regiment, until the 10th of March, 1862, when he was promoted to his present position in the Medical Department.

Since his enlistment he has shared the hardships and glories of the old Brigade in the capacity of a private and assistant surgeon, either in the field or in the hospitals. He was placed in charge of the wounded of the Third Regiment at Socorro, after the battle of Val Verde, and was taken a prisoner shortly afterwards. He was exchanged for and placed in charge of the hospital at El Paso, where he was left with the sick when the Brigade evacuated that country. Arriving at San Antonio in the latter part of September, he had but a few days of recreation and rest from his arduous duties before he was again called to the "tented field" and placed in charge of a hospital established for the sick of the Brigade at Houston. Had charge of the wounded at the battle of Galveston. With his regiment at Bisland, he was again placed in charge of the hospital established for our wounded at that place. Barely escaping capture, he rejoined the Brigade on its march to Niblett's Bluff. Was with it constantly in every skirmish and battle, and was again detached from the Brigade at Yellow Bayou, in charge of the hospital there established for the wounded of Wharton's Cavalry Corps.

The Doctor reports the following number of cases of gunshot wounds—belonging to our command—that came under his treatment at

that hospital; Head, 1; ear, 1; face, 1; mouth, 2; neck, 3; shoulder, 4; breast, 6; arm, 8; hand, 13; abdomen, 3; hip, 15; thigh, 23; knee, 3; leg, 14; foot, 8. Total, 105.

Our army needs more just such untiring and indefatigable, as well as courteous and tender-hearted men as Dr. Hunter.

A short time back Assistant Surgeon Greenwood, of the Third Regiment was promoted to Surgeon, and assigned to duty in Lane's Brigade. Although no longer "one of us," it is but meet and just that his memory should be perpetuated, as it justly deserves to be for his valuable services as an able surgeon whilst with us.

Dr. McIver, Surgeon of that regiment, has also lately been transferred to duty elsewhere, which when positively and officially confirmed, makes Dr. Hunter Surgeon.

Although we regret to part with our old and tried friends, who have proved faithful to their trust and true to the cause, yet the entire Brigade will be pleased to hear of Dr. Hunter's advancement at any time, unless it be as it was the case with Many—advance him from us.

Surgeons McPhail and Todd, of the Second Regiment, deserve at my hands more than a passing notice, notwithstanding I can do no more for reasons set forth in my preface. Those two gentlemen must not think the omission an intentional one on my part. Through the kindness of my friends I have been placed in possession of the data which, with no little pains on my part, I was enabled to make up the foregoing notices.

Of Acting Assistant Surgeons Cunningham and Dawson I could not be too extravagant or lavish of praise. Both deserve much at the hands of their countrymen, and the warm wishes of the friends to the Brigade.

"This closes a list of those medical officers of the old Brigade who have been with us from the beginning, and who have held out faithful to the present time. There were others who have deserved well of the country, whose names it would have been a pleasure to record, and whose faithful services in the cause of humanity deserve to have been handed down to posterity; but some of these have left us and gone we know not whither, whilst others have come amongst us so recently that they could scarcely be regarded as forming a part of the old Brigade.

"Our article on the subject of medical officers, &c., is fast drawing to a close. Many a reader of our humble history, in coming to the heading "Medical Officers of the Brigade," will, we fear, hesitate to read farther; but why should they not? It is natural that they should feel as the world feels! It has been aptly said that 'the crowd rushes to the pageantry of great men.' We see the long lines of glittering bayonets, the flashing of swords, the glitter of showy uniforms, the flowing plumes and the prancing of richly caparisoned steeds, and the most thrilling emotions of our hearts are awakened by all the 'pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war.' We are proud of the

gallant bearing, the noble daring and the lofty patriotism of our brave officers of the field and the line, and the privates of the rank who 'fight not for [illegible] but for country.' Let us cast our eye a little further down, there at the foot of the regiment, and what do we see? A soldier? Yes! He too is on the road to danger, but not like the others on the road to fame and glory and greatness. It is the Surgeon! After the hour of battle, when the maimed and bleeding are brought to the rear, whose steady nerve and cool, dispassionate judgment is so much needed? whose skillful hand and brave heart is so relied upon now as the Surgeon of the regiment?

"All call him—he hears the voice of the poor soldier, as well as that of the powerful general; his companions and his friends, mutilated and dying, are placed before him—he drives back to the depths of his heart the emotions of the man in order to remain master of himself; for the eye of a surgeon ought not then to be covered with a tear.

"Kneeling upon the bloody straw of the hospital, he deliberately gives his orders, and with his moral courage he restores the broken courage of the wounded soldiers. In his countenance which all seek to read, there shines a supreme calmness which fills the soul with confidence and sheds the divine balm of faith over the wounded. In these solemn hours the Surgeon is the depository of great mysteries. The dying confides to him his touching adieus for his distant family—one remits his wealth, another his secrets. The general, the officer and the soldier, after the battle, hear only the songs of triumph and the shouts of joy; the Surgeon only hears the long groan of the army.

"When night comes all sleep but him—vigilant sentinel, he watches among the wounded. The next day, worn down with fatigue and watching, he takes up the line of march with the ambulances, going from one to another; here sounding a wound in the head, there seeking a ball in the labyrinth of the human breast—giving hope to all, and thus to speak, sowing life all around him; struggling in desperation against death, inventing, improvising methods, supplying material means by force of intelligence, transforming planks and ropes into apparatus, and at length tearing his own clothes into shreds to staunch the blood of the wounded. 'This is the intelligent struggle of preservation against the blind struggle of destruction.'

Such is the man that you have seen marching modestly at the left of his regiment. Honor then this man who appears to us between the praying sister of charity and the dying soldier. His mission in armies is a thousand times sacred. Wives, mothers and sisters who, in the silence of the fireside, tremble for those who far from you discharge the glorious duties of war, calm your fears; science and charity are watching over those whom you love.

THE COMMISSARY AND QUARTERMASTER DEPARTMENTS.

These departments are justly entitled to space in this little volume. Notwithstanding a self conviction warns me of my inability to do the subject—a gentleman connected therewith—full justice, yet, lest they should accuse me of not thinking well of them, I shall endeavor to say something, let that something be ever so bad.

Of our old A. C. S.'s and A. Q. M.'s I can say but little, either good, bad or indifferent, save that Maj. Brownrigg died of wounds received at the battle of Bisland, while conveying orders across the field from Gen. Sibley.

Of Capt. H. E. Leobnitze I could not speak too commendatory. Why he left us to take the rank of Major in the Clothing Bureau in Texas is a mystery. As a business man, a courteous gentleman, and a good quartermaster, he had but few, if any, superiors in our army. His old regiment deeply regret his loss.

Capts. Z. C. Wilson, of the Second, and Capt. Fisher, of the Third, are two energetic and worthy officers, who are justly very popular with all both above and under them. The former, if I mistake not, has most naturally a fondness for the fair sex and good music, fast horses and good teams, together with a plenty of "forage" for No. 2.

Capt. Hirshfield, of the Battalion, has repeatedly been offered promotions, in consequence of his business qualifications, but acquiescing in the wish of his men, he has refused every one so far.

To the Commissary Department I am no particular friend, in consequence of my being a great lover of the good things. I am not disposed to give it much credit, because I didn't get any. But "howsomever that does not preclude the possibility of myself and the gentleman therein from being *good friends*.

Capt. D. Corwin, who is now acting in that capacity for the Brigade, is a man deserving of much credit for his promptness, as well as his untiring and faithful exertions in the behalf of those who, like gay young geese in a rain shower, are disposed to look up for something to quench hunger, thirst, &c.

Capt. S. M. Crosson, another deserving man, fills the position of A. Q. M. Both of the above named officers are on the road to advancement and promotion.

Captains A. D. Elam and J. Wilkins, commissaries of the First and Second Regiments, are both young officers of much promise and high worth.

ORATION

DELIVERED BY

GOVERNOR P. MURRAH,

IN THE

CAPITOL,

AT THE

FUNERAL CEREMONIES

OVER THE

REMAINS OF MAJ. GEN. TOM GREEN,

ON THE 2d DAY OF MAY, 1864.

We come to bury the remains of Gen. Tom Green. We come to pay the solemn funeral rites due to the remains of a fallen hero, universally mourned and honored. We are not the only mourners over the corse of the distinguished dead. All Texas grieves—and a family of States, united in the mighty struggle in which he fought and fell, join in the lamentations at his loss.

The name of Gen. Green, like that of Morgan, of Forrest and of Stonewall Jackson, is a familiar household word throughout the Confederate States; and is this day, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, lisped in praise and in sorrow by the stern soldier under arms, the citizen pursuing his daily avocations, the female engaged in the cares of domestic life, and the youth of the land, fired with a pure ambition by his noble deeds. A nation mourns, and bows in grief with the stricken and disconsolate family of the distinguished patriot and warrior.

But a few brief weeks since, he was here, full of health and buoyancy, enjoying a few days of recreation—snatched from the stern business of war—in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by friends, greeted, and loved, and honored by all. And now he lies, in the cold embrace of death, within the Capitol of that State for which he had so often periled his life on the fields of strife and of blood, and to which his services had been dedicated from youth to that all-fatal hour.

It is the appropriate place for performance of these solemn ceremonies over his mouldering dust. It is meet that his remains should here lie in state, and that his friends and his countrymen should unite in doing him homage, and in manifesting their sense of his great worth

and irreparable loss. It is meet that his coffin should be adorned, as it is, with flowers and green boughs, gathered from the gardens and forests of Texas, and arranged by the hands of matron and maiden; and that over it should droop the flag of his country. We cannot honor him beyond measure, for he fought and died for all that is sacred to us. It is meet that this Capitol—over that heart that no longer beats—over that face no longer illumined with smiles, save the smile of the warrior in death—that the officers of the State and the Confederacy should unite in doing these honors; and that the roar of cannon and the strains of martial music—which so often on the field of carnage stirred his great heart—should reverberate through these halls, and echo and re-echo, from hill top to hill top, the solemn funeral dirge, and be borne away on the waves of the Colorado, on whose banks was his chosen home, and upon which he spent so many hours in recreation and manly sports.

While yet a youth, Gen. Green emigrated from Tennessee to Texas, and participated in the war then waged with Mexico, and which resulted in the establishment of the Lone Star Republic. He was distinguished for gallantry and high soldierly qualities at the battle of San Jacinto, and there gave assurances of his future greatness as a military leader. From that day forth he became a marked man in Texas, and in all her troubles, never failed in the hour of need to come to her assistance with that ardency and devotion which so strikingly marked his character.

He was associated, in deeds of daring and glory, with that band of heroes and of statesmen—that galaxy of bright and lasting names who led the van of civilization in Texas, and laid the foundation, by their swords and counsel, for the empire of freedom, of law, and of well-ordered government, on the banks of the Sabine, the Brazos and the Colorado. He is numbered with the founders of Republics and States, and this proud association is due to his name on the historic pages of Texas. He participated in the stirring events which established that Republic. He was an actor in the immediate transactions which merged the Republic into one of the United States. He raised his voice and exerted his influence when Texas was threatened with loss of equality, and with manifold wrongs, in violation of the compact, to sever her connection with the Federal Government.

In the contest for the freedom and independence of Texas, in the Indian campaigns which followed, and in the war of the United States with Mexico, he received that martial training—that bent of mind—and acquired that coolness upon the field which so eminently fitted him for command in the coming struggle of the Southern with the Northern States, and to which, in magnitude, all former wars on this continent were in comparison but as the grain of sand to the towering mountain.

The contest came—the bloody and long continued contest—and he stepped forth from the bosom of a weeping family—from the circles of

friendship—from the civil walks of life—a champion of freedom's cause. He laid aside the pen, and buckled on the sword. He called to his countrymen—he called for volunteers—and such was the confidence in his courage, his zeal, and ability to lead, that soon he stood at the head of a regiment of choice spirits—their chosen leader—pledged to follow wherever he might lead, and to share with him the dangers and glory of freedom's battles. From that day forth, his fame increased—his name grew brighter—his deeds more glorious.

There was, in the disposition and nature of Gen. Green, those qualities which eminently fitted him for a favorite and successful military chieftain. He was cool and daring, even to a fault, upon the field. Every man in his command, from the private to the officer, felt that in him they had a friend, sincere and true, and that the dangers which he asked them to brave, he was at all times ready to share. Merit never escaped his penetrating eye, or passed uncommended. The faithful soldier never brought to him his sorrows and his troubles, without being heeded and relieved. These qualities marked his disposition from the beginning to the end of his military career, and in every rank which he filled. The country never felt that they had lost a citizen—the private soldier never felt that he had lost a friend—when a Major Generalship was conferred upon Tom Green. He quitted the pursuits of the private citizen, only when the tocsin of war was sounded—when danger threatened his country—and then, with the fond expectation of returning to the peaceful avocations of life when the strife was over, and his country saved. Pœans have been sung for ages to the memory of Cincinnatus. History has recorded on its brightest pages the purity and simplicity of his character, as a citizen; his courage and readiness to do battle as a soldier when Rome was in danger. Once did he leave the plough and take the sword; and then only for a brief period of time. How often did Green leave the peaceful avocations of a private citizen, and the endearments of home, to defend his country. All that has been recorded in history or in song of the virtues of the Roman may, with equal justice and truth, be recorded of Green. The same spirit and admirable disposition—the same unpretending patriotism—the same singleness of purpose—were beautifully blended in the characters of the Roman and the Texan. If Cincinnatus was dear to the hearts of the Roman people—if his memory was embalmed in their literature—how can the memory of Green fail, so long as there is a Southern heart, or a Southern literature to cherish it.

But I will trace no further the parallel between these illustrious charactors. Green was the hero of many combats and many hard-fought battles. He became great as the occasion was great. He rose to the full proportions of a great military chieftain so soon as the opportunity was offered. His mind worked with more intensity, and with the same accuracy, in the midst of the carnage of conflict, as if no cannon sent forth their missiles of death, and as if no danger was near.

His quick perception noted at once the weak points in the plans and movements of the enemy; and with eager courage, and unerring judgment, he at once took advantage of them. The enemy were assailed in a manner, at a time, and with an impetuosity that overwhelmed them with surprise, and routed and defeated them. His success was uniform and unbroken. Wherever his battle-flags were spread to the breeze, and the charge sounded to his invincible battalions, the contest was short—the shout of triumph went up—and victory reposed in pride upon his floating banners. While others hesitated and paused, through caution, indecision, and a feeling of uncertainty, he had already surveyed the field, settled his plans, and was crowned victor of the day. It was not courage, coolness and daring alone that gave Green his triumphs, and inspired with confidence the martial bands that followed and obeyed him. It was mind, discrimination, judgment, genius—that lofty self-reliance and fearlessness of responsibility which mark all great souls.

These illustrious qualities were eminently displayed in that battle which won for him from commander and officer, and private soldiers, where there were so many distinguished for their gallantry, the proud distinction—the hero of Val Verde. They were again displayed at the battle which wrested Galveston from the possession of the insolent foe. A wail of distress—a cry for help, was heard—and Green stood upon the bayous of Louisiana, surrounded by his veteran legions, ready for the conflict with vastly superior numbers of the foe. In a few brief months, Lafourche, Burbeaux, Brashear City, Donaldsonville, Fordoche, and numerous other battles had been fought—the tide of victory turned—the enemy everywhere checked, defeated and driven back and overwhelmed, in confusion and dismay. Thousands of them had been slain, numbers of prisoners taken, and millions of property captured. A sense of relief—a feeling of re-inspired hope, were again experienced by the people of that down-trodden and almost enthralled State; and men, women and children, everywhere, rose up to shout the deeds, and bless the name of Green. The very streams that water that fertile soil echoed with his achievements, and murmured his glories; and their waves, catching the sounds, rolled them upon the glad waters of that gulf, upon whose bosom he has so often sported, and upon whose shores he had first illustrated his gallantry as a soldier.

Within the space of two years he had fought and won fifteen or twenty battles, at points distant from each other a thousand miles or more. His powers of endurance, and the cheerfulness with which he submitted, without a murmur to hardship and suffering, inspired his soldiers with the same spirit, and likens him to the first of warriors. Qualities less illustrious—labors less arduous and important—patriotism less arduous and less devoted—deified many an ancient hero.

But his course was not yet run. His services to his country were not yet finished. The monument of his fame was not yet completed.

The enemy reassembled their shattered forces; increased their numbers to a vast array; made new combinations, and laid new plans, to attack and overwhelm the Trans-Mississippi Department, and to build upon our ruin the foundations of their own unholy power. The defiant and insolent hosts had to be met, crushed and expelled from the land, polluted by their presence; or else our ruin was certain, our hopes blasted, and our liberties gone.

If the battle of Tours saved Europe from the Crescent, and secured to it the triumph of the Cross—if the battles of Salamis and Platæa saved Greece from Asiatic rule, and secured to her that freedom and nationality which still lives in her literature—her history—her eloquence—in the triumphs of her arts and sciences, and in the immortal songs of her poets—what shall we say of the importance to Texas—to the whole Trans-Mississippi Department, and to the whole Confederacy—of the battles of the 8th and 9th of April, 1864, at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill? The time to estimate their value, and to appreciate their consequences, has not yet come. May they be to us as were the battles of Salamis and Platæa to Greece.

Maj. Gen. Green was there with his invincible bands about him—the veterans of many a well-fought field—the companions in arms of his glory. Hither he came to triumph or to perish. He well knew the importance of the deadly conflict, and success or death was the only thought that ruled his mind and fired his heart. He turned to the Capitol of Texas, one fond, anxious gaze—his home, his family. He drew his sword and threw away the scabbard. On these imperishable fields, he exhibited the most consumate generalship, as if his last battles were to be his greatest, his last deeds bequeathed to his countrymen, the most brilliant and lasting. Ney was never more daring and reckless of life—Napoleon never more cool and calculating, in the midst of carnage, and when contending with fearful odds against him. He seemed inspired with more than human courage, and with more than human power. The inspiration that fired his own bosom, was caught by all who followed and obeyed him, and by all who witnessed the displays of his valor. In the midst of the smoke and din of battle, his towering form was seen, as if some mysterious genius of the strife, secure from the missiles of death; moving on wherever danger was most threatening, animating, leading and directing his fearless followers. Success attended wherever he led; and the enemy, assailed unexpectedly in front and rear, and routed and defeated, either surrendered as prisoners of war, or fled in confusion. Our army was composed of heroes, all. They were more than Spartan bands—and none more heroic, more daring, more distinguished, than the hero of Val Verde.

But when the Trans-Mississippi Department was ringing with shouts of joy over these triumphs, and with praises to his name, and thanksgivings ascending to the God of Hosts, for the deliverance vouchsafed to the people—when he was gathering up the spoils of victory, and laboring to cut off from the enemy all means of escape—when

thirty minutes more of life, spared to him, would have ensured to our arms another brilliant success in the capture of transports and gunboats—when all eyes were turned to him in increased admiration and wonder—Oh! how shall I utter the calamity that then befell my country—that made even these victories gloomy and dearly bought—Green fell—a bleeding sacrifice upon her altar—amongst the first of great martyrs to our cause in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He had lived enough for his own fame, but not enough for his country. His example will endure. His deeds can never perish. He will live in the hearts of his countrymen— a monument more broad and enduring than inscriptions on brass, or entablatures of marble.

"But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To life in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

We must all be gathered to the tombs of our fathers; and the bereaved family of the departed patriot should find consolation in the brilliant sunset of his life, and in the honors of his name—more to them than treasures of gold. The public sympathy and the public regard will attend them. The offices of a delicate and true friendship will not be found wanting. The muse of song and the pen of the historian will hand down his name in honor, and future generations, as they shall come on the shores of time, shall rise up to call him blessed. His friends and companions, the officers of that high judicial tribunal to which he was so long attached, who knew him best, and appreciated his manly and social qualities, who never met him but with pleasure, and never parted with him but with regret, can never forget those pleasing associations. Time will only serve to make these impressions deeper upon the heart, and memory will cherish them with "miser care."

"So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

The authorities in the State would, in the name of the people, have taken a mournful pride in receiving these remains—a sacred trust—in depositing them in the State Cemetery—in placing them by the side of the remains of Burleson, of McCulloch, of Hemphill—in marking by appropriate monuments their last resting place. But his own wishes, expressed in anticipation of his fall, according with that modesty and true dignity of nature which were so strikingly prominent in his character, and the inclinations of a bereaved and affectionate family, point to the family burial-ground as the appropriate place for their last repose.

There let them repose in peace; and over that grave let the wild vine and the flowers, and the plants, nourished by hand of affection, entwine themselves. Over that grave let the wild birds sing their untaught songs, and the blue waves of the Colorado, by night and by day, hum their requiems. There let the first beams of morn and the last rays of evening linger. And there let the moonbeams repose in beauty and proclaim departed day and the reign of night. There let friendship and affection, free from the noisy obtrusions of the world, pour out their sorrows. Around that unpretending grave, let youth be instructed and inspired by the example and heroic deeds of him who there lies buried. And there let manhood and age gather, and own how beautiful the end of life is when it ends in glory. That spot needs no monument of stone or marble, wrought by the cunning hand of art, to mark and distinguish it. Its sacred associations will attract every passer-by, every visitor to the Capitol of Texas, every sojourner through the country, and to it will be turned the admiring gaze of thousands afar off, who can never visit the spot. It will be enough to awaken a thousand sacred recollections, and to inspire the heart with the loftiest purposes—for the last wanderer who shall linger about this simple and unpretending grave, to say no more than this: Here lies the remains of TOM GREEN!

MEN OF NO RANK.

But as the Yankees would say, "of great notoriety." Although the names of John, William and Wade may not fill pages of our future history, or the cognomens of Ben. Frasier, R. J. Smith, J. K. Nixon, or Gravell Shaw, neither those of Norvell, Patterson, and a host of others, in recounting their daring deeds in their country's cause, yet their names deserve to be long remembered. And this not only for their deeds of daring, but also for their manly moral worth, as zealous soldiers. A grateful people will reward them none the less notwithstanding their names are to be found on history's page in neither SMALL nor LARGE capitals for noble deeds of daring as well as for unflinching devotion to our cause. Their names, with scores of others, will be a rich and bright legacy to them in years yet to come when this cruel war is over.

Although the graves of Bud Morgan, John Porter and young Abbot Joe Doss, and Pendleton Francis, like many of their now sleeping companions, are yet unmarked, they "still live" in the memory of their old comrades.

The graves of our noble dead are to be found from where the hoarse ringing sound of battle was echoed back in Canon glorietta across the wide domain of the "Lone Star State," through the swamps of Louisiana, on the banks of the "Father of rivers," aye, in the Crescent City, on the briny deep, at home, and amongst strangers, in solitary places and in noted cemetaries. For them we should not forget to offer up a prayer. Their memory will long be revered. Those who have fought in this cruel crusade against us for honor and title, are alike the minions and harpies of destruction who fight against us for money. He who has done his duty in this our struggle for life, liberty and honor, and has won for himself the appellation "a good soldier," whether he be a private or a Corporal, a full General or a Lieutenant, will deserve in unison that glory which we all are now free to accord to Lee, Beauregard, Jackson and Green. All things, military as well as civil and commercial, must need have chiefs, superintendents or heads. Thus it is we have officers in the army. Fellow soldier, I beg you not to hide that gay, lightheaded parlor doll, who would treat you with scorn and contempt in order to court the favors of some slick faced, finely dressed official. Poor thing! she is more to be pitied by you than condemned by her sex. No doubt "Maggie," our own poetess Maggie, has reference to this in her ballad entitled "Buttons:

I know of none that half so well
Deserves a poet's tongue to tell
His noble deeds of lasting fame,
That win for him an honored name,
No hero can by Buttons stand,
He is the proudest of the land.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

COL. WM. P. HARDEMAN.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in Williamson county, Middle Tennessee, on the 4th of November, 1826; and in the fall of 1835 moved from Hardiman county, West Tennessee, to Texas. He served as a private through the Texas Revolution in Erastus (Deaf) Smith's company, and participated in the battle of San Jacinto, where he was slightly wounded. Some time in 1842 he settled in Matagorda county, Texas, where he lived until 1848, when he moved to Gaudalupe county, and settled on the San Marcas river, below the town of Prairie Lea. In 1846 he served as a private in Capt. Ben McCollock's spy company, in the Missouri river. Being of a conciliating disposition, slow to form an opinion or to pass judgment on even the most trivial things, at the commencement of this war he was disposed to "look before he leaped;" consequently he did not rush into things, as many do, blindly. After secession and war had become fixed facts, he, like all men of true worth, placed not only all of his means and energy, but also his life at his country's service. The tocsin of war had hardly sounded ere he was busily engaged in raising a company for the service. On the 20th of September his company was organized by its unanimously electing him their Captain. At first some fears were entertained of its not being received in consequence of not being needed. Such was not long the case. Another war wind came, and Captain Hardeman took up the line of march, "armed to the teeth with shot and squirrel guns" for San Antonio. The company was mustered into service on the 27th of August, 1861, "for during the war," and was placed upon the list as "A" company of the first Regiment of the Sibley Brigade.

At the battle of Val Verde he was wounded twice. For the great gallantry displayed at the siege of Albuquerque, in New Mexico on the 6th of April, where he with his company defended the place against 1500 of the enemy, under Major Duncan, he was promoted Lieutenant Colonel of the first Regiment. Taking command of the Regiment a few days afterwards, he was chiefly instrumental in bringing the Val Verde battery through the mountains; and for the zeal and untiring energy displayed on this occasion, he received the highest commendation not only of the entire command, but also from the commanding General. He continued in command of the Regiment until it arrived at San Antonio in July, 1862, and was furloughed. At the taking of

Galveston he again commanded the Regiment (Riley the Brigade.)—Shortly after this he was assigned by Gen. Magruder to the command of the first Texas Partisan Ranger Brigade, in which capacity he served until the 20th of June, when he rejoined his old Regiment on the march towards Brashear City, as full Colonel.

At the desperate assault on Fort Butler, he commanded our left wing. Here again he displayed unusual coolness and daring courage.—Shortly after the battle of Fort Buster he was taken very sick, and was absent until a few days before the battle of Burbeaux. He was placed in command of the Brigade a few days after this battle, and as its commander he distinguished himself on several occasions before leaving for Texas in the fall of 1863. He was in command of the Brigade on its march to Texas, and the greater part of the time while there. On taking up the line of march for Louisiana in the spring of 1864, he was still in command of the Brigade. At Mansfield he started in as commander of his Regiment; but ere the close of that day's bloody work, he commanded the Brigade, leading his men forward with his usual intrepid valor. At Pleasant Hill he was placed in command of the extreme right wing, consisting of his own and Terrell's Regiment. Here it was that he again showed himself in his true light. Brave even to a fault, he rallied his men as none who saw him could have done, and with a desperation worthy of our cause, he tried, but tried in vain, to check the advancing columns of the enemy, who were ten times his strength.

On the 20th of January 1864, he was commissioned by General Smith as Brigadier General; but for some reasons known only to the Commander in Chief of the Confederate army, his commission was not approved. At the battle of Mansuria he was placed in command of the Brigade. I am told that in this fight, as the Brigade was brought into line and the order was given for him to charge the enemy's position, in taking his post and giving the command "Forward," he shed tears on seeing his men falling around him by the murderous fire of the enemy's artillery, as he advanced through the open field. This I do not doubt, since knowing him as do all others who have been under him as being possessed of one of the most tender hearts for his men. The following is an extract from a letter written by him to Gen. Green on an occasion when nearly one half of our Brigade was on the sick list, and one half of the patients treated in the hospitals were dying. The letter will speak for itself. It had the desired effect. In a few days an order came to furlough the sick. Many are now living who would have died had it not been written:

HEAD QUARTERS FOURTH TEXAS CAVALRY,
October 25th, 1863.

Brigadier Gen. Green, commanding Division:—Believing that Major General Green had authorized you to furlough such sick men as the Brigade Surgeon certified that a change of climate and diet was neces-

sary to their recovery, I on yesterday forwarded through Col. Bagby a list of the names with the necessary certificates from my Regimental Surgeon and a note from Col. Bagby explaining their informality.—confident that you would order the men furloughed. It has been returned disapproved by the Senior Surgeon, George Couples. General, I appealed to you in behalf of those men when I first returned to the Regiment. I have appealed through Col. Bagby to General Taylor. In a word, I have exhausted all legitimate measures for their relief in vain. Some of these men I have known for years. They are my neighbors—were enlisted by me. Most of them have lived with you and me for two years, and are known to be good soldiers. Dr. Mauay certifies on honor that a change of climate is necessary to their recovery. That he is qualified to judge, the fact that he has passed the best examination of any surgeon west of the Mississippi, is sufficient testimony. That he is sincere and conscientious I will vouch for. I have known him from his boyhood. The question, then, is, shall I let these men linger and die in camps? or shall I send them home on my own responsibility, and be dismissed from the service for so doing?—What little reputation I have gained as a soldier, is as nothing when placed in the balance against the lives of these men. I know that I could order them home under the pretext of getting clothing for their companies; but I scorn to do a thing of that kind. They are, in justice, entitled to a furlough. The interest of the cause in behalf of which we have taken up arms requires it. I will order them regularly furloughed by the commanders, let the consequences be what they may.

WM. P. HARDEMAN,
Col. Fourth Regiment.

On arriving in Arkansas the Colonel was again placed in command of the Division while it was on the Arkansas river, which position he held up to the 26th of November, when he was placed in command of the Cavalry Corps.

I could not use language too expressive in eulogizing him as a soldier, an officer and a gentleman, or as a citizen or neighbor in time of peace. No one deserves more of his country than Col. Hardeman; and in years to come for one to be able to say that he soldiered with Green and Hardeman, will be an honor equaled only by those veterans who fought with Gordon at Port Hudson, or Beauregard at Charleston.—When this war is over Col. Hardeman will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty, and that a grateful people and a noble soldiery appreciate him for his services.

COL. HENRY C. M'NEILL.

Was born in Natchez, Miss., in 1837, emigrated to Texas in 1840, entered college in the Kentucky Military Institute, Franklin county, Ky., in the fall of 1848. Thence he went to the Western Military Institute, where he graduated, preparatory to going to the West Point

Military Institute, where he graduated with the highest honors in 1857. Gen Floyd was then Secretary of War. From him he received his first order to report to the first Regiment of U. S. Mounted Rifles for duty as a Lieutenant in Company B of that Regiment, which was then stationed at Fort Stockton in New Mexico. Before joining the Regiment he was promoted and assigned to duty as commander of company C, then stationed at Fort Craig. At the breaking out of the war, and on hearing that Texas had seceded, he resigned his commission in the U. S. service, proceeded to Richmond, and tendered his services to our young Confederacy. He was ordered by the Secretary of War, Pope Walker, to report to General Sibley for duty. The latter forthwith sent him as bearer of dispatches to Dr. Clark of Texas. He was also authorized by Gen. Sibley to proceed, immediately on his arrival in Texas, to the organizing of a Cavalry Brigade. After mustering in several companies at his own solicitation, he retired from this duty. Shortly after this time he received the appointment of Lieut. Col. of the second Regiment (fifth Texas Cavalry). In this capacity he served throughout the whole campaign of New Mexico—staying with his Regiment and performing the duties of a valorous officer. At the battle of Galveston he played a conspicuous part, and for his military deportment eneral Magruder ordered him detached and placed as chief of his staff. In this capacity he served until Col. Green was promoted as Brigadier, when he was ordered back to his Regiment as its Colonel. In this position he has since served, both with fidelity and impartiality On many occasions the Colonel has commanded the Brigade, always giving entire satisfaction to those under him, as well as to his superiors.

As a gentleman of the highest honorable scruples, who would scorn to perform a mean act, the Colonel may have equals, but no superiors.

Although a graduate of distinguished honors from West Point, there is one thing he neglected to learn whilst there—viz., the knack of shifting responsibility and mishaps—a thing in many instances absolutely necessary to insure speedy promotion. At West Point he was a classmate with Strong and Palfrey—both men of high rank at this day—as are also Mead. Alexander and Berry, who command on the Potomac. The Colonel deserves well of his country. He commanded the Brigade through the entire campaign of Arkansas, with much credit to himself.

MAJ. SAM. A. LOCKRIDGE,

The pride of the army, the worshipped idol of the old fifth Texas Cavalry, was born in Jefferson County, Ala., in 1828, and with his parents when quite young he emigrated to Mississippi, whence he moved to Texas in 1850. In 1851 he again started to the "far west"—this time to California. Here he was not contented with gold alone, and in 1857 he joined Walker in his Nicaraugua expedition, in whose army he was made a Colonel of Cavalry. By those conversant with Walk-

er's history the name of Lockridge will appear familiar. A short time before the capture of Walker and his party, the subject of these remarks was mortally wounded in the leg, and came to New Orleans for treatment. Here he commenced the study of law, and graduated at one of our highest law universities. Returning to Texas his "shingle" was pasted in Gonzalas for a short season. He was amongst the first of his patriotic county to enroll his name for the defence of his country. He was appointed Major of the second Regiment at Colonel Green's solicitation by Gen. Sibley, and as its commander on many occasions, he won the entire confidence and good will of all who were under him.

He fell while nobly and heroically leading his column forward in the charge on the enemy's (McCray's, now the Val Verde) battery.—Justly has he been styled the hero of Val Verde. In the loss of Lockridge our country and its cause lost a noble, chivalrous and generous officer. Words are inadequate to express a true sense of his worth.—May the turf of Val Verde lay lightly on the bosom of our sleeping hero! May his ashes rest in peace, and may a grateful people honor and revere his noble deeds, and the soldiery of our land emulate them, is all that his old comrades and friends can wish; for now that he has gone to the warrior's house, where with the souls of Greene, Roquet, Shropshire and a host of others, may we but hope he rests in the hands of his God in peace.

LIEUT. COL. J. S. SUTTON.

The subject of this sketch emigrated to Texas early in the year 1836, and although of a retiring and modest disposition, he soon gained the confidence and esteem of his companions. He was a Lieutenant in the army of the Republic of Texas, where he won a name for gallantry and coolness in the hour of danger. At the time of his fall on the hard fought field of Val Verde, he was about forty-five years of age—small in stature, but of good constitution. He was a noble looking man—dark, curly hair, dark complexion, and a clear, steady eye, indicative of the firm and manly spirit that dwelt within.

Like many others, at the time he went to Texas he sought adventure and excitement. At one time he would amuse himself by hunting in the very path of the Indian; at another he might be found Captain of a scouting party; and when he did engage in these expeditions on the frontier, the Indians had cause to lament that they had aroused the Texan.

In 1840 he engaged in the ill fated expedition to Santa Fe, under the administration of President Lamar, and of course was captured and driven to the City of Mexico, where he suffered everything but death. He was liberated some time in the year 1842, after which he made his home about San Antonio, Texas, always offering his purse and services, whenever and wherever needed. He figured conspicuously in the war with Mexico, and after its close, returned to his old and familiar scenes

of pleasure and the frontier. He was soon in command of a company of rangers, effective and diligent. After the Indian had been made cautious, and somewhat taught to remain within his own bounds, Col. Sutton sought a few years of quiet and pleasure in the bays of Lavacca, Matagorda, Espiritu Santo, Aransas and Corpus Christi. He was now enjoying the liberty for which he had braved death and danger on many an occasion, and was thus passing away his time, when the blast of the war bugle again sounded upon his ears, calling for Southern braves to arm and repel the most bitter and uncompromising foe that had ever yet threatened the country. The old war spirit and love of right needed but little to urge him again to take up his sword.

On the 9th of October, 1861, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the seventh Texas Cavalry, then organizing for the District of Texas, New Mexico and California, and the third Regiment of Sibley's Brigade. He soon took his place in the Regiment and proved himself every way competent, and of much assistance to Colonel Steele. Companies A, B, F, J. and H. of the Regiment were fitted up to follow on after the first and second Regiments, under the command of Colonels Riley and Green, and Lieut. Col. Sutton assumed command and took the road for the field of operations on the 1st day of December, 1861. When the Battalion overtook the Brigade, Gen. Sibley clearly saw that he had in Lieutenant Col. Sutton an officer upon whom he could depend. Upon the arrival of the Brigade Gen. Sibley moved his command in the direction of Fort Craig, and on the 16th of February the Brigade moved up on the plain in front of the fort, and endeavored to draw the enemy out from under his guns. Here Lieutenant Col. Sutton inspired his men with confidence. He occupied our left centre, and cool and determined, was ever ready to meet any movement the enemy made. Gen. Sibley failing in his object, withdrew his command, and in a few days crossed to the east side of the river, and took up his line of march to go around the fort. On the evening of the 20th of February the enemy made a demonstration as though to give us battle again. Lieut. Col. Sutton filled the hearts of his men with confidence. When drawn up in line, he rode in front of his ranks, the very picture of a brave and determined officer, and remarked,—"Texans, think of your rights, and remember the honor of Texas." This was enough, with him for a leader. But four shots were fired on that day; but had there been many, it would have mattered little with him or his men. The next morning, the 21st of February, about 9 o'clock, the battle of Val Verde began. In the forenoon Lieutenant Colonel Sutton commanded the detachment that protected the train, and about 12 o'clock was ordered into the Valley. Soon the charge on the battery was ordered, and while gallantly and firmly leading his men, he received a shot that felled him to the earth, but raising himself upon his elbow, he pointed steadily to the battery and urged his men on as they passed him, refusing all aid until the fight was won.

In a few days, as the Brigade was moving off from its first battle

field, the spirit of Lieut. Col. Sutton took its flight. The only honor paid him at that time was; the tears of his men—a high encomium indeed, but not a shot was fired over the grave of as brave an officer and as true a man as has fallen under the colors of the South.

A Friend, and an Officer of his Regiment.

LIEUT. COL. G. J. HAMPTON

Was born in the State of Tennessee, and emigrated to Texas when quite young, in 1838. He commanded a company in the Cortinas outbreak, in 1859, on the Rio Grande. In 1852 he participated in the exploration expedition to New Mexico. Early in the breaking out of this war he was chosen by the citizens of his county as an agent, and sent to Matamoras to purchase arms for them. Not being successful in this he returned home and immediately organized a company for this Brigade (Co. C, First Regiment). For his gallantry and unflinching conduct at Val Verde, he was made Major of the regiment. After the death of Col. Reily, he was promoted to his present rank, where he is not apt long to stay.

As an officer, he is kind to those under him, and attentive to their wants. He is a staunch disciplinarian, firm in the discharge of his duties, and brave, even to a fault, on the battle field. There is no field officers now belonging to the Brigade who can show the same bright record that Col. Hampton can, in the way of "leave of absence." He has constantly been with his command, as the tables of distance and battle will show. He has never been absent when an "affair" came off.

Of the Colonel it can be truly said, that he is a self-made man in every respect. With more of his kind, our cause would be the more secure, not alone from the Yankees, but also from home enemies.

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM STEELE.

Of this officer the author is unable to give anything like a correct biography. He was, I am informed, an Adjutant General under Gen. Taylor, in the war with Mexico; for his gallantry in which service he was promoted to a captaincy in the cavalry service. At the commencement of this war he resigned his position in that service, and was appointed Colonel of the Seventh Texas Cavalry, (Third Regiment,) which position he held in the campaign in New Mexico. Shortly after our return to Texas, he was promoted to Brigadier General and ordered to duty in the Indian Territory, as commander of that district, from thence to Gen. Magruder, who assigned him to the command of the defences of Galveston; from there to the command of a division of cavalry, under Green, in the Spring of 1864, where he won for himself a never-dying fame for his gallantry and his soldierly qualifications.

As an officer Gen. Steele stands second to none in the Department. With his old regiment his memory will long be cherished. Although not "one of us" now, the Brigade still feel towards him as though he

was yet theirs, and the old Third can with pride say that while the First had her Reily, and the Second its Green, they had their Steele, and with honor to themselves claim him as theirs.

The writer has been disappointed in compiling this biography; the data so absolutely necessary to have enabled him to give the subject justice could not be had.

This closes our book on this subject. There are other officers of whom I should have spoken. Reily deserves pages. His memory will nevertheless long be cherished, not only by the Brigade, but by the masses, who will ever hold in sacred remembrance those who, like him, fell on the field of honor, in the defence of home, country and cause. Of Major, McPhail and Lesueur, I could not be too expressive of praise. They deserve much and well of their country.

In the forthcoming second edition of this volume, the author hopes to be able to lay before the reading world a longer and more deserving biography not only of Gen. Steele, but also of others scarcely made mention of in this work.

YES, YES, WE NO LONGER.

Lines suggested on learning of the death of Col. Phil. T. Herbert, Seventh Texas Cavalry, who was wounded in the battle of April 8th, 1864, near Mansfield, La., while gallantly leading his regiment with his usual coolness and intrepidity—which were the admiration of all who knew him—which wound resulted fatally, causing his departure to the Spirit Land, July 23d, 1864.

BY LOUDON B. WARD, CO. E, SEVENTH REG. TEX. CAV.

Yes, yes, we no longer can doubt or delay
The sad news, which the breezes waft gently away—
Too true—our loved Colonel has gone from our sight,
To the regions where broods Death's dark, silent night.

Thus another now swells the high funeral pile
Raised by the dire spirit which none can beguile,
Who rides his black charger, all spattered with gore,
While prayers and entreaties in his ears vainly pour.

The loved and the brave seem to be his desire,
Those whose bosoms deep burn with patriot fire,
Whose heart-strings strong vibrate to freedom's clear sound,
Where notes ne'er discordant did ever resound.

Bright hopes, now all shattered, lie scattered around,
While despondent we sit, where late did abound
The prospect so cheering, so exciting, to those
Whom he led with such bravery against the proud foes.

The soldiers will often, around the camp fire,
Delight to recount thy brave deeds, to inspire
With fresh courage the soul of those full of fear,
When the foemen come forth and the battle is near.

But our Herbert is gone—he will lead us no more—
His work is now finish d—his battles are o'er—
The star which gave lustre, the brightest and best,
From the sky of the Seventh has set in the west.

Farewell, then, loved Colonel, may you peacefully sleep
And rest from your labors, though sad vigils we keep;
May angels, bright angels, with their wings overshade
The place that so sacred they relics have made.

Names, Number, Dates and Places of Skirmishes in which the Brigade has Participated up to October 1st, 1864.

NAMES.	NO.	DATES.	COMMANDER OF BRIGADE.	COMMANDER OF FORCES.	WHAT COMPANIES AND REGIMENTS ENGAGED.
Fort Craig, N. M.	1	16th Feb., 1862	Sibley	Sibley	Brigade
" "	2	20th " "	"	"	"
Socorro	3	24th " "	"	McNeill	Fifth Texas Cavalry
Canallo Herndo	4	26th March "	"	"	" " "
Albuquerque	5	6th April "	"	Hardeman	Company A, Fourth Texas Cavalry
Peralto*	6	15th " "	"	Green	Brigade—really a battle
Berwick City	7	10th " 1863	Reily	"	Parts of the Fifth Texas Cavalry
Pattersonville	0	10th " "	"	Boone	Waller's and " "
Pattersonville	8	11th " "	"	Green	Waller's and the Brigade
Bisland	0	12th " "	"	Capt. Nix	Company B, Fourth Texas Cavalry
Centreville	9	14th " "	"	Green	Fifth, Seventh and Waller's Battalion
Franklin	10	14th " "	"	Capt. Linn	Companies C and F, Fourth Regt.
Jeanneretts	11	15th " "	Green	Green	Fifth, Waller's and Second La. Cav.
New Iberia	12	16th " "	"	"	Brigade
Vermilionville	13	17th " "	"	"	"
Cheneyville	00		"	Boone	Waller's Battalion
Grand Coteau	14	19th April, 1863	"	Green	Brigade
Franklin	15	24th May "	"	"	"
Berwick City	16	11th June "	"	Shannon	Fifth Texas Cavalry
Fort Butler	17	11th July "	"	Green	Brigade
Morgan's Ferry	18	7th Sept. "	"	"	"
Vermilionville	19	9th Oct. "	"	Hampton	Fourth Texas Cavalry
Carrion Crow	20	13th Oct. "	Hardeman	Hardeman	Brigade

Skirmishes--Continued.

NAMES.	NO	DATES.	COMMANDER OF BRIGADE.	COMMANDER OF FORCES.	WHAT COMPANIES AND REGIMENTS ENGAGED.
Mrs. Rodgers' Plantation	21	16th Oct., 1863	Hardeman	McNeill	Brigade
Hudson's "	22	18th " "	McNeill	Green	"
Opelousas	23	21st " "	Bagby	.....	"
Vermilionville	24	11th Nov. "	Hardeman	Hardeman	"
New Iberia	25	18th " "	"	Capt. Oaks	Company A, Fifth T. C.
Camp Pratt	26	20th " "	"	Hoffman	Seventh Texas Cav., surprised
Prairie Run	27	25th " "	"	Alexander	Companies A, F, E and H, 4th T. C.
Cane River	28	30th March, 1864	Bagby	McPhail	Fifth Texas Cavalry
Double Bridges	29	2d April "	"	Herbert	Fifth, Seventh and DeBray's Regt
Young's Mill	30	7th " "	Hardeman	Hardeman	Brigade
Mansfield	31	8th " "	"	"	"
Pleasant Hill	32	9th " "	divided	"	Fourth Texas Cavalry
Monett's Ferry	33	22d " "	Bagby	Killough	Companies D and I, Fifth T. C.
Cotile Bayou	34	26th " "	Hardeman	Linn	Detachments Fourth T. C.
Alexandria	35	28th " "	"	Hardeman	Brigade
Capture transport Emma	36	1st May "	"	Alexander	Company H, Fourth T. C.
" " City Belle	37	3d " "	"	Hardeman	Brigade
" " J. Warner	38	5th " "	Hampton	Hampton	"
" Gunboats	39	5th " "	"	"	"
Lecompte	40	7th " "	"	Polignac	"
Red River	41	13th " "	Waller	Hampton	Fourth Texas Cavalry
Smith's Landing	—	14th " "	"	Capt. Lane	Companies A, B and C, Fourth T. C.
Wilson's Plantation	42	14th " "	"	Hoffman	Parts of Brigade
Cheneyville	43	14th " "	"	McPhail	Fifth Texas Cavalry

Skirmishes--Continued.

NAMES.	NO.	DATES.	COMMANDER OF BRIGADE.	COMMANDER OF FORCES.	WHAT COMPANIES AND REGIMENTS ENGAGED.
Marksville	44	15th May, 1864	Waller	Wharton	Brigade
Moroville	45	17th " "	Hardeman	Blair	Parts of the Brigade
Norwood's Plantation	—	18th " "	"	Lane	Companies A and B, Fourth T. C.
Cross Bayou	46	9th July "	"	Pridgeon	Fifth Texas Cavalry
Session's Plantation	47	5th August "	"	Kirksey	Parts of Fifth and Seventh T. C.
Raid to Vidalia	48	23d July "	"	Maj. Hart	Seventh T. C. and Waller's Battalion
Bayou Mallet	49	10th August, 1863	Green	McPhail	Fifth Texas Cavalry

*The above only includes those skirmishes in which three or more men, belonging to the Brigade, were killed. It would have been almost an impossibility to have compiled a complete list of all the skirmishes and minor actions in which the Brigade has participated. Many of the above, such as Peralto, Franklin, Vermilionville, Carrion Crow and Lecompte, should have been classed as battles. Many belonging to other brigades, who were engaged with us at those places, so report them. Thus it is that some commands get the credit of being in so many actions.

PROMOTIONS OF FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

RANK.	NAMES.	TO.	DATE.	TO.	DATE.	REMARKS.
Lt. Col.	W. R. Scurry	Colonel	Mar. 28, 1862	Brig. Gen	Sept. 1862	Killed at Jenkins' Ferry, Ark., Apl. '64
Colonel	Wm. Steele	Brig. Gen	April 4 "	.....	.....	Commanding a Division
"	Thos. Green	"	May 4, 1863	Maj. Gen.	Feb. 18, 1864	Killed at Blair's Landing, April 12, '64
Major	A. P. Bagby	Lt. Col.	April 4 "	Colonel	April 4, 1864	
Captain	W. P. Hardeman	"	Mar. 28, 1862	"	April 14, 1863	Commanding Brigade
Lt. Col.	H. C. McNeill	Colonel	May 4, 1863	.....	.....	Commanding Brigade since September
Captain	G. J. Hampton	Major	Mar. 28, 1862	Lt. Col.	April 14, 1863	Commanding Fourth Texas Cavalry
"	G. Hoffman	"	Dec. 21, 1862	"	April 14, 1864	" Seventh " "
"	D. W. Shannon	"	Mar. 28, 1862	"	May 4, 1863	Prisoner since the assault on Ft. Butler
"	D. Ragsdale	"	June 25, 1863	.....	.....	Killed at Fort Butler
"	C. M. Leasure	"	April 14 "	.....	.....	
"	H. A. McPhail	"	June 28 "	.....	.....	
"	P. Jordan	"	Feb. 21, 1832	Lt. Col.	Sept. 1863	Transferred
"	J. S. Shropshire	"	" "	.....	.....	Killed at Glorietta
Lieut.	J. D. Sayers	Captain	May 3 "	Major	Feb. 18, 1864	Lt. Col. and A. A. G. on Taylor's staff
Sergeant	C. B. Shepard	Adjutant	" "	Captain	Feb. "	Killed at Mansfield
Private	J. E. Hart	"	April "	"	July 1863	Maj. and Inspector on Wharton's staff
"	W. L. Moore	"	Feb. 14, 1864	A. A. G.	April 1864	Died in Arkansas
Captain	H. E. Leobnetze	Major	Dec. 1863	.....	.....	Clothing Bureau, Houston, Texas
Lieut.	E. R. Wells	Captain	" "	.....	.....	" " " "
Captain	J. H. Beck	Major	.....	.....	.....	A. Q. M. on Wharton's staff
"	J. W. Brown	"	.....	.....	.....	A. C. S. " "

KILLED, WOUNDED AND DIED OF DISEASE.

Killed of the Fourth Texas Cavalry.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A–P Francis	E
J W Helm	E
Lt N D Cartwright	H
R W Ferguson	M
J E Foster	44
Co. C.–E Hanna	B
J Hanson	B
B Sayer	E
J Smith	M
C Montgomery	B
Co. B–J Nixon	A
A T Brooks	A
C Talley	A
T H Harris	B
M Gibson	E
B O McDonald	20
John Porter	M
Co. E–Capt C Buckholds	B
P G H Able	B
R A Aldny	B
S L Cotton	B
A J Long	A
Lieut R Trotter	I
Co. D–D Gilleland	A
J Stephens	B
E S Slaughter	A
C R Slaughter	B
W Strunghen	B
B R Stone	B
J P Clinchoy	B
J Gilleland	H
E R Bolds	E
W Coker	H
R M Daniel	H
R A Jones	M
Co. G–Capt M Von Hovel	A
H Gatta	A
A Schrader	B
A Jeuhrh	B
F Jasper	B
C Golmer	B
J Stetmer	30
Co. F–Lt D R McCormick	A
J R Martin	B
W McCormick	B
R Bently	B
W T Parsons	B
J B Efner	H
S H Dunham	A
H Mathews	41
Co. H–J R T Walton	A
Tom Williams	A
J H McKnight	B
G W Stephens	E
J A Weaver	I
E T Tindale	A
M L Russell	A
J W Jones	B
W H Morgan	20
W L Eddings	27
Co. I–T D Wilson	B
J Mannis	B
T S Hopkins	B
A Steine	E
J O'Dell	A
Z Gosset	A
J A Wright	B
J R Moulder	L
Co. K–J M Vining	A
J Rhodes	A

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. K–W Jones	M	L Abbott	35
J E Mathews	M	M L Burton	43
A Ayres	M		

Killed of the Fifth Texas Cavalry.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A–Lt D A Hubbard	I	Co. D--H B Shelton	H
Lt W S Land	Q	A Henney	H
M Bury	I	H Brown	B
R H Carter	A	Thos Kerr	H
J H David	A	J S Ford	Q
Wm Henderson	H	Co. E--J L Boykin	A
J E Smith	A	Ross Myrick	A
W H Shaw	H	L Rosenburg	A
M Pankey	A	J A Mills	C
S E Jones	B	T P Gaston	C
S T Kindred	Q	V A Lallier	23
S Putnam	A	J L Henry	M
J Slotts	A	J N Lyons	Q
Co. B–Capt W L Lang	A	Myles	C
Lieut D W Bass	A	Co. F--W B Craig	A
Silas Evans	A	C M Tidwell	A
W A Bell	A	Seth Plattner	Picket
F M Cantey	A	A Mercer	"
J L Currie	A	J Wakefield	H
J R Daughtrey	A	J Carter	H
J M Ferguson	A	Joseph Heck	H
J Martin	A	Jas Wilkinson	H
A J Parsons	A	C M Hensley	M
R Mitchell	A	B P Lewis	M
H Parsons	A	Chas Lewis	A
B G Greely	B	Wm Croft	A
A J Calk	C	M McCullough	—
Capt J J Scott	H	Co. G--A Jones	A
C B Mattock	I	J C Francis	49
J P Roye	48	E J Burgess	H
Jerry Pinson	Q	J J Whitesides	23
W Thomelson	Q	C Thompson	D
Co. C--R P Catlett	B	A S Fowler	D
M T Debose	Q	C Groff	C
P Dowd	N	P J Hines	C
B F Hurst	D	S McBrido	5
Co. D--Wm Tyson	A	J Tobin	—
Henry Harrison	Picket	J Harvey	—
S Coon	H	Co. H–H McClinston	A

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. H--L W Smith	A	Co. I---John English	H
H Walling	A	J R Matchem	---
E T Burrows	B	Wm Matchim	Q
J Herrod	E	H J Smith	A
J Barnett	H	W H Weir	20
J Runnels	J	J J Wills	C
H Hollingsworth	30	Co. K--W U S Shurley	A
Silas E Keen	M	Benton Martin	A
Lieut T H Land	41	John Mathews	F
Richard Lloyd	Q	Lieut J T Cole	H
Co. I--Lieut E N Miller	H	N W Parish	H
J E Newburn	A	J W White	H
R P Bunch	H	J W Watson	28
Jas Dobbins	H	Wm Bumgarner	Q

Total killed	107
Total wounded	189
Total died of disease up to the 1st of October, 1864	170
Total number of horses lost, including killed and disabled for the want of forage	855

Killed of the Seventh Texas Cavalry.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A--W H Williams	H	Co. E--R Davis	H
Co. B--Chas Nilchoche	A	R M Smith	46
Aug Harbeman	B	Co. F--R A Richey	A
Frank Reidell	B	A W Prather	A
H Legget	C	T H Garrison	A
R Haas	C	R P Bradshaw	A
Co. C--H Seward	Indians	J L Gill	D
A Wright	"	Lt J D Montgomery	D
W L Bridges	"	J M Warner	Q
Two others killed		Co. G--J A Williams	C
Co. D--Cpt W H Cleaver	Mexicans	T J Caldwell	D
J L Cole	"	Z Burk	D
J H Hearn	"	J W McKibbon	D
B W Brivier	"	W T Hoskins	H
E R Daniels	"	A C Hoskins	H
W P Allen	"	J C King	H
J Elliot	D	A W King	H
J Grimes	D	W Ellis	29
Wm Martin	D	Co. H--Capt J Adair	B
Chas Grimes	M	W Booker	B
Co. E--W Bertram	Mexicans	Peter Hale	B
P D Scott	C	G W Taylor	B
W F Morgan	H	R P Walker	B

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. H--J White	C
J Aerre	H
W M Sansom	M
Lieut J W Daniel	Q
G Woodward	Q
Co. I—Lieut C H Mills	B
Lieut J H Alexander	C
Capt J W Taylor	D
W Langston	B
Jasper Jones	A
W J Waburton (On board Neptune)	
J J Dial (On board Neptune)	
J Haynes (On board Neptune)	
C D Pace (On board Neptune)	
J E Self (On board Neptune)	
J C Hill (On board Neptune)	
Ben F Roach (On board Neptune)	
J B Tucker	A
Robert Cone	A
J A Robinson	L
P J Oldham	41
A Jackson	42
Co. K–J O Summers	D
L Hancock	D
W L Griffin	D
L Whitmore	H
L Bellestrie	Q
G B Sanderson	H
F M Dean	H
J R Preston	H
R C Campbell	H
J R Nace	30

Total number killed.....78

Killed of Waller's Battalion.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A–J Madden	30
D Trahan	30
D Cook	Q
S Harris	Q
Co. B–J Saxon	P
J M Morris	41
Co. D–J S White	Bonnet Carre
D Greer	"
F M Dykes	Q
Co. E--C Sullivan	D
B F Adams	D
Geo Rose	Cheneyville
John Young	Q
W C Wright	23
J H Allen	Q
Co. F--J B Eellens	
T Prather	
C A Sainlus	
Co. C--L L Loggins	D
G Clements	Cheneyville
Wm Dyer	Q

Wounded of Waller's Battalion.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A--J R Robin	G
O F Williams	G
J L Wheat	G
W H Harrison	41
P Hughes	Picket
A L Clark	L
D Bruce	M
Kibbe	G
Co. B--Lieut W O Smith	L
Frank Barnes	D
R P Pinson	41
Co. B--J S Collins	P
J Erskin	Q
Co. D–W T Spires	Picket
J Maloney	Bonnet Carre
F K Drake	G
J Decker	G
L M Lacy	K
Lieut R R Bolling	L
J Williams	L
O Baker	N
J Ewing	Q

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. E--R Sidel	Picket	Co. F--D D Jefferson	—
J Hillyer	D	H G Jenning	—
W J Wright	D	D Thomas	—
D C Proctor	Cheneyville	J F Ellison	D
H Peasley	Accident	Mc Ellison	Q
E W Seeligson	N	W White	20
J Ashworth	30	J W Henderson	Q
Sam T Joyner	N	Co. C--H P Wiley	D
Mat Rowe	M	T J Estis	M
John Duke	41	J Williamson	D
A Caravajal	43	J C Baker	—
W J Hall	44	T N Rand	N
Jos Wright	Q	S M Punchard	—
H C Wright	Q	H J Smith	—
J A Hatch	Q	W L Fortrand	Q
L Dubois	P	J C McDade	Q
M Wœsner	M	Hanson	—

By a mistake on my part the list of the died of disease was lost at a time when it was too late to replace it.

Wounded of the Fourth Texas Cavalry.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A--Cpt W P Hardeman	A	Co. A--W J Brown	M
Lt J C Roberts	A	L McCracken	M
Lt N D Cartwright	A	G W Strickland	43
R P Hunter	A & 43	J L Dial	43
J Francis	A		
Capt L Stevenson	E	Horses lost.....110	
R McCright	E	Co. B--W T Hendricks	A
H Manny	E	J Williams	A
D L Willy	E	J Nix	A
W A Ferguson	E	J L Bunton	A
Geo White	E	J C Stroud	A
Jesse Lott	E	J E Standifer	B
J Abernathy	6	R C Crawford	B
H E Goldenburg	E	C Thomas	E
J M Anderson	E	E R Robins	E
G McCoy	E	W Smithson	E
Tom Greenwood	Picket	W L McMahan	E
A F Gillespie	H	S B Joslin	E
A O Ferguson	H	W L Bunton	I
J Johnson	H	J H Wiley	I
Capt L Stevenson	M	Hugh Clark	N
Lieut A N Wood	M		
G W Strickland	M	Horses lost..... 89	

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. C--A G Fields	A
W H H Onderdank	A
S Smith	A
W H Mobley	A
L Burkonitz	A
L J Bartlett	B
B N White	B
S Brown	B
Lt L Von Roeder	E
J A Waburton	E
C H Hamilton	E
J Armstrong	E
J Hall	H
R D Tippett	H
E Lozans	I
H Rayland	M
G Harpolt	M
Lt J F Coffee	P
J Hall	Q
A P Ferguson	Q
Horses lost.....129	
Co. D--D Huffman	B
S R Hill	B
E Carter	B
W M Farmer	B
Lt P M Kolb	A
J Flores	B
A Huffman	A
J Locklin	I
A Phillips	H
B Riggs	E
J G Stokes	27
"	E
J R Thomas	E
A Huffman	L
W E Mitchison	30
W L Lutiner	30
Capt H G Carter	N
J W Ray	N
W A Stokes	N
D N Robinson	L
M Zillnea	20
Horses lost.....116	

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. E--T W Granthan	I
J Young	B
W G Bailey	39
J H D Sides	40
Z Luce	40
D Eckman	P
Co. F--J B Cook	A
W F Matthews	A
J A Gills	A
N Dial	A & P
E B Adams	B
J T Poe	B
J Harbinson	B
A S Matthews	B
W F Matthews	B & M
E J Carrington	E
J Murray	E
J Thomason	E
W H H Manney	H
J W Clark	I
W H Matthews	30
T M Cronell	30
H Crouch	M
W H Almarodes	M
G A Garvey	M
W H Andrews	N
J W Clark	N
Capt J M Crosson	39
F S Cochran	40
J Hughes	44
S K Sweet	39
E W Drake	44
E Perrot	44
J W Fagan	44
S Murry	44
H C Wright	44
Horses lost.....132	
Co. H--A A Wilson	A
H M White	A
T T Pitts	A
J R Castles	A
N B Coates	A
J F Starr	A

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. H–W L Hardwick	A & 30
A A Nelson	B
J C Rogers	B
A Griffith	B
H B Ponsers	E
Capt W L Alexander	E
C M Coates	"
J S Scoggin	"
W Cleveland	"
W S McChristian	H
J S Morris	"
W D Peaony	"
R G Breton	"
W H Yarborough	"
W H Deos	"
W M Old	"
J Williams	"
J Anderson	20
H F Graham	20
W H Morgan	20
W Coates	20
J Miller	M
J H Sharpe	"
J E Morris	"
J V Pool	44
J C Burrington	44
J Hardy	44
Horses lost	112
Co. I–Lieut I P Stevenson	A
R M Atmer	"
Dr A J Dawson	"
Capt J M Odell	"
Lieut W Jones	"
W B Marsh	"
J S Shivers	"
T D Luren	E
B F Bland	H
W M Gran	"
Lieut W E Moore	"
W H Lacy	H & 41
Capt W Jones	41
J M Manning	30
W M Blackway	M
D S Cain	"
W T Brocken	"
H Huffman	N
J D Richardson	P
Horses lost	116
Co. K–J A Sharp	A
Lieut E L Robb	B
T E Williams	"
J W Ruby	E
B F Hill	H
D D Hoyt	"
M L Burton	"
Lieut Ramsay	I & P
A T Johnson	"
A S Springfield	M
T Jones	"
Capt Henry	"
Lieut Wilson	39
T E Armstrong	P
W Davis	"
J O'Quinn	42
Horses lost	106

Wounded of the Fifth Texas Cavalry.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A–Lieut S Henderson	A
Capt Oaks	Q
M C Knowlton	A
A L Baker	"
P L Clapp	"
S Clapp	"
H McDonald	"
F B Gillespie	"
J S Knowles	"
E R Knowles	D
J McClary	A & Q
T Matthews	44
J D Montgomery	A
A G Mitchel	A
G Martin	A
A Schrubart	"

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. A–G Seymore	"
D H Taylor	B
E Caldwell	A
A S Gron	A
D W Roberts	"
C C Jarmon	Q
G H Little	H
Lieut Land	"
Wm Hewson	B
Horses lost.....131	
Co. B–W H Coleman	A
J A Forbes	"
J N Leu	"
J P Parker	"
G Polster	"
E Shelton	"
J A Sanders	"
A Davis	"
A Nations	B
C Elgen	48
J A Blondelle	48
Capt A N Price	M
J Norwood	Q
H G Young	"
W McCowell	"
Horses lost..... 78	
Co. C–Capt Clough	B & D
Lieut Stover	Q
Lieut Wiggins	D
N Bringle	B
F M Camp	G
W R Cabun	B
J M Cosgrove	44
W T. Dunboso	B
Pat Dowd	"
W Davis	I & P
H Geisle	Q
E L Gray	G
J Bowie	"
W R Howell	"
T F V Johnson	A & L
H Maywald	G
I Z Moore	A & Q

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
A E McNair	G & 46
J S Nash	I
Pat Nolen	46
H H Niles	G
Joe Pearsoni	41
H Stuart	23
P Sapp	B
D Traim	22
K Demart	Q
W P Franklin	12 & P
L L Hudgins	N
R K C Bronough	46
H D Lawless	B
Horses lost..... 87	
Co. D–D Brown	A
J Lorenzo	"
G A Smeltzer	B
H T Sherwood	"
G Rivers	Q & 14
A L Friar	H & P
S B Garner	M
Horses lost..... 88	
Co. E–Lieut Rainwater	M
Lieut Wilkins	A
W C Llade	"
J H Tyson	"
J S Young	"
R Gaston	M
R Stevens	D
L Clark	K
I G Raukin	"
G Rainwater	D
J T Petty	K
W A Rample	M
J B Wilkins	A
W McPhail	M
Horses lost.....127	
Co. F–Capt B B Seat	A
Lieut Shepard	H
Lieut C Couier	"
Lieut Kerr	L
I G Brown	C

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. F–F Cochran	A
L Durnett	"
W C Burton	1
C M Hersley	A
D Kerthour	"
F McMahan	"
Gid Kagee	"
T Brown	H
A Boyd	"
J Holt	12
R Sanders	H
S Jordell	M
J M Lewis	P
J Lewis	Q
J Dial	46
H Johnson	M
Horses lost.....	89
Co. G–Lieut W M Francis	Picket
Lieut Pervine	A
H Weister	A
J P Byrns	"
A Snow	"
W D Oney	"
J H Farr	Picket
A Harrison	41
J H Scales	41
Horses lost.....	83
Co. H–A F Ashworth	A
W Norman	"
W Goode	"
J R Orenburm	A & H
G Grooms	A, H & H
C Brand	H
F H Land	"
Lieut Wilson	G
W Lloyd	K
R Cox	H
C C Strode	"
S Keating	K
Tom Clinton	H
G Whitey	M
J Taylor	"
W P Taylor	41
S M Nichols	O

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
M A Houston	Q
Co. I–Capt Killough	Q
V S Robertson	"
L Matchen	H
W Sutton	"
G Miller	37
A Smith	H
S N Sorrels	Q
S C Busby	H
C D Baur	"
T Coil	37
H E Gibben	H
E R Hale	"
L A Harrison	A
F Harmon	L
L Hart	Q
W F Haller	9
H F McCullum	29
F M Sanger	43
L Lovrn	H
S D Ward	D
D Wright	35
F S Weson	41
Horses lost.....	70
Co K.–Lieut Sisk	A
J C Holladay	"
J Littlepage	"
I T Hogsett	"
I N Gilpin	C
D Smothers	"
I D S Baker	D
W Mulkin	"
W D Bastile	"
S H Smith	H
W Bumgarner	"
H S Sisk	K
C Rivers	"
J Nevins	"
I N Roach	M
J Squires	"
S Wilkins	"
W Wilkins	"
J H Lambent	P
L V Edwards	Q
B Foudrain	"

Wounded of the Seventh Texas Cavalry.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.	
Co. A–R McGrew	On the Neptune	
Thos Hobbs		
T Young		
F M Scantlen		
J Meadows		
H Graham		
I Huff		
I M Crisp	H	
Wm Doughty	"	
I Campbell	I	
R H Gillespie	—	
John Hughes	Q	
Co. B–P Linnard	A	
A Magnus	"	
F Harm	"	
C Harnburn	B	
F Shultze	D	
C Pentermihl	30	
T Linnart	A	
H Heichald	H	
H Jones	26	
Co. C–B Chick	—	
Capt Burrows	D	
L S Bilberry	"	
I H Clinton	F	
I Chick	"	
N B Holder	29	
J Tucker	30	
R McMordio	M	
N B Holder	Q	
Wm Wilson	"	
J H Orgain	"	
A McCravey	47	
Co. D–W Maulden	D	
I P Jones	"	
S M Corley	H	
L Conner	"	
S L Stanley	"	
W G Linsay	L	
I Alexandnr	30	
Lieut Cashman	M	
G Fairchild	"	
	—	
Horses lost.....	49	

	LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. E–No report given	
Co. F–Lieut Gray	A
Lieut Wiggins	"
F M Elkins	"
W H Jones	"
D C Sharp	"
I T Kendrick	"
I M Pruitt	"
H F Johnson	"
T S Cruse	"
L Dial	"
B Ovid	H
N Hillen	B
R A Heflin	"
P H Johnson	C
H Johns	"
J M Reagan	"
J Collier	"
Capt Wiggins	H
Lieut Cook	"
R T Seary	"
I M Jones	"
Lieut Edmons	"
R T Seary	30
N Hillen	M
Co. G–E T Owens	C
H F Hardy	"
I H Williamson	"
W H Brazier	"
J Saunders	"
I B Cunningham	D
L M Lee	"
I B O'Neill	"
N Murrah	"
F R Collard	"
T A Jones	H
F R Collard	"
Wm Hardey	"
J H Williamson	"
Lieut Rollins	"
N Murrah	44
G Sessums	Q
Co. H–No report given	
Co. I–I W Barnett	A

		LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Co. I–	J H Alexander	A	J R Preston	"
	P Holliman	"	A F Young	"
	A N Vaunoy	"	R C Campbell	"
	F Kennedy	"	Lieut Smith	"
	J H Lyles	"	C Cresswell	"
	Capt Gardner	"	W Cresswell	"
	Lieut Broyls	C	W Thomas	H
	J Ward	"	L B Connell	H
	A Drinkard	"	J Jackson	"
	J T Sullivan	"	I Magg	"
	I Selvage	"	R Simmons	D
Co. K–	I F Frazier	D	L Bellostrie	"
	G B Sanderson	H		
	T M Dean	"	Horses lost.....	70

Died of Disease of the Fourth Texas Cavalry.

Co. A–	G A Walker	June, 1862		R Riedent
	B C Allen	"		G McMahan
	J M Beatty	"	Co. C–	T Shultz
	H L Cliett	July, 1862		T M Clark
	T H Fentress	April "		J Franke
	M Franks	Feb'y "		L Bailey
	J C Grady	Dec "	Co. D–	T Allison
	B Hysan	Jan "		G Applin
	W P Hall	April "		A C Christian
	J C Jeffries	July "		J D Hughes
	A Keys	Dec 1863		L B Hilyard
	J Kirk	Feb 1862		D M Jones
	J H Nixon	May "		H W Kolb
	J B Pierce	July "		B F Kirk
	S Pyman	Feb "		J McDougal
	G W Farmer	April "		W H Mitchell
	A F Loftus	June 1863		J N Norman
	W Zimmerman	Oct "		J E Vernon
	G B Smith			T Stokes
Co. B–	J C Beasley		Co. E–	W S Wilson
	A P Houston			F M Cloud
	W B Gregg			W Cave
	B L Joslin			F M Cave
	J G Holnes			C E French
	J Covey			D James
	A Hanks			T Leathman
	J Boyd			R Mathews
	F F Layton			J M Rogers
	L W Moore			J S Ritchie
	C Carey			P L Stiles

Co. E--C C Sage
P Woodrich
B W Daniels
M F Carlock
Co. F--T Harbonson
J A Gills
K Marshall
F M Doss
Co. F--A Thomasson
J A Hilyard
E Snell
J Stone
A Worsham
S Hooker
J Thomasson
J McCormick
J E Varner
Co. G--L Branard
J Hopster
J Krebes
R Fissler
J Spies
W Winderlich
Co. H--T S Scroggins
R B Johnson
N B Coats
A Eddins
C R Garrett
W A Poe
W P Wisener
E M Weatherby
H M Ferguson
L L Skeetin
T E Langham
W Lilly
W L Eddins
W S Rainbot
Co. I--W L Dickerson
W Lee
T Davenport
J R Cruce
R Onsley
J Creasy
D E Popkins
J Little
W Dickerson
S M Smothman
J Wiohan
W Harrison
J B White
J C Mott
A J Stowart
S Seals
C Glenn
L H Analt
J Rice
W Manning
Lieut W E Moore
W W Garey
G W Warner
M Huffman
W R Mattock
W Marsh
Co. K--J M Waters
J W Thompson
W J Teer
W B Jasper
J L Veitch
T C Cooper
J A Sharp
J Williams
J T Hillyer
J M Coleman
J Millican
L Abbott
E L Ruby
J B Stewart

Died of Disease of the Fifth Texas Cavalry.

Co. A--Capt S M Wells
Lieut W L Bonds
A B Carter
W L David
A Henry
W H Landrum
I S Smith
E G Silvey
Chas Seymour
S Terrell

Co. A–W Newsom
D T Walker
W R Hyatt
J G Harrington
J Noark
Co. B–J Murray
N Long
M M Church
J H Duty
W J Davis
I Strong
D H Stone
I N Lea
G Thompson
R C Wood
Ed Shelton
D J Nations
J R Wordlon
A J Davis
J N Wright
G J Hardwick
U S Barney
A B Donaldson
J N Forbes
Joe Underwood
Co. C J Ellis
E T Hunt
W Humphreys
Ed O'Neal
W Oram
J P Powers
L Stuckey
S Dupre
J Harverson
A O A Johnson
S McDowell
Co. D–J West
S Yoakum
Sam Burrows
Frank Wofford
Frank Filder
Frank Miller
Co. E–W E Gray
J O Andrews
T J Hosia
J H Hyson
W L Tyler
T J Walker
M C Higgins
W D White
W H Hewett
J C Gaston
J N Dunbar
G T Larry
Co. F–Chas Shaw
J Tucker
J Hill
J Canly
D Horn
J K Copeland
J Cleveland
G Cupples
T Larklum
Wash Lewis
J Ballard
Frank McMinn
I Holbert
B C Clark
J Hill
W Carneran
D Brown
A Anderson
J Lewis
N F Carter
W Givens
Co. G–H Figley
J Ritchey
J Cloud
J E Skinner
J O Boyken
B Millen
H Dunnault
J W Francis
J M Cochran
J W Wiley
Co. H–E Garrett
F Thornburg
R H Mathews
J R Beasley
O D Nealy
F G Perry
W A Dailey
Lieut J A Clayton
S Tryon

Co. H–W R Vincent
L S Wyckoff
J S Parker
H N Jones
H Massie
R Bleach
A N Dailey
R Walling
Jas Green
T H Morhland
Thos Parker
R Stell
J Chadwick
D Ellidge
U Crist
W Brashear
P Evans
Co. I–Capt A Niskern
L G Young
T Robinson
L S Yarborough
L J Geddis
A J Burleson
G B Bell
J H Ellis
G Gore
L A Harrison
W H Ingram
W S Kemp
D D Moore
L R Moore
C J McCullum
P C McClure
T Pace
W Pace
S S Sellers
J A Townsend
J E Winbarn
Co. K–John Fox
Ben Washington
J Burroughs
J Lee
G Cornet
O Nichols
W Page
D C Blackwell
R Maxwell
J W Roder
C Clark
Wm Upton
R Daniel
W H Poster
Tom Wright
R Germany
T Childers
J T Cross

Died of Disease of the Seventh Texas Cavalry.

Co. A–L Kinney
G Carulhers
W E Thetford
Ben F Harrison
J M Hunten
H Smith
Jas Holland
George Huff
Co. B–H Gelver
C Majer
Co. C–J E Cloud
L Edwards
G Corley
J Halo
W Wilson
Co. D–R J Courtney
J J Clark
B W Brewer
J N Weeks
G W Spivey
G W Marlen
Lieut S Brown
G W Cornett
J Kirkwood
J C Jones
A Fairchild
J B Moore
J Harvare
P Grimes
Wm Lemonds
Sam Berry
A Latta

Co. D–G A Patton
Co. E–P W Moore
N J A Farley
A L Jones
A M Hillier
S H Coswell
B S Davie
Lieut C T Chandler
B P Davis
T Wood
A L Ricks
W T Parker
A H Durham
W J Hull
A J Peterson
W J Fuller
W H Brown
Joe Williams
A R Foglin
W W Tyler
M O Stewart
J A Caho
J Smith
R S Faire
B Clark
G M Hill
H Parton
J A Clowney
J Trevathan
G W Hashaw
I Vingent
Co. F–W H Garrett
J M Johnson
J M Harris
J W Gray
M Wills
A Reynolds
W Newsom
H M May
B Garrison
B L Bates
L C Bates
R C Richey
J Row
L J Dial
W W Wills
W Higgins
W H Green
Co. G–Lieut M Middleton
Lieut Wm Hobday
B T Hates
E Carter
I Tankersley
D May
I D Shook
W Weatherby
S King
N Hardy
J Lagroue
R Beauchamp
J Pursley
J Parker
T J Powell
Co. H–M S McMorris
S E Kennedy
J Murchison
A Lason
J M Rayburn
V Floris
H Harris
S Benton
R George
O Mason
H Richatds
T Cartwright
G P M Duckey
Wm Scarborough
W M Walker
W L Harrod
E Wiggins
H Long
W A Deckey
J A Johnson
S J Dupre
Lieut G Henness
A J Danoguer
J H Cook
J Meredith
Co. I–J W Garner
R Willet
W T Miller
J T Miller
T Shelton
J M Robinson

Co. I–J M Goans
G D Barnett
Jas E Day
R H Hudson
H G Hendricks
J V Rodgers
W P Seigler
L Gregory
F M Bowen
D R Small
J M Hogue
D H Fitzhugh
J H Walberton
J W Barnett
N B Allen
W Squires
O B Dillas
H F Garner
E F Harrington
J C Smith
Co. K–H Belliew
D Gibson
W A Whittaker
Pat March
A Baker
O Wilson
T D Carter
H A McNutt of wounds
J R Nace "

Field Officers Killed.

Major General Tom Green, Blair's Landing, April 12th, 1864.
Major J. A. Lockridge, Val Verde, February 21st, 1862.
Lieut. Col. J. S. Sutton " " " "
Major H. Raguet, Glorietta, March 28th, 1862.
Major J. S. Shropshire " " " "
Col. James Reily, Franklin, La., April 14th, 1863.
Major D. S. Ragsdale, Fort Butler, June 28th, 1863.
Col. P. T Herbert, of wounds received at Mansfield.

Field Officers Wounded.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE.
Tom Green	A	Col W P Hardeman	—
Maj H H Boone	K	Maj Hoffman	H
Col A P Bagby	D	G J Hampton	A & M

Staff Officers Killed.

	LETTER OF BATTLE.		LETTER OF BATTLE
Maj W R Brownrig	D	Capt C B Shepard	M

Staff Officers Wounded.

Major J D Sayers, Bisland and Mansfield.

Several others were wounded, but their wounds being slight, they are not reported, agreeable to their request. If there has ever a field or staff officer of this Brigade died of disease, it is more than we have been able to find out.

Since writing the above, Capt W. L. Moore, Col. Hardeman's Adjutant General, died at Fulton, Arkansas.

Original and Present Organization of the First Texas Cavalry Brigade.

Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley, commissioned June, 1861.
Major A. M. Jackson, Assistant Adjutant General.
Capt. H. H. Harrison, Paymaster and Quartermaster.
Major R. T. Brownrig, A. C. S.
T. P. Ochiltree, A. D. C.
E. F. Covey, Chief Surgeon and Medical Director.
Capt. J. L. Dwyer, Inspector General.
Major W. L. Robards, Chief of Ordnance.

Brig. Gen. Thos. Green, commissioned May 4th, 1863.
E. R. Wells, A. A. G.
C. B. Shepard, A. D. C.
J. H. Beck, A. Q. M.
J. W. Brown, A. C. S.
John E. Hart, Inspector General.
G. Cupples, Chief Surgeon.
W. L. Robards, Chief of Ordnance.

Col. W. P. Hardeman.
W. L. Moore, A. A. A. G.
Frank Starr, A. A. and I. G.
John Wilkins, A. A. A. G.
J. M. Crosson, A. Q. M.
D. Corwin, A. C. S.
J. M. Bronaugh, Chief Surgeon.
J. N. Perkins, Chief of Ordnance.

From the 1st of October, 1863, to the 26th of April, 1864, A. P. Bagby, Colonel of the Seventh Regiment, commanded the Brigade; being in bad health, the command fell upon Cols. Hardeman and McNeill the chief portion of the time. If I mistake not, an order was promulgated, in which it was called "Bagby's Brigade," yet this name never took, and the Brigade is and has only been known as Sibley's, Green's and Hardeman's.

Original and Present Organization of the Fourth Texas Cavalry.

Col. James Reily, commissioned July, 1861.
Lieut. Col. W. R. Scurry " " "
Major H. Raguet " " "
Ellsberry R. Lane, Adjutant.
J. B. McMahon, Sergeant Major.
H. E. Leobnetze, A. Q. M.
John Reily, A. C. S.
Wm. Southworth, Surgeon.

——— Taylor, Assistant Surgeon.
——— Matchett, " "
W. H. Jones, Chaplain.

SINCE OCTOBER 1ST, 1864.

Col. Wm. P. Hardeman, commissioned April 14th, 1863.
Lieut. Col. G. J. Hampton, " " " "
Major C. M. Lesure, " " " "
Wm. L. Moore, Adjutant, died November 7th, 1864.
John Collins, Adjutant.
R. R. Hunter, Sergeant Major.
J. C. Roberts, A. Q. M.
A. D. Elam, A. C. S.
S. B. Many, Surgeon.
Frank Rainey, Assistant Surgeon.
A. J. Dawson, Acting Assistant Surgeon.
No Chaplain.

Fifth Texas Cavalry.

Col. Thos. Green, commissioned July, 1861.
Lieut. Col. H. C. McNeill, commissioned June, 1861.
Major S. A. Lockridge, commissioned July, 1861.
J. D. Sayers, Adjutant.
C. B. Shepard, Sergeant Major.
M. B. Wyatt, A. Q. M.
J. H. Beck, A. C. S.
F. Bracht, Surgeon.
J. M. Bronaugh, Assistant Surgeon.
J. R. McPhail " "

SINCE OCTOBER 1ST, 1864.

Col. H. C. McNeill, commissioned May 4th, 1863.
Lieut. Col. D. W. Shannon " " " "
Major H. A. McPhail " " " "
J. B. Wilkins, Adjutant.
H. D. Dawson, Sergeant Major.
G. L. Wilson, A. Q. M.
J. W. Watkins, A. C. S.
J. M. Bronaugh, Surgeon.
J. R. McPhail, Assistant Surgeon.
——— Todd " "
No Chaplain.

Original Organization of the Seventh Texas Cavalry.

Col. William Steele, commissioned August, 1861.
Lieut. Col. J. S. Sutton " October "

Major A. P. Bagby " " "
T. C. Howard, Adjutant.
J. M. Ferguson, Sergeant Major.
W. L. Ogden, A. Q. M.
A. R. Lee, A. C. S.
G. Cupples, Surgeon.
J. W. Cunningham, Assistant Surgeon.
T. B. Greenwood " "
No Chaplain.

ORGANIZATION SINCE OCTOBER, 1864.

Col. Phil. Herbert.
Lieut. Col. G. Hoffman.
J. C. Taylor, Adjutant.
—— Brazier, Sergeant Major.
L. C. Fisher, A. Q. M.
—— Goodrich, A. C. S.
W. M. McIver, Surgeon.
T. B. Greenwood, Assistant Surgeon.
No Chaplain.

Waller's Battalion.

Lieut. Col. E. Waller, Jr., commissioned June, 1862.
Major H. H. Boone.
D. C. Proctor, Adjutant.
J. H. Hirshfield, A. Q. M.
W. Hines, A. C. S.
R. C. Watson, Assistant Surgeon.

Names with Rank of Line Officers of the Fourth Texas Cavalry.

NOTE—The first four names are the original officers; hose marked * are officers assigned elsewhere to duty.

Co. A–Capt W P Hardeman
Lt L Stevenson
J C Roberts
N D Cartwright
J H Barns
I E Green
A N Wood
B E Trasier
S B Many*
Co. B–Capt A J Scharbourg
Lt J B Hollard
J Nix
E R Lane
J A Pinkston
W P Atkinson
M Copenhaver
J L Bunting
J E Hart*
Co. C–Capt G J Hampton
Lt C C Lin
F A Fenne
H E Leobetze*
L V Roedr
J F Coffe
S R Hyat
J T Waford*

Co. C--L Burgerwetze*
Co. D--C M Lasure
Lt A B Parrot
H G Carter
P M Kalb
C B Wilson
M Maidgeon
Co. E--Capt Chas Buckholds
Lt J M Noble
J H Long
R Troter
J Morrow
R T William
Co. F--Capt J M Crosson
D R McCormick
B L Taylor
W J Carrington
W O Allen
F A Handley
Co. G--Capt M Von Heuvell
Lt P Voglesary
J Geiscke
A Schlick
J Marburger
Co. H--Capt —— Rusk
—— Harris
—— Findley
F M Rainbolt
Capt W L Alexander
A F Wilson*
J F Star*
T T Pitts*
Co I---D A Nunn
J M Odell
Lt W E Moore
Capt J P Stevenson
T E Dunn
W H Monday
W L Moore*
Co. K--Capt W W Ford
Lt E L Robb
Capt C S Henry
W J Thompson
J T Hogg
W J L Ramsey
S B Findley
A F Wilson

Line Officers of the Fifth Texas Cavalry.

Co. A--Capt S C Shropshire
J Wright
D A Hubbard
P J Oaks
S M Wells
W S Land
W L Bond
S Henderson
J T Obenaine
J Carson
Co. B--Capt W T Lang
J J Scott
D W Bass
J N Price
W Moore
J J Colema
J P Conaly
J P Parker
Co. C--J P Clough
W A Shannon
J T Stover
J C Nagles
C C Wiggins
J Henry
Co. D--J H Beck
E W Richards
J G Marshall
D Reid
F Roan
J H Frair
R W Rankin
W L Davenport
Co. E--M B Wyatt
N B Terry
J M Rainwater
C M Pondersen
W G Wilkins*
J P Presley
A Tectard
Co. F--C W Campbell

Co. F--M Brown
J A Sheppard
B B Seat
H C Currie
G W McNeese
M P Keer
Co. G--Capt J B McCowen
S S Cannon
W M Francis
J M Purvine
Co. H--Capt R S Pridgeon
W W Appling
D Corwin*
J A Clinton*
Z C Wilson*
T H Land
J H Gox
Co. I--J G Kellough
E N Miller
J A Darbey
R J Robinson
J D Williams
R O Farris
Co. K--Capt C L Jordan
J W Sayrs
J N Roach
J F Cole
H S Sisk

Line Officers of the Seventh Texas Cavalry.

Co. A–P Jordan
A S Thurmond
H H McGrew
J A Burks
J A Dowden
R Darkson
T J Hale
Co. B–G Hoffman
S Shnarfhoff
C Connard
H Marchold
Co. C–H M Burrows
J C Robinson
J M Snyder
S D Lacy
Co. D–H H Clever
H A Parton
A L Hunderburg
G W Eaton
R W Thompson
R J Fuller
M Cushman
Co. E–W L Kirksey
S F Tullos
C T Chandler
J C Heslep
J A Farley
J C Oglesbery
H H McClandon
J B Anderson
P F Farley
Co. F–J F Wiggins
J W Gray
A P Goldensberry
S D Montgomery
C M Cook
F H Edmonds
P H Johnson
W C Wiggins
Co. G–H H Fisher
W Hoday
W H Lee
J J Scott
A Middleton
W Bobins
B D Sessums
J A Robinson
J B Cunningham
Co. H–J Adair
E Q Hadley
B B Arrington
J M Daniel
G W Hennis
W W Davis
J M Porter
J M Saxon
Co. I--J W Gardner
W Bickey
J W Taylor
C H Mills

Co. I.--C C Horn
B F Broyls
J E Bishop
W Lampkin
Co. K--J O Moody

Co. K--L G A Steelo
J G Bowman
J P Smith
B L Pate
E B Doggett

Line Officers of Waller's Battalion.

Co. A--J B P January
R N Weisiger
J J Nuner
E R Wells*
W P Baughan*
Pat Hughes
R A Weisiger*
R D LaGaze*
S L Kyle*
Co. B--T P Hightower
J R Morris
J W Perkins
R A Marlin
W O Smith
F Barnes
Co. C--W A McDade
T S McDade
N Cochran
H S Smith
J W Bostwick*
H C Cofield*
Co. D--W M Blair
J W Reid
B Q Ward
H H Boone
C M Barlow
R R Bolling
Co. E--D S Woodward
C C Cox
A Murdock
A C Jones*
H Earle
D Lewis
Co. F--J C Terrell
J C Johnson
J W Bradner
B F Arthur
J F Ellison

THE END.